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GOETHE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.

GOETHE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY:

TOGETHER WITH HIS

SECOND RESIDENCE IN ROME

AND

FRAGMENTS ON ITALY.

Translated from the German.

"Auch ich in Arcadien."

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS, YORK STREET,
COVENT GARDEN.
1883.

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NOTE.

THE first half of this volume was originally published with the concluding portion of Goethe's Autobiography. But the translation of the second part of the *Italiänische Reise* having been undertaken by Mr. Charles Nisbet, the publishers have thought it expedient to rearrange the volumes so that the whole of the Italian tour might be included in one volume.

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TRAVELS IN ITALY.

I TOO IN ARCADIA.

FROM CARLSBAD TO THE BRENNER.

Ratisbon, September 4, 1786.

As early as 3 o'clock in the morning I stole out of Carlsbad, for otherwise I should not have been allowed to depart quietly. The band of friends who, on the 28th of August, rejoiced to celebrate my birthday, had in some degree acquired a right to detain me. However, it was impossible to stay here any longer. Having packed a portmanteau merely, and a knapsack, I jumped alone into a post-chaise, and by half past 8, on a beautifully calm but foggy morning, I arrived at Zevoda. The upper clouds were streaky and fleecy, the lower ones heavy. This appeared to me a good sign. I hoped that, after so wretched a summer, we should enjoy a fine autumn. About 12, I got to Egra, under a warm and shining sun, and now, it occurred to me, that this place had the same latitude as my own native town, and it was a real pleasure to me once more to take my midday meal beneath a bright sky, at the fiftieth degree.

On entering Bavaria one comes at once on the monastery of Waldsassen, with the valuable domain of the ecclesiastical lords, who were wise sooner than other men. It lies in a dish-like, not to say cauldron-like hollow, in beautiful meadow-land, inclosed on all sides by slightly ascending and fertile heights. This cloister also possesses property in the neighbouring districts. The soil is decomposed slate-clay. The quartz, which is found in this mineral formation, and which does not dissolve nor crumble away, makes the earth loose and extremely fertile. The land continues to rise until you come

to Tirschenreuth, and the waters flow against you, to fall into the Egra and the Elbe. From Tirschenreuth it descends southwards, and the streams run towards the Danube. I can form a pretty rapid idea of a country as soon as I know by examination which way even the least brook runs, and can determine the river to whose basin it belongs. By this means, even in those districts which it is impossible to take a survey of, one can, in thought, form a connection between lines of mountains and valleys. From the last-mentioned place begins an excellent road formed of granite. A better one cannot be conceived, for, as the decomposed granite consists of gravelly and argillaceous earths, they bind excellently together, and form a solid foundation, so as to make a road as smooth as a threshing floor. The country through which it runs looks so much the worse; it also consists of a granite-sand, lies very flat and marshy, and the excellent road is all the more desirable. And as, moreover, the roads descend gradually from this plane, one gets on with a rapidity that strikingly contrasts with the general snail's pace of Bohemian travelling. The inclosed billet will give you the names of the different stages. Suffice it to say, that on the second morning I was at Ratisbon, and so I did these twenty-four miles* and a half in thirty-nine hours. As the day began to dawn I found myself between Schwondorf and Regenstauf, and I observed here a change for the better in the cultivation of the land. The soil was no longer the mere debris of the rock, but a mixed alluvial deposit. The inundation by which it was deposited must have been caused by the ebb and flood, from the basin of the Danube into all the valleys which at present drain their water into it. In this way were formed the natural bolls (*pölder*), on which the tillage is carried on. This remark applies to all lands in the neighbourhood of large or small streams, and with this guide any observer may form a conclusion as to the soils suited for tillage.

Ratisbon is, indeed, beautifully situated. The country could not but invite men to settle and build a city in it, and the spiritual lords have shown their judgment. All the land

* A German mile is exactly equal to four English geographical, and to rather more than four and a quarter ordinary miles. The distance in the text may, therefore, be roughly set down as one hundred and four miles English. [A. J. W M.]

around the town belongs to them; in the city itself churches crowd churches, and monastic buildings are no less thick. The Danube reminds me of the dear old Main. At Frankfort, indeed, the river and bridges have a better appearance; here, however, the view of the northern suburb, Stadt-am-hof, looks very pretty, as it lies before you across the river.

Immediately on my arrival I betook myself to the College of the Jesuits, where the annual play was being acted by the pupils. I saw the end of the opera, and the beginning of the tragedy. They did not act worse than many an unexperienced company of amateurs, and their dresses were beautiful, almost too superb. This public exhibition also served to convince me still more strongly of the worldly prudence of the Jesuits. They neglect nothing that is likely to produce an effect, and contrive to practise it with interest and care. In this there is not merely prudence, such as we understand the term abstractedly; it is associated with a real pleasure in the matter in hand, a sympathy and a fellow feeling, a taste, such as arises from the experience of life. As this great society has among its members organ builders, sculptors, and gilders, so assuredly there are some who patronise the stage with learning and taste; and just as they decorate their churches with appropriate ornaments, these clear-sighted men take advantage of the world's sensual eye by an imposing theatre.

To-day I am writing in latitude forty-nine degrees. The weather promises fair, and even here the people complain of the coldness and wet of the past summer. The morning was cool, but it was the beginning of a glorious and temperate day. The mild atmosphere which the mighty river brings with it is something quite peculiar. The fruits are nothing very surprising. I have tasted, indeed, some excellent pears, but I am longing for grapes and figs.

My attention is rivetted by the actions and principles of the Jesuits. Their churches, towers, and buildings, have a something great and perfect in their plan, which imposes all beholders with a secret awe. In the decoration, gold, silver, metal, and polished marble, are accumulated in such splendour and profusion as must dazzle the beggars of all ranks. Here and there one fails not to meet with something in bad taste, in order to appease and to attract humanity. This is the general character of the external ritual of the Roman

Catholic Church; never, however, have I seen it applied with so much shrewdness, tact, and consistency, as among the Jesuits. Here all tends to this one end; unlike the members of the other spiritual orders, they do not continue an old worn-out ceremonial, but, humouring the spirit of the age, continually deck it out with fresh pomp and splendour.

A rare stone is quarried here into blocks. In appearance it is a species of conglomerate; however, it must be held to be older, more primary, and of a porphyritic nature. It is of a greenish color, mixed with quartz, and is porous; in it are found large pieces of very solid jasper, in which, again, are to be seen little round pieces of a kind of Breccia. A specimen would have been very instructive, and one could not help longing for one; the rock, however, was too solid, and I had taken a vow not to load myself with stones on this journey.

Munich, September 6, 1786.

At half past 12, on the 5th of September, I set off for Ratisbon. At Abbach the country is beautiful, while the Danube dashes against limestone rocks as far as Saal. The limestone, somewhat similar to that at Osteroda, on the Hartz, close, but, on the whole, porous. By 6 A.M. I was in Munich, and, after having looked about me for some twelve hours, I will notice only a few points. In the Sculpture Gallery I did not find myself at home. I must practise my eye first of all on paintings. There are some excellent things here. The sketches of Reubens from the Luxembourg Gallery caused me the greatest delight.

Here, also, is the rare toy, a model of Trajan's Pillar. The material Lapis Lazuli, and the figures in gilt. It is, at any rate, a rare piece of workmanship, and, in this light, one takes pleasure in looking at it.

In the Hall of the Antiques I soon felt that my eye was not much practised on such objects. On this account I was unwilling to stay long there, and to waste my time. There was much that did not take my fancy, without my being able to say why. A *Drusus* attracted my attention; two Antonines pleased me, as also did a few other things. On the whole, the arrangement of the objects was not happy, although there is an evident attempt to make a display with them, and

the hall, or rather the museum, would have a good appearance if it were kept in better repair and cleaner. In the Cabinet of Natural History I saw beautiful things from the Tyrol, which, in smaller specimens, I was already acquainted with, and, indeed, possessed.

I was met by a woman with figs, which, as the first, tasted delicious. But the fruit in general is not good considering the latitude of forty-eight degrees. Every one is complaining here of the wet and cold. A mist, which might well be called a rain, overtook me this morning early before I reached Munich. Throughout the day the wind has continued to blow cold from off the Tyrolese mountains. As I looked towards them from the tower I found them covered, and the whole heavens shrouded with clouds. Now, at setting, the sun is shining on the top of the ancient tower, which stands right opposite to my window. Pardon me that I dwell so much on wind and weather. The traveller by land is almost as much dependent upon them as the voyager by sea, and it would be a sad thing if my autumn in foreign lands should be as little favoured as my summer at home.

And now straight for Innspruck. What do I not pass over, both on my right and on my left, in order to carry out the one thought which has become almost too old in my soul.

Mittelwald, September 7, 1786.

It seems as if my guardian-spirit had said "Amen" to my "Credo," and I thank him that he has brought me to this place on so fine a day. My last postilion said, with a joyous exclamation, it was the first in the whole summer. I cherish in quiet my superstition that it will long continue so; however, my friends must pardon me if again I talk of air and clouds.

As I started from Munich about 5 o'clock, the sky cleared up. On the mountains of the Tyrol the clouds stood in huge masses. The streaks, too, in the lower regions did not move. The road lies on the heights over hills of alluvial gravel, while below one sees the Isar flowing slowly. Here the work of the inundations of the primal oceans become conceivable. In many granite-rubbles I found the counterparts

of the specimens in my cabinet, for which I have to thank Knebel.

The mists from the river and the meadows hung about for a time, but, at last, they, too, dispersed. Between these gravelly hills, which you must think of as extending, both in length and breadth, for many leagues, is a highly beautiful and fertile region like that in the basin of the Regen. Now one comes again upon the Isar, and observe, in its channel, a precipitous section of the gravel hills, at least a hundred and fifty feet high. I arrived at Wolfrathshausen and reached the eight-and-fortieth degree. The sun was scorching hot; no one relies on the fine weather; every one is complaining of the past year, and bitterly weeping over the arrangements of Providence.

And now a new world opened upon me. I was approaching the mountains which stood out more and more distinctly.

Benedictbeuern has a glorious situation and charms one at the first sight. On a fertile plain is a long and broad white building, and, behind it, a broad and lofty ridge of rocks Next, one ascends to the Kochel-see, and, still higher on the mountains, to the Walchen-see. Here I greeted the first snow-capt summit, and, in the midst of my admiration at being so near the snowy mountains, I was informed that yesterday it had thundered in these parts, and that snow had fallen on the heights. From these meteoric tokens people draw hopes of better weather, and from this early snow, anticipate change in the atmosphere. The rocks around me are all of limestone, of the oldest formation, and containing no fossils. These limestone mountains extend in vast, unbroken ranges from Dalmatia to Mount St. Gothard. Hacquet has travelled over a considerable portion of the chain. They dip on the primary rocks of the quartz and clay.

I reached the Wallen-see about half past 4. About three miles from this place I met with a pretty adventure. A harper came before me with his daughter, a little girl, of about eleven years, and begged me to take up his child. He went on with his instrument; I let her sit by my side, and she very carefully placed at her feet a large new box. A pretty and accomplished creature, and already a great traveller over the world. She had been on a pilgrimage on foot with her

mother to Maria Einsiedel, and both had determined to go upon the still longer journey to S. Jago of Compostella, when her mother was carried off by death, and was unable to fulfil her vow. It was impossible, she thought, to do too much in honor of the Mother of God. After a great fire, in which a whole house was burnt to the lowest foundation, she herself had seen the image of the Mother of God, which stood over the door beneath a glass frame—image and glass both uninjured —which was surely a palpable miracle. All her journeys she had taken on foot; she had just played in Munich before the Elector of Bavaria, and altogether her performances had been witnessed by one-and-twenty princely personages. She quite entertained me. Pretty, large, hazel eyes, a proud forehead, which she frequently wrinkled by an elevation of the brows. She was natural and agreeable when she spoke, and especially when she laughed out loud with the free laugh of childhood. When, on the other hand, she was silent, she seemed to have a meaning in it, and, with her upper lip, had a sinister expression. I spoke with her on very many subjects, she was at home with all of them, and made most pertinent remarks. Thus she asked me once, what tree one we came to, was. It was a huge and beautiful maple, the first I had seen on my whole journey. She narrowly observed it, and was quite delighted when several more appeared, and she was able to recognize this tree. She was going, she told me, to Botzen for the fair, where she guessed I too was hastening. When she met me there I must buy her a fairing, which, of course, I promised to do. She intended to put on there her new coif which she had had made out of her earnings at Munich. She would show it to me beforehand. So she opened the bandbox and I could not do less than admire the head-gear, with its rich embroidery and beautiful ribbons.

Over another pleasant prospect we felt a mutual pleasure. She asserted that we had fine weather before us. For they always carried their barometer with them and that was the harp. When the treble-string twanged it was sure to be fine weather, and it had done so yesterday. I accepted the omen, and we parted in the best of humours, and with the hope of a speedy meeting.

On the Brenner, September 8, 1786, *Evening.*

Hurried, not to say driven, here by necessity, I have reached at last a resting-place, in a calm, quiet spot, just such as I could wish it to be. It has been a day which for many years it will be a pleasure to recall. I left Mittelwald about 6 in the morning, and a sharp wind soon perfectly cleared the sky. The cold was such as one looks for only in February. But now, in the splendour of the setting sun, the dark foreground, thickly planted with fig-trees, and peeping between them the grey limestone rocks, and behind all, the highest summit of the mountain covered with snow, and standing out in bold outline against the deep blue sky, furnish precious and ever-changing images.

One enters the Tyrol by Scharnitz. The boundary line is marked by a wall which bars the passage through the valley, and abuts on both sides on the mountains. It looks well: on one side the rocks are fortified, on the other they ascend perpendicularly. From Seefeld the road continually grew more interesting, and if from Benedictbeuern to this place it went on ascending, from height to height, while all the streams of the neighbouring districts were making for the Isar, now one caught a sight over a ridge of rocks of the valley of the Inn, and Inzingen lay before us. The sun was high and hot, so that I was obliged to throw off some of my coats, for, indeed, with the varying atmosphere of the day, I am obliged frequently to change my clothing.

At Zierl one begins to descend into the valley of the Inn. Its situation is indescribably beautiful, and the bright beams of the sun made it look quite cheerful. The postilion went faster than I wished, for he had not yet heard mass, and was anxious to be present at it at Innspruck, where, as it was the festival of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, he hoped to be a devout participant. Accordingly, we rattled along the banks of the Inn, hurrying by Martinswand, a vast, precipitous, wall-like rock of limestone. To the spot where the Emperor Maximilian is said to have lost himself, I ventured to descend and came up again without a guide, although it is, in any case, a rash undertaking.

Innspruck is gloriously situated in a rich, broad valley,

between high rocks and mountains. Everybody and everything was decked out in honour of the Virgin's Nativity. At first I had some wish to stop there, but it promised neither rest nor peace. For a little while I amused myself with the son of my host. At last the people who were to attend to me came in one by one. For the sake of health and prosperity to the flocks, they had all gone on a pilgrimage to Wilden, a place of worship on the mountains, about three miles and a half from the city. About 2 o'clock, as my rolling carriage divided the gay, merry throng, every one was in holiday garb and promenade,

From Innspruck the road becomes even still more beautiful; no powers of description can equal it. The most frequented road, ascending a gorge which empties its waters into the Inn, offers to the eye innumerable varieties of scenery. While the road often runs close to the most rugged rocks—indeed is frequently cut right through them—one sees the other side above you slightly inclining, and cultivated with the most surprising skill. On the high and broad-ascending surface lie valleys, houses, cottages, and cabins, whitewashed, glittering among the fields and hedges. Soon all changed; the land becomes available only for pasture, until it, too, terminates on the precipitous ascent. I have gained some ideas for my scheme of a creation; none, however, perfectly new and unexpected. I have also dreamed much of the model I have so long talked about, by which I am desirous to give a notion of all that is brooding in my own mind, and which, in nature itself, I cannot point out to every eye.

Now it grew darker and darker; individual objects were lost in the obscurity; the masses became constantly vaster and grander; at last, as the whole moved before me like some deeply mysterious figure, the moon suddenly illuminated the snow-capt summits; and now I am waiting till morning shall light up this rocky chasm in which I am shut up on the boundary line of the north and south.

I must again add a few remarks on the weather, which, perhaps, favours me so highly, in return for the great attention I pay to it. On the lowlands one has good or bad weather when it is already settled for either; on the mountains one is present with the beginning of the change. I have so often experienced this when on my travels, or walks, or hunting

excursions, I have passed days and nights between the cliffs in the mountain forests. On such occasions, a conceit occurred to me, which I give you as nothing better, but which, however, I cannot get rid of, as indeed, generally, such conceits are, of all things, most difficult to get rid of. I altogether look upon it as a truth, and so I will now give utterance to it, especially as I have already so often had occasion to prove the indulgence of my friends.

When we look at the mountains, either closely or from a distance, and see their summits above us at one time glittering in the sunshine, at another enveloped in mist, swept round with strong clouds, or blackened with showers, we are disposed to ascribe it all to the atmosphere, as we can easily with the eye see and discern its movements and changes. The mountains, on the other hand, with their glorious shapes lie before our outward senses immoveable. We take them to be dead because they are rigid, and we believe them to be inactive because they are at rest. For a long while, however, I cannot put off the impulse to ascribe, for the most part, to their imperceptible and secret influence the changes which are observable in the atmosphere. For instance, I believe that the mass of the earth generally, and, therefore, also in an especial way its more considerable continents do not exercise a constant and invariable force of attraction, but that this attractive force manifests itself by a certain pulse which, according to intrinsic, necessary, and probably also accidental, external causes, increases or decreases. Though all attempts by other objects to determine this oscillation may be too limited and rude, the atmosphere furnishes a standard both delicate and large enough to test their silent operations. When this attractive force decreases never so little, immediately the decrease in the gravity and the diminished elasticity of the air indicates this effect. The atmosphere is now unable to sustain the moisture which is diffused throughout it either chemically or mechanically; the clouds lower, and the rain falls and passes to the lowlands. When, however, the mountains increase their power of attraction, then the elasticity of the air is again restored, and two important phenomena result. First of all, the mountains collect around their summits vast masses of clouds; hold them fast and firm above themselves like second heads, until, as determined by the

contest of electrical forces within them, they pour down as thunder-showers, rain or mist, and then, on all that remains the electricity of the air operates, which is now restored to a capacity of retaining more water, dissolving and elaborating it. I saw quite clearly the dispersion of a cloudy mass of this kind. It was hanging on the very highest peak; the red tints of the setting sun still illuminated it. Slowly and slowly pieces detached themselves from either end. Some fleecy nebulæ were drawn off and carried up still higher, and then disappeared, and in this manner, by degrees, the whole mass vanished, and was strangely spun away before my eyes, like a distaff, by invisible hands.

If my friends are disposed to laugh at the itinerant meteorologist and his strange theories, I shall, perhaps, give them more solid cause for laughter by some other of my remarks, for I must confess that, as my journey was, in fact, a flight from all the unshapely things which tormented me in latitude 51°, I hoped, in 48°, to meet with a true Goshen. But I found myself disappointed; for latitude alone does not make a climate and fine weather, but the mountain-chains—especially such as intersect the land from east to west. In these great changes are constantly going on, and the lands which lie to the north have most to suffer from them. Thus, further north, the weather throughout the summer was determined by the great Alpine range on which I am now writing. Here, for the last few months, it has rained incessantly, while a south-east or south-west wind carried the showers northwards. In Italy they are said to have had fine weather, indeed, a little too dry.

And now a few words on a kindred subject—the vegetable world, which, in so many ways, depends on climate and moisture, and the height of the mountain-ranges. Here, too, I have noticed no remarkable change, but still an improvement. In the valley before Innspruck, apples and pears are abundant, while the peaches and grapes are brought from the Welsh districts, or, in other words, the Southern Tyrol. Near Innspruck they grow a great deal of Indian corn and buck wheat, which they call *blende*. On the Brenner I first saw the larch, and near Schemberg the pine. Would the harper's daughter have questioned me about them also?

As regards the plants, I feel still more how perfect a tyro

I am. Up to Munich I saw, I believed, none but those I was well accustomed to. In truth, my hurried travelling, by day and night, was not favorable to nicer observation on such objects. Now, it is true, I have my *Linnæus* at hand, and his Terminology is well stamped on my brain; but whence is the time and quiet to come for analysing, which, if I at all know myself, will never become my forte? I, therefore, sharpen my eye for the more general features, and when I met with the first Gentiana near the Walchensee, it struck me that it was always near the water, that I had hitherto noticed any new plants.

What made me still more attentive was the influence which the altitude of the mountain region evidently had on plants. Not only did I meet there with new specimens, but I also observed that the growth of the old ones was materially altered. While in the lower regions branches and stalks were stronger and more sappy, the buds stood closer together, and the leaves broader; the higher you got on the mountains the stalks and branches became more fragile, the buds were at greater intervals, and the leaves thinner and more lanceolate. I noticed this in the case of a Willow and of a Gentiana, and convinced myself that it was not a case of different species. So also, near the Walchensee, I noticed longer and thinner rushes than anywhere else.

The limestone of the Alps, which I have as yet travelled over, has a greyish tint, and beautiful, singular, irregular forms, although the rock is divisible into blocks and strata. But as irregular strata occur, and the rock in general does not crumble equally under the influence of the weather, the sides and the peaks have a singular appearance. This kind of rock comes up the Brenner to a great height. In the region of the Upper Lake I noticed a slight modification. On a micaceous slate of dark green and grey colours, and thickly veined with quartz, lay a white, solid limestone, which, in its detritus, sparkled and stood in great masses, with numberless clefts. Above it I again found micaceous slate, which, however, seemed to me to be of a softer texture than the first. Higher up still there was to be seen a peculiar kind of gneiss, or rather a granitic species which approximated to gneiss, as is in the district of Ellbogen. Here at the top, and opposite the Inn, the rock is micaceous slate.

The streams which come from the mountains leave deposits of nothing but this stone, and of the grey limestone.

Not far from here must be the granitic base on which all rests. The maps show that one is on the side of the true great Brenner, from which the streams of a wide surrounding district take their rise.

The following is my external judgment of the people. They are active and straightforward. In form they are pretty generally alike: hazel, well-opened eyes; with the women brown and well-defined eyebrows, but with the men light and thick. Among the grey rocks the green hats of the men have a cheerful appearance. The hats are generally ornamented with ribbons or broad silk-sashes, and with fringes which are prettily sewn on. On the other hand, the women disfigure themselves with white, undressed cotton caps of a large size, very much like men's nightcaps. These give them a very strange appearance; but abroad, they wear the green hats of the men, which become them very much.

I have opportunity of seeing the value the common class of people put upon peacock's feathers, and, in general, how every variegated feather is prized. He who wishes to travel through these mountains will do well to take with him a lot of them. A feather of this kind produced at the proper moment will serve instead of the ever-welcome "something to drink."

Whilst I am putting together, sorting, and arranging these sheets, in such a way that my friends may easily take a review of my fortunes up to this point, and that I may, at the same time, dismiss from my soul all that I have lately thought and experienced, I have, on the other hand, cast many a trembling look on some packets of which I must give a good but brief account. They are to be my fellow travellers; may they not exercise too great an influence on my next few days.

I brought with me to Carlsbad the whole of my MSS. in order to complete the edition of my works, which Goschen has undertaken. The unprinted ones I had long possessed in beautiful transcripts, by the practised hand of Secretary Vögel. This active person accompanied me on this occasion, in order that I might, if necessary, command his dexterous services. By this means, and with the never-failing co-ope-

ration of Herder, I was soon in a condition to send to the printer the first four volumes, and was on the point of doing the same with the last four. The latter consisted, for the most part, of mere unfinished sketches, indeed of fragments; for, in truth, my perverse habit of beginning many plans, and then, as the interest waned, laying them aside, had gradually gained strength with increasing years, occupations, and duties.

As I had brought these scraps with me, I readily listened to the requests of the literary circles of Carlsbad, and read out to them all that before had remained unknown to the world, which already was bitter enough in its complaints that much with which it had entertained itself still remained unfinished.

The celebration of my birthday consisted mainly in sending me several poems in the name of my commenced but unfinished works. Among these, one was distinguished above the rest. It was called the *Birds*. A deputation of these happy creatures being sent to a true friend earnestly entreat him to found at once and establish the kingdom so long promised to them. Not less obvious and playful were the allusions to my other unfinished pieces, so that, all at once, they again possessed a living interest for me, and I related to my friends the designs I had formed, and the entire plans. This gave rise to the expression of wishes and urgent requests, and gave the game entirely into Herder's hands, while he attempted to induce me to take back these papers, and, above all, to bestow upon the *Iphigenia* the pains it well deserved. The fragment which lies before me is rather a sketch than a finished piece; it is written in poetical prose, which occasionally falls into a sort of Iambical rhythm, and even imitates other syllabic metres. This, indeed, does great injury to the effect unless it is read well, and unless, by skilful turns, this defect is carefully concealed. He pressed this matter on me very earnestly, and as I concealed from him as well as the rest the great extent of my intended tour, and as he believed I had nothing more in view than a mountain trip, and as he was always ridiculing my geographical and mineralogical studies, he insisted I should act much wiser if, instead of breaking stones, I would put my hand to this work. I could not but give way to so many and well-meant remonstrances; but, as yet, I have had no opportunity to turn my

attention to these matters. I now detach *Iphigenia* from the bundle and take her with me as my fellow-traveller into the beautiful and warm country of the South. The days are so long, and there will be nothing to disturb reflection, while the glorious objects of the surrounding scenery by no means depress the poetic nerve; indeed, assisted by movement and the free air, they rather stimulate and call it forth more quickly and more vividly.

FROM THE BRENNER TO VERONA.

Trent, morning of the 11th Sept.

After full fifty hours, passed in active and constant occupation, I reached here about 8 o'clock yesterday evening, and soon after retired to rest, so that I now find myself in condition to go on with my narrative. On the evening of the 9th, when I had closed the first portion of my diary, I thought I would try and draw the inn and post-house on the Brenner, just as it stood. My attempt was unsuccessful, for I missed the character of the place; I went home therefore in somewhat of an ill-humor. Mine host asked me if I would not depart, telling me it was moon-light and the best travelling. Although I knew perfectly well that, as he wanted his horses early in the morning to carry in the after-crop (*Grummet*), and wished to have them home again in time for that purpose, his advice was given with a view to his own interest, I nevertheless took it, because it accorded with my own inclination. The sun reappeared, the air was tolerable, I packed up, and started about 7 o'clock. The blue atmosphere triumphed over the clouds, and the evening was most beautiful.

The postilion fell asleep, and the horses set off at a quick trot down-hill, always taking the well-known route. When they came to a village they went somewhat slower. Then the driver would wake up, and give them a fresh stimulus, and thus we descended at a good pace with high rocks on both sides of us, or by the banks of the rapid river Etsch. The moon arose and shed her light upon the massive objects around. Some mills, which stood between primæval pine-trees, over the foaming stream, seemed really everlasting.

When, at 9 o'clock, I had reached Sterzingen, they gave me clearly to understand, that they wished me off again. Arriving in Mittelwald, exactly at 12 o'clock, I found everybody asleep

except the postilion, and we were obliged to go on to Brixen, where I was again taken off in like manner, so that at the dawn of day I was in Colman. The postilions drove so fast that there was neither seeing nor hearing, and although I could not help being sorry at travelling through this noble country with such frightful rapidity; and at night, too, as though I was flying the place, I nevertheless felt an inward joy, that a favorable wind blew behind me, and seemed to hurry me towards the object of my wishes. At day-break I perceived the first vineyard. A woman with pears and peaches met me, and thus we went on to Teutschen, where I arrived at 7 o'clock, and then was again hurried on. After I had again travelled northwards for a while, I at last saw in the bright sunshine the valley where Botzen is situated. Surrounded by steep and somewhat high mountains, it is open towards the south, and sheltered towards the north by the Tyrolese range. A mild, soft air pervaded the spot. Here the Etsch again winds towards the south. The hills at the foot of the mountain are cultivated with vines. The vinestocks are trained over long but low arbourwork; the purple grapes are gracefully suspended from the top, and ripen in the warmth of the soil, which is close beneath them. In the bottom of the valley, which for the most part consists of nothing but meadows, the vine is cultivated in narrow rows of similar festoons, at a little distance from each other, while between grows the Indian corn, the stalks of which at this time are high. I have often seen it ten feet high. The fibrous' male blossom is not yet cut off, as is the case when fructification has ceased for some time.

I came to Botzen in a bright sunshine. A good assemblage of mercantile faces pleased me much. Everywhere one sees the liveliest tokens. An existence full of purpose, and highly comfortable. In the square some fruit-women were sitting with round flat baskets, above four feet in diameter, in which peaches were arranged side by side, so as to avoid pressure. Here I thought of a verse, which I had seen written on the window of the inn at Ratisbon:

Comme les pêches et les melons
Sont pour la bouche d'un Baron,
Ainsi les verges et les bâtons
Sont pour les fous, dit Salomon.

It is obvious that this was written by a northern baron, and no less clear is it that if he were in this country, he would alter his notions.

At the Botzen fair a brisk silk-trade is carried on. Cloths are also brought here, and as much leather as can be procured from the mountain districts. Several merchants, however, came chiefly for the sake of depositing their money, taking orders, and opening new credits. I felt I could have taken great delight in examining the various products that were collected here; but the impulse, the state of disquiet, which keeps urging me from behind, would not let me rest, and I must at once hasten from the spot. For my consolation, however, the whole matter is printed in the statistical papers, and we can, if we require it, get such instructions from books. I have now to deal only with the sensible impressions, which no book or picture can give. In fact, I am again taking interest in the world, I am testing my faculty of observation, and am trying how far I can go with my science and my acquirements, how far my eye is clear and sharp, how much I can take in at a hasty glance, and whether those wrinkles, that are imprinted upon my heart, are ever again to be obliterated. Even in these few days, the circumstance that I have had to wait upon myself, and have always been obliged to keep my attention and presence of mind on the alert, has given me quite a new elasticity of intellect. I must now busy myself with the currency, must change, pay, note down, write, while I formerly did nothing but think, will, reflect, command, and dictate.

From Botzen to Trent the stage is nine leagues and runs through a valley, which constantly increases in fertility. All that merely struggles into vegetation on the higher mountains, has here more strength and vitality; the sun shines with warmth, and there is once more belief in a Deity.

A poor woman cried out to me to take her child into my vehicle, as the hot soil was burning its feet. I did her this little service out of honour to the strong light of heaven. The child was strangely decked out, but I could get nothing from it in any way.

The Etsch flows more gently in these parts, and it makes broad deposits of gravel in many places. On the land, near the river and up the hills, the planting is so thick and close, that one fancies one thing will suffocate the other. It

is a regular thicket of vineyards, maize, mulberry trees, apples, pears, quinces, and nuts. The danewort (*Attig*) thrives luxuriantly on the walls. Ivy with solid stems runs up the rocks, on which it spreads itself; the lizards glide through the interstices, and whatever has life or motion here, reminds one of the most charming works of art. The braided top-knots of the women, the bared breasts and light jackets of the men, the fine oxen which you see driven home from market, the laden asses,—all combine to produce one of Heinrich Roos's animated pictures. And when evening draws on, and through the calmness of the air, a few clouds rest upon the mountains, rather standing than running against the sky, and, as immediately after sunset, the chirp of the grasshoppers begins to grow loud, one feels quite at home in the world, and not a mere exile. I am as reconciled to the place as if I were born and bred in it, and had now just returned from a whaling expedition to Greenland. Even the dust, which here as in our fatherland often plays about my wheels, and which has so long remained strange to me, I welcome as an old friend. The bell-like voice of the cricket is most piercing, and far from unpleasant. A cheerful effect is produced, when playful boys whistle against a field of such singers, and you almost fancy that the sound on each side is raised by emulation. The evening here is perfectly mild no less than the day.

If any one who lived in the South, or came from the South, heard my enthusiasm about these matters, he would consider me very childish. Ah, what I express here, I long ago was conscious of, while ruffling under an unkindly sky; and now I love to experience as an exception the happiness which I hope soon to enjoy as a regular natural necessity.

Trent, the evening of the 10th Sept.

I have wandered about the city, which has an old, not to say a very primitive look, though there are new and well-built houses in some of the streets. In the church there is a picture in which the assembled council of the Jesuits is represented, listening to a sermon delivered by the general of the order. I should like to know what he is trying to palm upon them. The church of these fathers may at once be recognised from the outside by pilasters of red marble on the façade. The doors are covered by a heavy curtain, which serves to keep off the dust. I raised

it, and entered a small vestibule. The church itself is parted off by an iron grating, but so that it can be entirely overlooked. All was as silent as the grave, for divine service is no longer performed here. The front door stood open, merely because all churches must be open at the time of Vespers.

While I stood considering the architecture, which was, I found, similar to other Jesuit churches, an old man stepped in, and at once took off his little black cap. His old faded black coat indicated that he was a needy priest. He knelt down before the grating, and rose again after a short prayer. When he turned round, he said to himself half-aloud: "Well, they have driven out the Jesuits, but they ought to have paid them the cost of the church. I know how many thousands were spent on the church and the seminary." As he uttered this he left the spot, and the curtain fell behind him. I, however, lifted it again, and kept myself quiet. He remained a while standing on the topmost step, and said: "The Emperor did not do it; the Pope did it." With his face turned towards the street, so that he could not observe me, he continued: "First the Spaniards, then we, then the French. The blood of Abel cries out against his brother Cain!" And thus he went down the steps and along the street, still talking to himself. I should conjecture he is one who, having been maintained by the Jesuits, has lost his wits in consequence of the tremendous fall of the order, and now comes every day to search the empty vessel for its old inhabitants, and, after a short prayer, to pronounce a curse upon their enemies.

A young man, whom I questioned about the remarkable sights in the town, showed me a house, which is called the "Devil's house," because the devil, who is generally too ready to destroy, is said to have built it in a single night, with stones rapidly brought to the spot. However, what is really remarkable about the house, the good man had not observed, namely, that it is the only house of good taste that I have yet seen in Trent, and was certainly built by some good Italian, at an earlier period. At 5 o'clock in the evening I again set off. The spectacle of yesterday evening was repeated, and at sun-set the grasshoppers again began to sing. For about a league the journey lies between walls, above which the grape-espaliers are visible. Other walls, which are not high enough, have been eked out with stones, thorns, &c., to prevent passengers from plucking off the grapes. Many

owners sprinkle the foremost rows with lime, which renders the grapes uneatable, but does not hurt the wine, as the process of fermentation drives out the heterogeneous matter.

Evening of September 11.

I am now at Roveredo, where a marked distinction of language begins; hitherto, it has fluctuated between German and Italian. I have now, for the first time, had a thoroughly Italian postilion, the inn-keeper does not speak a word of German, and I must put my own linguistic powers to the test. How delighted I am that the language I have always most loved now becomes living--the language of common usage.

Torbole, 12*th September* (*after dinner*).

How much do I wish that my friends were with me for a moment to enjoy the prospect, which now lies before my eyes.

I might have been in Verona this evening but a magnificent natural phenomenon was in my vicinity—Lake Garda, a splendid spectacle, which I did not want to miss, and now I am nobly rewarded for taking this circuitous route. After 5 o'clock I started from Roveredo, up a side valley, which still pours its waters into the Etsch. After ascending this, you come to an immense rocky bar, which you must cross in descending to the lake. Here appeared the finest calcareous rocks for pictorial study. On descending you come to a little village on the northern end of the lake, with a little port, or rather landing-place, which is called Torbole. On my way upwards I was constantly accompanied by fig-trees, and, descending into the rocky atmosphere, I found the first olive-tree full of fruit. Here also, for the first time, I found as a common fruit those little white figs, which the Countess Lanthieri had promised me.

A door opens from the chamber in which I sit into the court-yard below. Before this I have placed my table, and taken a rough sketch of the prospect. The lake may be seen for its whole length, and it is only at the end, towards the left, that it vanishes from our eyes. The shore, which is inclosed on both sides by hill and mountain, shines with a countless number of little hamlets.

After midnight the wind blows from north to south, and he who wishes to go down the lake must travel at this time, for a few hours before sunset the current of air changes, and moves northward. At this time, the afternoon, it blows strongly

against me, and pleasantly qualifies the burning heat of the sun. Volkmann teaches me that this lake was formerly called "Benacus," and quotes from Virgil a line in which it was mentioned:

"Fluctibus et fremiter resonans, Benace, marino."

This is the first Latin verse, the subject of which ever stood visibly before me, and now, in the present moment, when the wind is blowing stronger and stronger, and the lake casts loftier billows against the little harbour, it is just as true as it was hundreds of years ago. Much, indeed, has changed, but the wind still roars about the lake, the aspect of which gains even greater glory from a line of Virgil's.

The above was written in a latitude of 45° 50′.

I went out for a walk in the cool of the evening, and now I really find myself in a new country, surrounded by objects entirely strange. The people lead a careless, sauntering life. In the first place, the doors are without locks, but the host assured me that I might be quite at ease, even though all I had about me consisted of diamonds. In the second place, the windows are covered with oiled paper instead of glass. In the third place, an extremely *necessary* convenience is wanting, so that one comes pretty close to a state of nature. When I asked the waiter for a certain place, he pointed down into the court-yard: "Qui, abasso puo servirsi!" "Dove?" asked I. "Da per tutto, dove vuol," was the friendly reply. The greatest carelessness is visible everywhere, but still there is life and bustle enough. During the whole day there is a constant chattering and shrieking of the female neighbors, all have something to do at the same time. I have not yet seen an idle woman.

The host, with Italian emphasis, assured me, that he felt great pleasure in being able to serve me with the finest trout. They are taken near Torbole, where the stream flows down from the mountains, and the fish seeks a passage upwards. The Emperor farms this fishery for 10,000 guilden. The fish, which are large, often weighing fifty pounds, and spotted over the whole body to the head, are not trout, properly so called. The flavour, which is between that of trout and salmon, is delicate and excellent.

But my real delight is in the fruit.—in the figs, and in the pears, which must, indeed, be excellent, where citrons are already growing.

Evening of September 13.

At 3 o'clock this morning I started from Torbole, with a couple of rowers. At first the wind was so favorable that we put up a sail. The morning was cloudy but fine, and perfectly calm at day-break. We passed Limona, the mountain-gardens of which, laid out terrace-fashion, and planted with citron-trees, have a neat and rich appearance. The whole garden consists of rows of square white pillars placed at some distance from each other, and rising up the mountain in steps. On these pillars strong beams are laid, that the trees planted between them may be sheltered in the winter. The view of these pleasant objects was favored by a slow passage, and we had already passed Malsesine when the wind suddenly changed, took the direction usual in the day-time, and blew towards the north. Rowing was of little use against this superior power, and, therefore, we were forced to land in the harbour of Malsesine. This is the first Venetian spot on the eastern side of the lake. When one has to do with water we cannot say, "I will be at this or that particular place today." I will make my stay here as useful as I can, especially by making a drawing of the castle, which lies close to the water, and is a beautiful object. As I passed along I took a sketch of it.

Sept. 11*th.*

The wind, which blew against me yesterday, and drove me into the harbour of Malsesine, was the cause of a perilous adventure, which I got over with good humour, and the remembrance of which I still find amusing. According to my plan, I went early in the morning into the old castle, which having neither gate nor guard, is accessible to everybody. Entering the court-yard, I seated myself opposite to the old tower, which is built on and among the rocks. Here I had selected a very convenient spot for drawing;—a carved stone seat in the wall, near a closed door, raised some three or four feet high, such as we also find in the old buildings in our own country.

I had not sat long before several persons entered the yard, and walked backwards and forwards, looking at me. The multitude increased, and at last so stood as completely to surround me. I remarked that my drawing had excited attention; however, I did not allow myself to be disturbed, but quietly continued my occupation. At last a man, not of the most prepossessing appearance, came up to me, and asked me what I was about. I replied that I was copying the old tower, that I might have some remembrance of Malsesine. He said that this was not allowed, and that I must leave off. As he said this in the common Venetian dialect, so that I understood him with difficulty, I answered, that I did not understand him at all. With true Italian coolness he took hold of my paper, and tore it, at the same time letting it remain on the pasteboard. Here I observed an air of dissatisfaction among the by-standers; an old woman in particular said that it was not right, but that the podesta ought to be called, who was the best judge of such matters. I stood upright on the steps, having my back against the door, and surveyed the assembly, which was continually increasing. The fixed eager glances, the good humoured expression of most of the faces, and all the other characteristics of a foreign mob, made the most amusing impression upon me. I fancied that I could see before me the chorus of birds, which, as Treufreund, I had often laughed at, in the Ettersburg theatre. This put me in excellent humour, and when the podesta came up with his actuary, I greeted him in an open manner, and when he asked me why I was drawing the fortification, modestly replied, that I did not look upon that wall as a fortification. I called the attention of him and the people to the decay of the towers and walls, and to the generally defenceless position of the place, assuring him that I thought I only saw and drew a ruin.

I was answered thus: "If it was only a ruin, what could there be remarkable about it?" As I wished to gain time and favour, I replied very circumstantially, that they must be well aware how many travellers visited Italy, for the sake of the ruins only, that Rome, the metropolis of the world, having suffered the depredations of barbarians, was now full of ruins, which had been drawn hundreds of times, and that all the works of antiquity were not in such good preservation as the amphitheatre at Verona, which I hoped soon to see.

The podesta, who stood before me, though in a less elevated position, was a tall man, not exactly thin, of about thirty years of age. The flat features of his spiritless face perfectly accorded with the slow constrained manner, in which he put his questions. Even the actuary, a sharp little fellow, seemed as if he did not know what to make of a case so new, and so unexpected. I said a great deal of the same sort; the people seemed to take my remarks good naturedly, and on turning towards some kindly female faces, I thought I could read assent and approval.

When, however, I mentioned the amphitheatre at Verona, which in this country, is called the "Arena," the actuary, who had in the meanwhile collected himself, replied, that this was all very well, because the edifice in question was a Roman building, famed throughout the world. In these towers, however, there was nothing remarkable, excepting that they marked the boundary between the Venetian domain and Austrian Empire, and therefore *espionage* could not be allowed. I answered by explaining at some length, that not only the Great and Roman antiquities, but also those of the Middle-Ages were worth attention. They could not be blamed, I granted, if, having been accustomed to this building from their youth upwards, they could not discern in it so many picturesque beauties as I did. Fortunately the morning sun, shed the most beautiful lustre on the tower, rocks, and walls, and I began to describe the scene with enthusiasm. My audience, however, had these much lauded objects behind them, and as they did not wish to turn altogether away from me, they all at once twisted their heads, like the birds, which we call "wry necks" (Wendehälse), that they might see with their eyes, what I had been lauding to their ears. Even the podestà turned round towards the picture I had been describing, though with more dignity than the rest. This scene appeared to me so ridiculous that my good humour increased, and I spared them nothing—least of all, the ivy, which had been suffered for ages to adorn the rocks and walls.

The actuary retorted, that this was all very good, but the Emperor Joseph was a troublesome gentleman, who certainly entertained many evil designs against Venice; and I might probably have been one of his subjects, appointed by him, to act as a spy on the borders.

"Far from belonging to the Emperor," I replied, "I can boast, as well as you, that I am a citizen of a republic, which also governs itself, but which is not, indeed, to be compared for power and greatness to the illustrious state of Venice, although in commercial activity, in wealth, and in the wisdom of its rulers, it is inferior to no state in Germany. I am a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, a city, the name and fame of which has doubtless reached you."

"Of Frankfort-on-the-Main!" cried a pretty young woman, "then, Mr. Podestà, you can at once see all about the foreigner, whom I look upon as an honest man. Let Gregorio be called; he has resided there a long time, and will be the best judge of the matter."

The kindly faces had already increased around me, the first adversary had vanished, and when Gregorio came to the spot, the whole affair took a decided turn in my favor. He was a man upwards of fifty, with one of those well-known Italian faces. He spoke and conducted himself like one, who feels that something foreign is not foreign to him, and told me at once that he had seen service in Bolongari's house, and would be delighted to hear from me something about this family and the city in general, which had left a pleasant impression in his memory. Fortunately his residence at Frankfort had been during my younger years, and I had the double advantage of being able to say exactly how matters stood in his time, and what alteration had taken place afterwards. I told him about all the Italian families, none of whom had remained unknown to me. With many particulars he was highly delighted, as, for instance, with the fact that Herr Alessina had celebrated his "golden wedding,"* in the year 1774, and that a medal had been struck on the occasion, which was in my possession. He remembered that the wife of this wealthy merchant was by birth a Brentano. I could also tell him something about the children and grand-children of these families, how they had grown up, and had been provided for and married, and had multiplied themselves in their descendants.

When I had given the most accurate information about almost everything which he asked, his features alternately

* The fiftieth anniversary of a wedding-day is so called in Germany. TRANS

expressed cheerfulness and solemnity. He was pleased and touched, while the people cheered up more and more, and could not hear too much of our conversation, of which—it must be confessed—he was obliged to translate a part into their own dialect.

At last he said: "Podesta, I am convinced that this is a good, accomplished, and well-educated gentleman, who is travelling about to acquire instruction. Let him depart in a friendly manner, that he may speak well of us to his fellow-countrymen, and induce them to visit Malsesine, the beautiful situation of which is well worthy the admiration of foreigners. I gave additional force to these friendly words by praising the country, the situation, and the inhabitants, not forgetting to mention the magistrates as wise and prudent personages.

This was well received, and I had permission to visit the place at pleasure, in company with Master Gregorio. The landlord, with whom I had put up, now joined us, and was delighted at the prospect of the foreign guests, who would crowd upon him, when once the advantages of Malsesine were properly known. With the most lively curiosity he examined my various articles of dress, but especially envied me the possession of a little pistol, which slipped conveniently into the pocket. He congratulated those who could carry such pretty weapons, this being forbidden in his country under the severest penalties. This friendly but obtrusive personage I sometimes interrupted to thank my deliverer. "Do not thank me," said honest Gregorio, "for you owe me nothing. If the Podestà had understood his business, and the Actuary had not been the most selfish man in the world, you would not have got off so easily. The former was still more puzzled than you, and the latter would have pocketed nothing by your arrest, the information, and your removal to Verona. This he rapidly thought over, and you were already free, before our dialogue was ended."

Towards the evening the good man took me into his vineyard, which was very well situated, down along the lake. We were accompanied by his son, a lad of fifteen, who was forced to climb the trees, and pluck me the best fruit, while the old man looked out for the ripest grapes.

While thus placed between these two kindhearted people, both strange to the world, alone, as it were, in the deep soli-

tude of the earth, I felt, in the most lively manner, as I reflected on the day's adventure, what a whimsical being Man is—how the very thing, which in company he might enjoy with ease and security, is often rendered troublesome and dangerous, from his notion, that he can appropriate to himself the world and its contents after his own peculiar fashion.

Towards midnight my host accompanied me to the barque, carrying the basket of fruit with which Gregorio had presented me, and thus, with a favorable wind, I left the shore, which had promised to become a Læstrygonicum shore to me.

And now for my expedition on the lake. It ended happily, after the noble aspect of the water, and of the adjacent shore of Brescia had refreshed my very heart. On the western side, where the mountains cease to be perpendicular, and near the lake, the land becomes more flat, Garignano, Bojaco, Cecina, Toscolan, Maderno, Verdom, and Salo, stand all in a row, and occupy a reach of about a league and a half; most of them being built in long streets. No words can express the beauty of this richly inhabited spot. At 10 o'clock in the morning I landed at Bartolino, placed my luggage on one mule and myself on another. The road went now over a ridge, which separates the valley of the Etsch from the hollow of the lake. The primæval waters seem to have driven against each other from both sides, in immense currents, and to have raised this colossal dam of gravel. A fertile soil was deposited upon the gravel at a quieter period, but the labourer is constantly annoyed by the appearance of the stones on the surface. Every effort is made to get rid of them, they are piled in rows and layers one on another, and thus a sort of thick wall is formed along the path. The mulberry-trees, from a want of moisture, have a dismal appearance at this elevation. Springs there are none. From time to time puddles of collected rain-water may be found, with which the mules and even their drivers quench their thirst. Some wheels are placed on the river beneath, to water, at pleasure, those plantations that have a lower situation.

The magnificence of the new country, which opens on you as you descend, surpasses description. It is a garden a mile long and broad, which lies quite flat at the foot of tall mountains and steep rocks, and is as neatly laid out as possible.

By this way, about 1 o'clock on the 10th of September, I reached Verona, where I first write this, finish, and put together the first part of my diary, and indulge in the pleasing hope of seeing the amphitheatre in the evening.

Concerning the weather of these days I have to make the following statement:—The night from the 9th to the 10th was alternately clear and cloudy, the moon had always a halo round it. Towards 5 o'clock in the morning all the sky was overcast with gray, not heavy clouds, which vanished with the advance of day. The more I descended the finer was the weather. As at Botzen the great mass of the mountains took a northerly situation, the air displayed quite another quality. From the different grounds in the landscape, which were separated from each other in the most picturesque manner, by a tint more or less blue, it might be seen, that the atmosphere was full of vapors equally distributed, which it was able to sustain, and which, therefore, neither fell in the shape of dew, nor were collected in the form of clouds. As I descended further I could plainly observe, that all the exhalations from the Botzen valley, and all the streaks of cloud which ascended from the more southern mountains, moved towards the higher northern regions, which they did not cover, but veiled with a kind of yellow fog. In the remotest distance, over the mountains, I could observe what is called a "water-gull." To the south of Botzen they have had the finest weather all the summer, only a little *water* (they say *aqua* to denote a light rain), from time to time, and then a return of sunshine. Yesterday a few drops occasionally fell, and the sun throughout continued shining. They have not had so good a year for a long while; everything turns out well; the bad weather they have sent to us.

I mention but slightly the mountains and the species of stone, since Ferber's travels to Italy, and Hacquet's journey along the Alps, give sufficient information respecting this district. A quarter of a league from the Brenner, there is a marble quarry, which I passed at twilight. It may, nay, must lie upon mica-slate as on the other side. This I found near Colman, just as it dawned; lower down there was an appearance of porphyry. The rocks were so magnificent, and the heaps were so conveniently broken up along the highway, that a "Voigt" cabinet might have been made and packed up at

once. Without any trouble of that kind I can take a piece, if it is only to accustom my eyes and my curiosity to a small quantity. A little below Colman, I found some porphyry, which splits into regular plates, and between Brandrol and Neumark some of a similar kind, in which, however, the laminæ separated in pillars. Ferber considered them to be volcanic productions, but that was fourteen years ago, when all the world had its head on fire. Even Hacquet ridicules the notion.

Of the people I can say but little, and that is not very favorable. On my descent from the Brenner, I discovered, as soon as day came, a decided change of form, and was particularly displeased by the pale brownish complexion of the women. Their features indicated wretchedness, the children looked equally miserable;—the men somewhat better. I imagine that the cause of this sickly condition may be found in the frequent consumption of Indian corn and buckwheat. Both the former, which they also call "Yellow Blende," and the latter, which is called "Black Blende," is ground, made into a thick pap with water, and thus eaten. The Germans on this side, pull out the dough, and fry it in butter. The Italian Tyrolese, on the contrary, eat it just as it is, often with scrapings of cheese, and do not taste meat throughout the year. This necessarily glues up and stops the alimentary channels, especially with the women and children, and their cachectic complexion is an indication of the malady. They also eat fruit and green beans, which they boil down in water, and mix with oil and garlic. I asked if there were no rich peasants. "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "Don't they indulge themselves at all? don't they eat anything better?" "No, they are used to it." "What do they do with their money then? how do they lay it out?" "Oh, they have their ladies, who relieve them of that." This is the sum and substance of a conversation with mine host's daughter at Botzen.

I also learned from her, that the vine-tillers were the worst off, although they appeared to be the most opulent, for they were in the hands of commercial towns-people, who advanced them enough to support life in the bad seasons, and in winter took their wine at a low price. However, it is the same thing everywhere.

My opinion concerning the food is confirmed by the fact, that the women who inhabit the towns appear better and better. They have pretty plump girlish faces, the body is somewhat too short in proportion to the stoutness, and the size of the head, but sometimes the countenances have a most agreable expression. The men we already know through the wandering Tyrolese. In the country their appearance is less fresh than that of the women, perhaps because the latter have more bodily labour, and are more in motion, while the former sit at home as traders and workmen. By the Garda Lake I found the people very brown, without the slightest tinge of red in their cheeks; however they did not look unhealthy, but quite fresh and comfortable. Probably the burning sunbeams, to which they are exposed at the foot of their mountains, are the cause of their complexion.

FROM VERONA TO VENICE.

Verona, Sept. 16th.

Well then, the amphitheatre is the first important monument of the old times that I have seen—and how well it is preserved! When I entered, and still more when I walked round the edge of it at the top, it seemed strange to me, that I saw something great, and yet, properly speaking, saw nothing. Besides I do not like to see it empty, I should like to see it full of people, just as, in modern times, it was filled up in honour of Joseph I. and Pius VI. The Emperor, although his eye was accustomed to human masses, must have been astonished. But it was only in the earliest times, that it produced its full effect, when the people was more a people than it is now. For, properly speaking, such an amphitheatre is constructed to give the people an imposing view of itself,—to cajole itself.

When anything worth seeing occurs on the level ground, and any one runs to the spot, the hindermost try by every means to raise themselves above the foremost; they get upon benches, roll casks, bring up vehicles, lay planks in every direction, occupy the neighbouring heights, and a crater is formed in no time.

If the spectacle occur frequently on the same spot, light scaffoldings are built for those who are able to pay, and the rest of the multitude must get on as it can. Here the problem of the architect is to satisfy this general want. By means of his art he prepares such a crater, making it as simple as possible, that the people itself may constitute the decoration. When the populace saw itself so assembled, it must have been astonished at the sight, for whereas it was only accustomed to see itself running about in confusion, or to find itself crowded together without particular rule or order, so must this many-headed, many-minded, wandering animal now see itself combined into a noble body, made into a definite unity, bound and secured into a mass, and animated as one form by one mind. The simplicity of the oval is most pleasingly obvious to every eye, and every head serves as a measure to show the vastness of the whole. Now we see it empty, we have no standard, and do not know whether it is large or small.

The Veronese deserve commendation for the high preservation in which this edifice is kept. It is built of a reddish marble, which has been affected by the atmosphere, and hence the steps which have been eaten, are continually restored, and look almost all new. An inscription makes mention of one Hieronymus Maurigenus, and of the incredible industry, which he has expended on this monument. Of the outer wall only a piece remains, and I doubt whether it was ever quite finished. The lower arches, which adjoin the large square, called "Il Bra," are let out to workmen, and the reanimation of these arcades produces a cheerful appearance.

Verona, Sept. 16.

The most beautiful gate, which, however, always remains closed, is called "Porta stupa," or "del Pallio." As a gate, and considering the great distance from which it is first seen, it is not well conceived, and it is not till we come near it, that we recognise the beauty of the structure.

All sorts of reasons are given to account for its being closed. I have, however, a conjecture of my own. It was manifestly the intention of the artist to cause a new *Corso* to be laid out from this gate, for the situation, or the present street, is completely wrong. On the left side there is nothing but barracks;

and the line at right angles from the middle of the gate leads to a convent of nuns, which must certainly have come down. This was presently perceived, and besides the rich and higher classes might not have liked to settle in the remote quarter. The artist perhaps died, and therefore the door was closed and so an end was put to the affair.

Verona, Sept. 16.

The portico of the theatre, consisting of six large Ionic columns, looks handsome enough. So much the more puny is the appearance of the Marchese di Maffei's bust, which as large as life, and in a great wig, stands over the door, and in front of a painted niche, which is supported by two Corinthian columns. The position is honorable, but to be in some degree proportionate to the magnitude and solidity of the columns the bust should have been colossal. But now placed as it is on a corbel, it has a mean appearance, and is by no means in harmony with the whole.

The gallery, which incloses the fore-court, is also small, and the channelled Doric dwarfs have a mean appearance by the side of the smooth Ionic giants. But we pardon this discrepancy on account of the fine institution, which has been founded among the columns. Here is kept a number of antiquities, which have mostly been dug up in and about Verona. Something, they say, has even been found in the Amphitheatre. There are Etruscan, Greek, and Roman specimens, down to the latest times, and some even of more modern date. The bas-reliefs are inserted in the walls, and provided with the numbers, which Maffei gave them, when he described them in his work: "*Verona illustrata.*" There are altars, fragments of columns, and other relics of the sort; an admirable tripod of white marble, upon which there are genii occupied with the attributes of the gods. Raphael has imitated and improved this kind of thing in the scrolls of the Farnesina.

The wind which blows from the graves of the ancients, comes fragrantly over hills of roses. The tombs give touching evidences of a genuine feeling, and always bring life back to us. Here is a man, by the side of his wife, who peeps out of a niche, as if it were a window. Here are father and mother,

with their son between them, eyeing each other as naturally as possible. Here a couple are grasping each other's hands. Here a father, resting on his couch, seems to be amused by his family. The immediate proximity of these stones was to me highly touching. They belong to a later school of art, but are simple, natural, and generally pleasing. Here a man in armour is on his knees in expectation of a joyful resurrection. With more or less of talent the artist has produced the mere simple presence of the persons, and has thus given a permanent continuation to their existence. They do not fold their hands, they do not look towards heaven, but they are here below just what they were and just what they are. They stand together, take interest in each other, love one another, and this is charmingly expressed on the stone, though with a certain want of technical skill. A marble pillar, very richly adorned, gave me more new ideas.

Laudable as this institution is, we can plainly perceive that the noble spirit of preservation, by which it was founded, is no longer continued. The valuable tripod will soon be ruined, placed as it is in the open air, and exposed to the weather towards the west. This treasure might easily be preserved in a wooden case.

The palace of the Proveditore, which is begun, might have afforded a fine specimen of architecture, if it had been finished. Generally speaking, the *nobili* build a great deal, but unfortunately every one builds on the site of his former residence, and often, therefore, in narrow lanes. Thus, for instance, a magnificent façade to a seminary is now building in an alley of the remotest suburb.

While, with a guide, whom I had accidentally picked up, I passed before the great solemn gate of a singular building, he asked me good-humourdly, whether I should not like to step into the court for a while. It was the palace of justice, and he court, on account of the height of the building, looked only like an enormous wall. Here, he told me, all the criminals and suspicious persons are confined. I looked around, and saw that round all the stories there were open passages, fitted with iron balustrades, which passed by numerous doors. The prisoner, as he stepped out of his dungeon to be led to

trial, stood in the open air, and was exposed to the gaze of all passers, and because there were several trial-rooms, the chains were rattling, now over this, now over that passage, in every story. It was a hateful sight, and I do not deny that the good humour, with which I had dispatched my "Birds," might here have come into a strait.

I walked at sunset upon the margin of the crater-like amphitheatre, and enjoyed the most splendid prospect over the town and the surrounding country. I was quite alone, and multitudes of people were passing below me on the hard stones of the Bra; men of all ranks, and women of the middle-ranks were walking. The latter in their black outer garments look, in this bird's-eye view, like so many mummies.

The *Zendale* and the *Veste*, which serves this class in the place of an entire wardrobe, is a costume completely fitted for a people that does not care much for cleanliness, and yet always likes to appear in public, sometimes at church, sometimes on the promenade. The *Veste* is a gown of black taffeta, which is thrown over other gowns. If the lady has a clean white one beneath, she contrives to lift up the black one on one side. This is fastened on so, as to cut the waist, and to cover the lappets of a corset, which may be of any colour. The *Zendale* is a large hood with long ears; the hood itself is kept high above the head by a wire-frame, while the ears are fastened round the body like a scarf, so that the ends fall down behind.

Verona, Sept. 16.

When I again left the Arena to-day, I came to a modern public spectacle, about a thousand paces from the spot. Four noble Veronese were playing ball against four people of Vicenza. This pastime is carried on among the Veronese themselves all the year round, about two hours before night. On this occasion there was a far larger concourse of people than usual, on account of the foreign adversaries. The spectators seem to have amounted to four or five thousand. I did not see women of any rank.

When, a little while ago, I spoke of the necessities of the multitude in such a case, I described the natural accidental

amphitheatre as arising just in the manner, in which I saw the people raised one over another on this occasion. Even at a distance I could hear the lively clapping of hands, which accompanied every important stroke. The game is played as follows: Two boards, slightly inclined, are placed at a convenient distance from each other. He who strikes off the ball stands at the higher end, his right hand is armed with a broad wooden ring, set with spikes. While another of his party throws the ball to him, he runs down to meet it, and thus increases the force of the blow with which he strikes it. The adversaries try to beat it back, and thus it goes backwards and forwards till, at last, it remains on the ground. The most beautiful attitudes, worthy of being imitated in marble, are thus produced. As there are none but well-grown active young people, in a short, close, white dress, the parties are only distinguished by a yellow mark. Particularly beautiful is the attitude into which the man on the eminence falls, when he runs down the inclined plain, and raises his arm to strike the ball;—it approaches that of the Borghesian gladiator.

It seemed strange to me that they carry on this exercise by an old lime-wall, without the slightest convenience for spectators; why is it not done in the amphitheatre, where there would be such ample room?

Verona, September 17.

What I have seen of pictures I will but briefly touch upon, and add some remarks. I do not make this extraordinary tour for the sake of deceiving myself, but to become acquainted with myself by means of these objects. I therefore honestly confess that of the painter's art—of his manipulation, I understand but little. My attention, and observation, can only be directed to the practical part, to the subject, and the general treatment of it.

S. Georgio is a gallery of good pictures, all altar-pieces, and all remarkable, if not of equal value. But what subjects were the hapless artists obliged to paint? And for whom? Perhaps a shower of manna thirty feet long, and twenty feet high, with the miracle of the loaves as a companion. What could be made of these subjects? Hungry men falling on little grains,

and a countless multitude of others, to whom bread is handed. The artists have racked their invention in order to get something striking out of such wretched subjects. And yet, stimulated by the urgency of the case, genius has produced some beautiful things. An artist, who had to paint S. Ursula with the eleven thousand virgins, has got over the difficulty cleverly enough. The saint stands in the foreground, as if she had conquered the country. She is very noble, like an Amazonia virgin, and without any enticing charms; on the other hand, her troop is shown descending from the ships, and moving in procession at a diminishing distance. The Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian, in the dome, has become much blackened, and it is a thought worthy of praise that, at the moment of her apotheosis, she looks not towards heaven, but towards her friends below.

In the Gherardini Gallery I found some very fine things by Orbitto, and for the first time became acquainted with this meritorious artist. At a distance we only hear of the first artists, and then we are often contented with names only; but when we draw nearer to this starry sky, and the luminaries of the second and third magnitude also begin to twinkle, each one coming forward and occupying his proper place in the whole constellation, then the world becomes wide, and art becomes rich. I must here commend the conception of one of the pictures. Sampson has gone to sleep in the lap of Dalilah, and she has softly stretched her hand over him to reach a pair of scissors, which lies near the lamp on the table. The execution is admirable. In the Canopa Palace I observed a Danäe.

The Bevilagua Palace contains the most valuable things. A picture by Tintoretto, which is called a "Paradise," but which, in fact, represents the Coronation of the Virgin Mary as Queen of Heaven, in the presence of all the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, saints, angels, &c., affords an opportunity for displaying all the riches of the most felicitous genius. To admire and enjoy all that care of manipulation, that spirit and variety of expression, it is necessary to possess the picture, and to have it before one all one's life. The painter's work is carried on *ad infinitum;* even the farthest angels' heads, which are vanishing in the halo, preserve something of character. The largest figures may be about a foot high; Mary, and the Christ who is crowning her, about four inches. Eve

is, however, the finest woman in the picture; a little voluptuous, as from time immemorial.

A couple of portraits by Paul Veronese have only increased my veneration for that artist. The collection of antiquities is very fine; there is a son of Niobe extended in death, which is highly valuable; and the busts, including an Augustus with the civic crown, a Caligula, and others, are mostly of great interest, notwithstanding the restoration of the noses.

It lies in my nature to admire, willingly and joyfully, all that is great and beautiful, and the cultivation of this talent, day after day, hour after hour, by the inspection of such beautiful objects, produces the happiest feelings.

In a land, where we enjoy the days but take especial delight in the evenings, the time of nightfall is highly important. For now work ceases; those who have gone out walking turn back; the father wishes to have his daughter home again; the day has an end. What the day is we Cimmerians hardly know. In our eternal mist and fog it is the same thing to us, whether it be day or night, for how much time can we really pass and enjoy in the open air? Now, when night sets in, the day, which consisted of a morning and an evening, is decidedly past, four and twenty hours are gone, the bells ring, the rosary is taken in hand, and the maid, entering the chamber with the lighted lamp, says, "felicissima notte." This epoch varies with every season, and a man who lives here in actual life cannot go wrong, because all the enjoyments of his existence are regulated not by the nominal hour, but by the time of day. If the people were forced to use a German clock they would be perplexed, for their own is intimately connected with their nature. About an hour and a half, or an hour before midnight, the nobility begin to ride out. They proceed to the Piazza della Bra, along the long, broad street to the Porta Nuova out at the gate, and along the city, and when night sets in, they all return home. Sometimes they go to the churches to say their Ave Maria della sera; sometimes they keep on the Bra, where the cavaliers step up to the coaches and converse for a while with the ladies. The foot passengers remain till a late hour of night, but I have never stopped till the last. To-day just enough rain had fallen to lay the dust, and the spectacle was most cheerful and animated.

That I may accommodate myself the better to the custom of the country I have devised a plan for mastering more easily the Italian method of reckoning the hours. The accompaning diagram may give an idea of it. The inner circle denotes our four and twenty hours, from midnight to midnight, divided into twice twelve, as we reckon, and as our clocks indicate. The middle circle shows how the clocks strike at the present season, namely, as much as twelve twice in the twenty-four hours, but in such a way that it strikes one, when it strikes eight with us, and so on till the number twelve is complete. At eight o'clock in the morning according to our clock it again strikes one, and so on. Finally the outer circle shows how the four and twenty hours are reckoned in actual life. For example, I hear seven o'clock striking in the night, and know that midnight is at five o'clock; I therefore deduct the latter number from the former, and thus have two hours after midnight. If I hear seven o'clock strike in the day-time, and know that noon is at five, I proceed in the same way, and thus have two in the afternoon. But if I wish to express the hour according to the fashion of this country, I must know that noon is seventeen o'clock; I add the two, and get nineteen o'clock. When this method is heard and thought of for the first time, it seems extremely confused and difficult to manage, but we soon grow accustomed to it and find the occupation amusing. The people themselves take delight in this perpetual calculation, just as children are pleased with easily surmounted difficulties. Indeed they always have their fingers in the air, make any calculation in their heads, and like to occupy themselves with figures. Besides to the inhabitant of the country the matter is so much the easier, as he really does not trouble himself about noon and midnight, and does not, like the foreign resident, compare two clocks with each other. They only count from the evening the hours, as they strike, and in the day-time they add the number to the varying number of noon, with which they are acquainted. The rest is explained by the remarks appended to the diagram:—

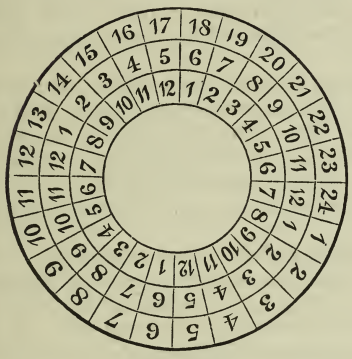
COMPARATIVE TABLE

of

GERMAN AND ITALIAN TIME,

WITH THE HOURS OF THE ITALIAN SUN-DIAL FOR THE LATTER HALF OF SEPTEMBER.

MIDDAY.



MIDNIGHT.

The night lengthens half an hour every fortnight.

Month.	Day.	Time of night as shewn by German clocks.	Midnight consequently falls about.
August	1	8½	3½
—	15	8	4
Sept.	1	7½	4½
—	15	7	5
October	1	6½	5½
—	15	6	6
Nov.	1	5½	6½
—	15	5	7

From this date the time remains constant and it is:—

	NIGHT.	MIDNIGHT.
Dec. } Jan.	5	7

The day lengthens half an hour every fortnight.

Month.	Day.	Time of night as shewn by German clocks	Midnight consequently falls about.
Febr.	1	5½	6½
—	15	6	6
March	1	6½	5½
—	15	7	5
April	1	7½	4½
—	15	8	4
May	1	8½	3
—	15	9	3

From this date the time remains constant and it is:—

	NIGHT.	MIDNIGHT.
June } July	9	3

Verona, Sept. 17.

The people here jostle one another actively enough; the narrow streets, where shops and workmen's stalls are thickly crowded together, have a particularly cheerful look. There is no such thing as a door in front of the shop or workroom; the whole breadth of the house is open, and one may see all that passes in the interior. Half-way out into the path, the tailors are sewing; and the cobblers are pulling and rapping; indeed the work-stalls make a part of the street. In the evening, when the lights are burning, the appearance is most lively.

The squares are very full on market days; there are fruit and vegetables without number, and garlic and onions to the heart's desire. Then again throughout the day there is a ceaseless screaming, bantering, singing, squalling, huzzaing, and laughing. The mildness of the air, and the cheapness of the food, make subsistence easy. Everything possible is done in the open air.

At night singing and all sorts of noises begin. The ballad of "*Marlbrook*" is heard in every street;—then comes a dulcimer, then a violin. They try to imitate all the birds with a pipe. The strangest sounds are heard on every side. A mild climate can give this exquisite enjoyment of mere existence, even to poverty, and the very shadow of the people seems respectable.

The want of cleanliness and convenience, which so much strikes us in the houses, arises from the following cause:—the inhabitants are always out of doors, and in their light-heartedness think of nothing. With the people all goes right, even the middle-class man just lives on from day to day, while the rich and genteel shut themselves up in their dwellings, which are not so habitable as in the north. Society is found in the open streets. Fore-courts and colonnades are all soiled with filth, for things are done in the most *natural* manner. The people always feel their way before them. The rich man may be rich, and build his palaces; and the *nobile* may rule, but if he makes a colonnade or a fore-court, the people will make use of it for their own occasions, and have no more urgent wish than to get rid as soon as possible, of that which they have taken as often as possible. If a person cannot bear this, he must not play the great gentleman, that is to say, he must act as if a part of his dwelling belonged to the public. He

may shut his door, and all will be right. But in open buildings the people are not to be debarred of their privileges, and this, throughout Italy, is a nuisance to the foreigner.

To-day I remarked in several streets of the town, the customs and manners of the middle-classes especially, who appear very numerous and busy. They swing their arms as they walk. Persons of a high rank, who on certain occasions wear a sword, swing only one arm, being accustomed to hold the left arm still.

Although the people are careless enough with respect to their own wants and occupations, they have a keen eye for everything foreign. Thus in the very first days, I observed that every one took notice of my boots, because here they are too expensive an article of dress to wear even in winter. Now I wear shoes and stockings nobody looks at me. Particularly I noticed this morning, when all were running about with flowers, vegetables, garlic, and other market-stuff, that a twig of cypress, which I carried in my hand, did not escape them. Some green cones hung upon it, and I held in the same hand some blooming caper-twigs. Everybody, large and small, watched me closely, and seemed to entertain some whimsical thought.

I brought these twigs from the Giusti garden, which is finely situated, and in which there are monstrous cypresses, all pointed up like spikes into the air. The Taxus, which in northern gardening we find cut to a sharp point, is probably an imitation of this splendid natural product. A tree, the branches of which, the oldest as well as the youngest, are striving to reach heaven,—a tree which will last its three hundred years, is well worthy of veneration. Judging from the time when this garden was laid out, these trees have already attained that advanced age.

Vicenza, Sept. 19.

The way from Verona hither is very pleasant: we go north-eastwards along the mountains, always keeping to the left the foremost mountains, which consist of sand, lime, clay, and marl; the hills which they form, are dotted with villages, castles, and houses. To the right extends the broad plain, along which the road goes. The straight broad path, which is

in good preservation, goes through a fertile field; we look into deep avenues of trees, up which the vines are trained to a considerable height, and then drop down, like pendant branches. Here we can get an admirable idea of festoons! The grapes are ripe, and are heavy on the tendrils, which hang down long and trembling. The road is filled with people of every class and occupation, and I was particularly pleased by some carts, with low solid wheels, which, with teams of fine oxen, carry the large vats, in which the grapes from the vineyards are put and pressed. The drivers rode in them when they were empty, and the whole was like a triumphal procession of Bacchanals. Between the ranks of vines the ground is used for all sorts of grain, especially Indian corn and millet (*Sörgel*).

As one goes towards Vicenza, the hills again rise from north to south and enclose the plain; they are, it is said, volcanic. Vicenza lies at their foot, or if you will, in a bosom which they form.

Vicenza, Sept. 19.

Though I have been here only a few hours, I have already run through the town, and seen the Olympian theatre, and the buildings of Palladio. A very pretty little book is published here, for the convenience of foreigners, with copper-plates and some letter-press, that shows knowledge of art. When once one stands in the presence of these works, one immediately perceives their great value, for they are calculated to fill the eye with their actual greatness and massiveness, and to satisfy the mind by the beautiful harmony of their dimensions, not only in abstract sketches, but with all the prominences and distances of perspective. Therefore I say of Palladio: he was a man really and intrinsically great, whose greatness was outwardly manifested. The chief difficulty with which this man, like all modern architects, had to struggle, was the suitable application of the orders of columns to buildings for domestic or public use; for there is always a contradiction in the combination of columns and walls. But with what success has he not worked them up together! What an imposing effect has the aspect of his edifices: at the sight of them one almost forgets that he is attempting to reconcile us to a violation of

the rules of his art. There is, indeed, something divine about his designs, which may be exactly compared to the creations of the great poet, who, out of truth and falsehood elaborates something between both, and charms us with its borrowed existence.

The Olympic theatre is a theatre of the ancients, realized on a small scale, and indescribably beautiful. However, compared with our theatres, it reminds me of a genteel, rich, well-bred child, contrasted with a shrewd man of the world, who, though he is neither so rich, nor so genteel, and well-bred, knows better how to employ his resources.

If we contemplate, on the spot, the noble buildings which Palladio has erected, and see how they are disfigured by the mean filthy necessities of the people, how the plans of most of them exceeded the means of those who undertook them, and how little these precious monuments of one lofty mind are adapted to all else around, the thought occurs, that it is just the same with everything else; for we receive but little thanks from men, when we would elevate their internal aspirations, give them a great idea of themselves, and make them feel the grandeur of a really noble existence. But when one cajoles them, tells them tales, and helping them on from day to day, makes them worse, then one is just the man they like; and hence it is that modern times take delight in so many absurdities. I do not say this to lower my friends, I only say that they are so, and that people must not be astonished to find everything just as it is.

How the Basilica of Palladio looks by the side of an old castellated kind of a building, dotted all over with windows of different sizes (whose removal, tower and all, the artist evidently contemplated),—it is impossible to describe—and besides I must now, by a strange effort, compress my own feelings, for, I too, alas! find here side by side both what I seek and what I fly from.

Sept. 20.

Yesterday we had the opera, which lasted till midnight, and I was glad to get some rest. The *three Sultanesses* and the *Rape of the Seraglio* have afforded several tatters, out of which the piece has been patched up, with very little skill. The

music is agreeable to the ear, but is probably by an amateur; for not a single thought struck me as being new. The *ballets*, on the other hand, were charming. The principle pair of dancers executed an *Allemande* to perfection.

The theatre is new, pleasant, beautiful, modestly magnificent, uniform throughout, just as it ought to be in a provincial town. Every box has hangings of the same color, and the one belonging to the *Capitan Grande*, is only distinguished from the rest, by the fact that the hangings are somewhat longer.

The *prima donna*, who is a great favorite of the whole people, is tremendously applauded, on her entrance, and the "gods" are quite obstreperous with their delight, when she does anything remarkably well, which very often happens. Her manners are natural, she has a pretty figure, a fine voice, a pleasing countenance, and, above all, a really modest demeanour, while there might be more grace in the arms. However, I am not what I was, I feel that I am spoiled, I am spoiled for a "god."

Sept. 21.

To-day I visited Dr. Tura. Five years ago he passionately devoted himself to the study of plants, formed a *herbarium* of the Italian flora, and laid out a botanical garden under the superintendence of the former bishop. However, all that has come to an end. Medical practice drove away natural history, the *herbarium* is eaten by worms, the bishop is dead, and the botanic garden is again *rationally* planted with cabbages and garlic.

Dr. Tura is a very refined and good man. He told me his history with frankness, purity of mind, and modesty, and altogether spoke in a very definite and affable manner. At the same time he did not like to open his cabinets, which perhaps were in no very presentable condition. Our conversation soon came to a stand-still.

Sept. 21. *Evening.*

I called upon the old architect Scamozzi, who has published an edition of *Palladio's buildings*, and is a diligent artist, passionately devoted to his art. He gave me some directions,

being delighted with my sympathy. Among Palladio's buildings there is one, for which I always had an especial predilection, and which is said to have been his own residence When it is seen close, there is far more in it than appears in a picture. I should have liked to draw it, and to illuminate it with colors, to show the material and the age. It must not, however, be imagined that the architect has built himself a palace. The house is the most modest in the world, with only two windows, separated from each other by a broad space, which would admit a third. If it were imitated in a picture, which should exhibit the neighbouring houses at the same time, the spectator would be pleased to observe how it has been let in between them. Canaletto was the man who should have painted it.

To-day I visited the splendid building which stands on a pleasant elevation about half a league from the town, and is called the "Rotonda." It is a quadrangular building, enclosing a circular hall, lighted from the top. On all the four sides, you ascend a broad flight of steps, and always come to a vestibule, which is formed of six Corinthian columns. Probably the luxury of architecture was never carried to so high a point. The space occupied by the steps and vestibules is much larger than that occupied by the house itself; for every one of the sides is as grand and pleasing as the front of a temple. With respect to the inside it may be called habitable, but not comfortable. The hall is of the finest proportions, and so are the chambers; but they would hardly suffice for the actual wants of any genteel family in a summer-residence. On the other hand it presents a most beautiful appearance, as it is viewed on every side throughout the district. The variety which is produced by the principal mass, as, together with the projecting columns, it is gradually brought before the eyes of the spectator who walks round it, is very great; and the purpose of the owner, who wished to leave a large trust-estate, and at the same time a visible monument of his wealth, is completely obtained. And while the building appears in all its magnificence, when viewed from any spot in the district, it also forms the point of view for a most agreeable prospect. You may see the Bachiglione

flowing along, and taking vessels down from Verona to the Brenta, while you overlook the extensive possessions which the Marquis Capra wished to preserve undivided in his family. The inscriptions on the four gable-ends, which together constitute one whole, are worthy to be noted down:

Marcus Capra Gabrielis filius
Qui ædes has
Arctissimo primogenituræ gradui subjecit
Una cum omnibus
Censibus agris vallibus et collibus
Citra viam magnam
Memoriæ perpetuæ mandans hæc
Dum sustinet ac abstinet.

The conclusion in particular is strange enough. A man who has at command so much wealth and such a capacious will, still feels that he must *bear* and *forbear*. This can be learned at a less expense.

Sept. 22.

This evening I was at a meeting held by the academy of the "Olympians." It is mere play-work, but good in its way, and seems to keep up a little spice and life among the people. There is the great hall by Palladio's theatre, handsomely lighted up; the *Capitan* and a portion of the nobility are present, besides a public composed of educated persons, and several of the clergy; the whole assembly amounting to about five hundred.

The question proposed by the president for to-day's sitting was this: "Which has been most serviceable to the fine arts, invention or imitation?" This was a happy notion, for if the alternatives which are involved in the question are kept duly apart, one may go on debating for centuries. The academicians have gallantly availed themselves of the occasion, and have produced all sorts of things in prose and verse,—some very good.

Then there is the liveliest public. The audience cry *bravo*, and clap their hands and laugh. What a thing it is to stand thus before one's nation, and amuse them in person! We must set down our best productions in black and white; every

one squats down with them in a corner, and scribbles at them as he can.

It may be imagined that even on this occasion Palladio would be continually appealed to, whether the discourse was in favour of invention or imitation. At the end, which is always the right place for a joke, one of the speakers hit on a happy thought, and said that the others had already taken Palladio away from him, so that he, for his part, would praise Franceschini, the great silk-manufacturer. He then began to show the advantages which this enterprising man, and through him the city of Vicenza, had derived from imitating the Lyonnese and Florentine stuffs, and thence came to the conclusion that imitation stands far above invention. This was done with so much humour, that uninterrupted laughter was excited. Generally those who spoke in favor of imitation obtained the most applause, for they said nothing but what was adapted to the thoughts and capacities of the multitude. Once the public, by a violent clapping of hands, gave its hearty approval to a most clumsy sophism, when it had not felt many good—nay, excellent things, that had been said in honour of invention. I am very glad I have witnessed this scene, for it is highly gratifying to see Palladio, after the lapse of so long a time, still honoured by his fellow-citizens, as their polar-star and model.

Sept. 22.

This morning I was at Tiene, which lies north towards the mountains, where a new building has been erected after an old plan, of which there may be a little to say. Thus do they here honour everything that belongs to the good period, and have sense enough to raise a new building on a plan which they have inherited. The *château* is excellently situated in a large plain, having behind it the calcareous Alps, without any mountains intervening. A stream of living water flows along the level causeway from each side of the building, towards those who approach it, and waters the broad fields of rice through which one passes.

I have now seen but two Italian cities, and for the first time, and have spoken with but few persons, and yet I know my Italians pretty well. They are like courtiers, who consider

themselves the first people in the world, and who, on the strength of certain advantages, which cannot be denied them, can indulge with impunity in so comfortable a thought. The Italians appear to me a right good people. Only one must see the children and the common people as I see them now, and can see them, while I am always open to them,—nay, always lay myself open to them. What figures and faces there are!

It is especially to be commended in the Vicentians, that with them one enjoys the privileges of a large city. Whatever a person does, they do not stare at him, but if he addresses them, they are conversable and pleasant, especially the women, who please me much. I do not mean to find fault with the Veronese women; they are well made and have a decided pupil, but they are, for the most part, pale. and the *Zendal* is to their disadvantage, because one looks for something charming under the beautiful costume. I have found here some very pretty creatures, especially some with black locks, who inspire me with peculiar interest. There are also fairer beauties who, however, do not please me so well.

Padua, Sept. 26. *Evening.*

In four hours I have this day come here from Vicenza, crammed luggage and all into a little one-seated chaise, called a "*Sediola.*" Generally the journey is performed with ease in three hours and a half, but as I wished to pass the delightful day-time in the open air, I was glad that the *Vetturino* fell short of his duty. The route goes constantly southwards over the most fertile plains, and between hedges and trees, without further prospect, until at last the beautiful mountains, extending from the east towards the south, are seen on the right hand. The abundance of the festoons of plants and fruit, which hang over walls and hedges, and down the trees, is indescribable. The roofs are loaded with gourds, and the strangest sort of cucumbers are hanging from poles and trellises.

From the observatory I could take the clearest survey possible of the fine situation of the town. Towards the north are the Tyrolese mountains, covered with snow, and half hidden by clouds, and joined by the Vicentian mountains on

the north-west. Then towards the west are the nearer mountains of Este, the shapes and recesses of which are plainly to be seen. Towards the south-east is a verdant sea of plants, without a trace of elevation, tree after tree, bush after bush, plantation after plantation, while houses, villas, and churches, dazzling with whiteness, peer out from among the green. Against the horizon I plainly saw the tower of St. Mark's at Venice, with other smaller towers.

Padua, Sept. 17.

I have at last obtained the works of Palladio, not indeed the original edition, which I saw at Vicenza, where the cuts are in wood, but a fac-simile in copper, published at the expense of an excellent man, named Smith, who was formerly the English consul at Venice. We must give the English this credit, that they have long known how to prize what is good, and have a magnificent way of diffusing it.

On the occasion of this purchase I entered a book-shop, which in Italy presents quite a peculiar appearance. Around it are arranged the books, all stitched, and during the whole day good society may be found in the shop, which is a lounge for all the secular clergy, nobility, and artists who are in any way connected with literature. One asks for a book, opens it, and amuses himself as one can. Thus I found a knot of half a dozen all of whom became attentive to me, when I asked for the works of Palladio. While the master of the shop looked for the book, they commended it, and gave me information respecting the original and the copy; they were well acquainted with the work itself and with the merits of the author. Taking me for an architect they praised me for having recourse to this master in preference to all the rest, saying that he was of more practical utility than Vitruvius himself, since he had thoroughly studied the ancients and antiquity, and had sought to adapt the latter to the wants of our own times. I conversed for a long time with these friendly men, learned something about the remarkable objects in the city, and took my leave.

Where men have built churches to saints, a place may sometimes be found in them, where monuments to intellectual men may be set up. The bust of Cardinal Bembo stands

between Ionic columns. It is a handsome face, strongly drawn in, if I may use the expression, and with a copious beard. The inscription runs thus: "Petri Bembi Card. imaginem Hier. Guerinus Ismeni f. in publico ponendam curavit ut cujus ingenii monumenta æterna sint, ejus corporis quoque memoria ne a posteritate desideretur."

With all its dignity the University gave me the horrors, as a building. I am glad that I had nothing to learn in it. One cannot imagine such a narrow compass for a school, even though, as the student of a German university, one may have suffered a great deal on the benches of the Auditorium. The anatomical theatre is a perfect model of the art of pressing students together. The audience are piled one above another in a tall pointed funnel. They look down upon the narrow space where the table stands, and, as no daylight falls upon it, the Professor must demonstrate by lamplight. The botanic garden is much more pretty and cheerful. Several plants can remain in the ground during the winter, if they are set near the walls, or at no great distance from them. At the end of October the whole is built over, and the process of heating is carried on for the few remaining months. It is pleasant and instructive to walk through a vegetation that is strange to us. With ordinary plants, as well as with other objects that have been long familiar to us, we at last do not think at all, and what is looking without thinking? Amidst this variety which comes upon me quite new, the idea that all forms of plants may, perhaps, be developed from a single form, becomes more lively than ever. On this principle alone it would be possible to define orders and classes, which, it seems to me, has hitherto been done in a very arbitrary manner. At this point I stand fast in my botanical philosophy, and I do not see how I am to extricate myself. The depth and breadth of this business seem to me quite equal.

The great square, called *Prato della Valle*, is a very wide space, where the chief fair is held in June. The wooden booths in the middle of it do not produce the most favourable appearance, but the inhabitants assure me that there will soon be a *fièra* of stone here, like that at Verona. One has hopes of this already, from the manner in which the *Prato* is surrounded, and which affords a very beautiful and imposing view.

A huge oval is surrounded with statues, all representing

celebrated men, who have taught or studied at the University. Any native or foreigner is allowed to erect a statue of a certain size to any countryman or kinsman, as soon as the merit of the person and his academical residence at Padua are proved.

A moat filled with water goes round the oval. On the four bridges which lead up to it stand colossal figures of Popes and Doges; the other statues, which are smaller, have been set up by corporations, private individuals, or foreigners. The King of Sweden caused a figure of Gustavus Adolphus to be erected, because it is said he once heard a lecture in Padua. The Archduke Leopold revived the memory of Petrarch and Galileo. The statues are in a good, modern style, a few of them rather affected, some very natural, and all in the costume of their rank and dignity. The inscriptions deserve commendation. There is nothing in them absurd or paltry.

At any university the thought would have been a happy one (and here it is particularly so), because it is very delightful to see a whole line of departed worthies thus called back again. It will perhaps form a very beautiful *Prato*, when the wooden *Fièra* shall be removed, and one built of stone, according to the aforesaid plan.

In the consistory of a fraternity dedicated to S. Anthony, there are some pictures of an early date, which remind one of the old German paintings, and also some by Titian, in which may be remarked the great progress which no one has made on the other side of the Alps. Immediately afterwards I saw works by some of the most modern painters. These artists, as they could not hope to succeed in the lofty and the serious, have been very happy in hitting the humorous. The decollation of John by Piazetta is, in this sense, a capital picture, if one can once allow the master's manner. John is kneeling, with his hands before him, and his right knee on a stone, looking towards heaven. One of the soldiers, who is binding him, is bending round on one side, and looking into his face, as if he was wondering at his patient resignation. Higher up stands another, who is to deal the fatal blow. He does not, however, hold the sword, but makes a motion with his hands, like one who is practising the stroke beforehand. A third is drawing the sword out of the scabbard. The thought is happy, if not grand, and the composition is striking and produces the best effect.

In the church of the *Eremitani* I have seen pictures by Mantegna, one of the older painters, at which I am astonished. What a sharp, strict actuality is exhibited in these pictures! It is from this actuality, thoroughly true, not apparent, merely and falsely effective, and appealing solely to the imagination, but solid, pure, bright, elaborated, conscientious, delicate, and circumscribed — an actuality which had about it something severe, credulous, and laborious; it is from this, I say, that the later painters proceeded (as I remarked in the pictures by Titian), in order that by the liveliness of their own genius, the energy of their nature illumined at the same time by the mind of the predecessors, and exalted by their force, they might rise higher and higher, and elevated above the earth, produce forms that were heavenly indeed, but still true. Thus was art developed after the barbarous period.

The hall of audience in the town-house, properly designated by the augmentative "Salone," is such a huge inclosure that one cannot conceive it, much less recall it to one's immediate memory. It is three hundred feet long, one hundred feet broad, and one hundred feet high, measured up to the roof, which covers it quite in. So accustomed are these people to live in the open air, that the architects look out for a market-place to over-arch. And there is no question that this huge vaulted space produces quite a peculiar effect. It is an inclosed infinity, which has more analogy to man's habits and feelings than the starry heavens. The latter takes us out of ourselves, the former insensibly brings us back to ourselves.

For the same reason I also like to stay in the Church of S. Justina. This church, which is 485 feet in length, and high and broad in proportion, is built in a grand and simple style. This evening I seated myself in a corner, and indulged in quiet contemplation. Then I felt myself truly alone, for no one in the world, even if he had thought of me for the moment, would have looked for me here.

Now everything ought to be packed up again, for to-morrow morning I set off by water, upon the Brenta. It rained to-day, but now it has cleared up, and I hope I shall be able to see the lagunes and the Bride of the Sea by beautiful daylight, and to greet my friends from her bosom.

Venice, September 28, 1786.

Now it stood written on my page in the Book of Fate, that on the evening of the 28th of September, by 5 o'clock, German time, I should see Venice for the first time, as I passed from the Brenta into the lagunes, and that, soon afterwards, I should actually enter and visit this strange island-city, this beaver-like republic. So now, Heaven be praised, Venice is no longer to me a bare and a hollow name, which has so long tormented me,—*me*, the mental enemy of mere verbal sounds.

As the first of the gondoliers came up to the ship (they come in order to convey more quickly to Venice those passengers who are in a hurry), I recollected an old plaything, of which, perhaps, I had not thought for twenty years. My father had a beautiful model of a gondola which he had brought with him [*from Italy*]; he set a great value upon it, and it was considered a great treat, when I was allowed to play with it. The first beaks of tinned iron-plate, the black gondola-cages, all greeted me like old acquaintances, and I experienced again dear emotions of my childhood which had been long unknown.

I am well lodged at the sign of the *Queen of England*, not far from the square of S. Mark, which is, indeed, the chief advantage of the spot. My windows look upon a narrow canal between lofty houses, a bridge of one arch is immediately below me, and directly opposite is a narrow, bustling alley. Thus am I lodged, and here I shall remain until I have made up my packet for Germany, and until I am satiated with the sight of the city. I can now really enjoy the solitude for which I have longed so ardently, for nowhere does a man feel himself more solitary than in a crowd, where he must push his way unknown to every one. Perhaps in Venice there is only one person who knows me, and he will not come in contact with me all at once.

A few words on my journey hither from Padua. The passage on the Brenta, in the public vessel, and in good company, is highly agreeable. The banks are ornamented with gardens and villas, little hamlets come down to the water's edge, and

the animated highroad may be seen here and there. As the descent of the river is by means of locks, there is often a little pause, which may be employed in looking about the country, and in tasting the fruits, which are offered in great abundance. You then enter your vessel again, and move on through a world, which is itself in motion, and which is full of life and fertility.

To so many changing forms and images a phenomenon was added, which, although derived from Germany, was quite in its place here—I mean two pilgrims, the first whom I have seen closely. They have a right to travel *gratis* in this public conveyance; but because the rest of the passengers dislike coming into contact with them, they do not sit in the covered part, but in the after-part beside the steersman. They were stared at as a phenomenon even at the present day, and as in former times many vagabonds had made use of this cloak, they were but lightly esteemed. When I learned that they were Germans, and could speak no language but their own, I joined them, and found that they came from the Paderborn territory. Both of them were men of more than fifty years of age, and of a dark, but good-humoured physiognomy. They had first visited the sepulchre of the "Three Kings" at Cologne, had then travelled through Germany, and were now together on their way back to Rome and Upper Italy, whence one intended to set out for Westphalia, and the other to pay a visit of adoration to St. James of Compostella.

Their dress was the well-known costume of pilgrims, but they looked much better with this tucked up robe, than the pilgrims in long taffeta garments, we are accustomed to exhibit at our masquerades. The long cape, the round hat, the staff and cockle (the latter used as the most innocent drinking-vessel)—all had its signification, and its immediate use, while a tin-case held their passports. Most remarkable of all were their small, red morocco pocket-books, in which they kept all the little implements that might be wanted for any simple necessity. They took them out on finding that something wanted mending in their garments.

The steersman, highly pleased to find an interpreter, made me ask them several questions, and thus I learned a great deal about their views, and especially about their expedition. They made bitter complaints against their brethren in the

faith, and even against the clergy, both secular and monastic. Piety, they said, must be a very scarce commodity, since no one would believe in theirs, but they were treated as vagrants in almost every Catholic country, although they produced the route which had been clerically prescribed, and the passports given by the bishop. On the other hand, they described, with a great deal of emotion, how well they had been received by protestants, and made special mention of a country clergyman in Suabia, and still more of his wife, who had prevailed on her somewhat unwilling husband to give them an abundant repast, of which they stood in great need. On taking leave, the good couple had given them a "convention's dollar,"* which they found very serviceable, as soon as they entered the Catholic territory. Upon this, one of them said, with all the elevation of which he was capable: "We include this lady every day in our prayers, and implore God that he will open her eyes, as he has opened her heart towards us, and take her, although late, into the bosom of the Catholic Church. And thus we hope that we shall meet her in Paradise hereafter."

As I sat upon the little gang-way which led to the deck, I explained as much as was necessary and useful to the steersman, and to some other persons who had crowded from the cabin into this narrow space. The pilgrims received some paltry donations, for the Italian is not fond of giving. Upon this they drew out some little consecrated tickets, on which might be seen the representation of the three sainted kings, with some prayers addressed to them. The worthy men entreated me to distribute these tickets among the little party, and explain how invaluable they were. In this I succeeded perfectly, for when the two men appeared to be greatly embarrassed as to how they should find the convent devoted to pilgrims in so large a place as Venice, the steersman was touched, and promised that, when they landed, he would give a boy a trifle to lead them to that distant spot. He added to me in confidence, that they would find but little welcome "The institution," he said, "was founded to admit I don't know how many pilgrims, but now it has become greatly contracted, and the revenues are otherwise employed."

* A "convention's dollar" is a dollar coined in consequence of an agreement made between several of the German states, in the year 1750 when the Viennese standard was adopted.—TRANS.

During this conversation we had gone down the beautiful Brenta, leaving behind us many a noble garden, and many a noble palace, and casting a rapid glance at the populous and thriving hamlets, which lay along the banks. Several gondolas wound about the ship as soon as we had entered the lagunes. A Lombard, well acquainted with Venice, asked me to accompany him, that we might enter all the quicker, and escape the nuisance of the custom-house. Those who endeavoured to hold us back, he contrived to put off with a little drink-money, and so, in a cheerful sunset, we floated to the place of our destination.

Sept. 29 (*Michaelmas-Day*). *Evening.*

So much has already been told and printed about Venice, that I shall not be circumstantial in my description, but shall only say how it struck *me*. Now, in this instance again, that which makes the chief impression upon me, is the people,—a great mass, who live an involuntary existence determined by the changing circumstances of the moment.

It was for no idle fancy that this race fled to these islands; it was no mere whim which impelled those who followed to combine with them; necessity taught them to look for security in a highly disadvantageous situation, that afterwards became most advantageous, enduing them with talent, when the whole northern world was immersed in gloom. Their increase and their wealth were a necessary consequence. New dwellings arose close against dwellings, rocks took the place of sand and marsh, houses sought the sky, being forced like trees inclosed in a narrow compass, to seek in height what was denied them in breadth. Being niggards of every inch of ground, as having been from the very first compressed into a narrow compass, they allowed no more room for the streets than was just necessary to separate a row of houses from the one opposite, and to afford the citiz ns a narrow passage. Moreover, water supplied the place of street, square, and promenade. The Venetian was forced to become a new creature; and thus Venice can only be compared with itself. The large canal, winding like a serpent, yields to no street in the world, and nothing can be put by the side of the space in front of St. Mark's square—I mean that great mirror of water, which is encompassed by Venice

Proper, in the form of a crescent. Across the watery surface you see to the left the island of St. Georgio Maggiore, to the right a little further off the Guidecca and its canal, and still more distant the *Dogana* (Custom-house) and the entrance into the *Canal Grande*, where right before us two immense marble temples are glittering in the sunshine. All the views and prospects have been so often engraved, that my friends will have no difficulty in forming a clear idea of them.

After dinner I hastened to fix my first impression of the whole, and without a guide, and merely observing the cardinal points, threw myself into the labyrinth of the city, which though everywhere intersected by larger or smaller canals, is again connected by bridges. The narrow and crowded appearance of the whole cannot be conceived by one who has not seen it. In most cases one can quite or nearly measure the breadth of the street, by stretching out one's arms, and in the narrowest, a person would scrape his elbows if he walked with his arms a-kimbo. Some streets, indeed, are wider, and here and there is a little square, but comparatively all may be called narrow.

I easily found the grand canal, and the principal bridge—the Rialto, which consists of a single arch of white marble. Looking down from this, one has a fine prospect,—the canal full of ships, which bring every necessary from the continent, and put in chiefly at this place to unload, while between them is a swarm of gondolas. To-day, especially, being Michaelmas, the view was wonderfully animated; but to give some notion of it, I must go back a little.

The two principal parts of Venice, which are divided by the grand canal, are connected by no other bridge than the Rialto, but several means of communication are provided, and the river is crossed in open boats at certain fixed points. To-day a very pretty effect was produced, by the number of well-dressed ladies, who, their features concealed beneath large black veils, were being ferried over in large parties at a time, in order to go to the church of the Archangel, whose festival was being solemnised. I left the bridge and went to one of the points of landing, to see the parties as they left the boats. I discovered some very fine forms and faces among them.

After I had become tired of this amusement, I seated myself

in a gondola, and, quitting the narrow streets with the intention of witnessing a spectacle of an opposite description, went along the northern part of the grand canal, into the lagunes, and then entered the canal della Guidecca, going as far as the square of St. Mark. Now was I also one of the birds of the Adriatic sea, as every Venetian feels himself to be, whilst reclining in his gondola. I then thought with due honour of my good father, who knew of nothing better than to talk about the things I now witnessed. And will it not be so with me likewise? All that surrounds me is dignified—a grand venerable work of combined human energies, a noble monument, not of a ruler, but of a people. And if their lagunes are gradually filling up, if unwholesome vapours are floating over the marsh, if their trade is declining and their power has sunk, still the great place and the essential character will not for a moment, be less venerable to the observer. Venice succumbs to time, like everything that has a phenomenal existence.

Sept. 30.

Towards evening I again rambled, without a guide, into the remotest quarters of the city. The bridges here are all provided with stairs, that gondolas, and even larger vessels, may pass conveniently under the arches. I sought to find my way in and out of this labyrinth, without asking anybody, and, on this occasion also, only guiding myself by the points of the compass. One disentangles one's self at last, but it is a wonderful complication, and my manner of obtaining a sensible impression of it, is the best. I have now been to the remotest points of the city, and observed the conduct, mode of life, manners, and character of the inhabitants; and in every quarter they are different. Gracious Heaven!—What a poor good sort of animal man is, after all!

Most of the smaller houses stand immediately on the canals, but there are here and there quays of stone, beautifully paved, along which one may take a pleasant walk between the water, and the churches, and palaces. Particularly cheerful and agreeable is the long stone quay on the northern side, from which the islands are visible, especially Murano, which is a

Venice on a small scale. The intervening lagunes are all alive with little gondolas.

Sept. 30. *Evening.*

To-day I have enlarged my notions of Venice by procuring a plan of it. When I had studied it for some time, I ascended the tower of St. Mark, where an unique spectacle is presented to the eye. It was noon, and the sun was so bright that I could see places near and distant without a glass. The tide covered the lagunes, and when I turned my eyes towards what is called the *Lido* (this is a narrow strip of earth, which bounds the lagunes), I saw the sea for the first time with some sails upon it. In the lagunes themselves some gallies and frigates are lying, destined to join the Chevalier Emo, who is making war on the Algerines, but detained by unfavorable winds. The mountains of Padua and Vicenza, and the mountain-chain of Tyrol, beautifully bound the picture between the north and west.

October 1.

I went out and surveyed the city from many points of view, and as it was Sunday, I was struck by the great want of cleanliness in the streets, which forced me to make some reflections. There seems to be a sort of policy in this matter, for the people scrape the sweepings into the corners, and I see large ships going backwards and forwards, which at several points lie to, and take off the accumulation. They belong to the people of the surrounding islands, who are in want of manure. But, however, there is neither consistency nor strictness in this method, and the want of cleanliness in the city is the more unpardonable, as in it, as much provision has been made for cleaning it, as in any Dutch town.

All the streets are paved—even those in the remotest quarters, with bricks at least, which are laid down lengthwise, with the edges slightly canting: the middle of the street where necessary is raised a little, while channels are formed on each side to receive the water, and convey it into covered drains. There are other architectural arrangements in the original well-considered plan, which prove the intention of the excellent architects to make Venice the most cleanly, as well as

the most singular of cities. As I walked along I could not refrain from sketching a body of regulations on the subject, anticipating in thought some superintendent of police, who might act in earnest. Thus one always feels an inclination to sweep one's neighbour's door.

Oct. 2, 1786.

Before all things I hastened to the *Carità*. I had found in Palladio's works that he had planned a monastic building here, in which he intended to represent a private residence of the rich and hospitable ancients. The plan, which was excellently drawn, both as a whole and in detail, gave me infinite delight, and I hoped to find a marvel. Alas! scarcely a tenth part of the edifice is finished. However, even this part is worthy of that heavenly genius. There is a completeness in the plan, and an accuracy in the execution, which I had never before witnessed. One ought to pass whole years in the contemplation of such a work. It seems to me that I have seen nothing grander, nothing more perfect, and I fancy that I am not mistaken. Only imagine the admirable artist, born with an inner feeling for the grand and the pleasing, now, for the first time, forming himself by the ancients, with incredible labour, that he may be the means of reviving them. He finds an opportunity to carry out a favorite thought in building a convent, which is destined as a dwelling for so many monks, and a shelter for so many strangers, in the form of an antique private residence.

The church was already standing and led to an atrium of Corinthian columns. Here one feels delighted, and forgets all priestcraft. At one end, the sacristy, at another, a chapter-room is found, while there is the finest winding stair-case in the world, with a wide well, and the stone-steps built into the wall, and so laid, that one supports another. One is never tired of going up and down this stair-case, and we may judge of its success, from the fact that Palladio himself declares that he has succeeded. The fore-court leads to the large inner-court. Unfortunately, nothing is finished of the building which was to surround this, except the left side. Here there are three rows of columns, one over the other; on the ground-floor are the halls, on the first story is an archway in

front of the cells, and the upper story consists of a plain wall with windows. However, this description should be illustrated by a reference to the sketches. I will just add a word about the execution.

Only the capitals and bases of the columns, and the key-stones of the arches, are of hewn stone; all the rest is —I will not say of brick, but—of burned clay. This description of tile I never saw before. The frieze and cornice are of the same material, as well as the parts of the arch. All is but half burnt, and lastly the building is put together with a very little lime. As it stands it looks as if it had been produced at one cast. If the whole had been finished, and it had been properly rubbed up and coloured, it would have been a charming sight.

However, as so often happens with buildings of a modern time, the plan was too large. The artist had pre-supposed not only that the existing convent would be pulled down, but also that the adjoining houses would be bought, and here money and inclination probably began to fail. Kind Destiny, thou who hast formed and perpetuated so much stupidity, why didst thou not allow this work to be completed!

Oct. 3.

The church *Il Redentore* is a large and beautiful work by Palladio, with a façade even more worthy of praise than that of S. Giorgio. These works, which have often been engraved, must be placed before you, to elucidate what is said. I will only add a few words.

Palladio was thoroughly imbued with the antique mode of existence, and felt the narrow, petty spirit of his own age, like a great man who will not give way to it, but strives to mould all that it leaves him, as far as possible, into accordance with his own ideas. From a slight perusal of his book I conclude that he was displeased with the continued practice of building Christian churches after the form of the ancient Basilica, and, therefore, sought to make his own sacred edifices approximate to the form of the antique temple. Hence arose certain discrepancies, which, as it seemed to me, are happily avoided in *Il Redentore*, but are rather obvious in the S. Giorgio. Volckmann says something about it, but does not hit the nail on the head.

The interior of *Il Redentore* is likewise admirable. Everything, including even the designs of the altars, is by Palladio. Unfortunately, the niches, which should have been filled with statues, are glaring with wooden figures, flat, carved, and painted.

October 3.

In honour of S. Francis, S. Peter's capuchins have splendidly adorned a side altar. There was nothing to be seen of stone but the Corinthian capitals; all the rest seemed to be covered with tasteful but splendid embroidery, in the arabesque style, and the effect was as pretty as could be desired. I particularly admired the broad tendrils and foliage, embroidered in gold. Going nearer, I discovered an ingenious deception. All that I had taken for gold was, in fact, straw pressed flat, and glued upon paper, according to some beautiful outlines, while the ground was painted with lively colours. This is done with such variety and tact, that the design, which was probably worked in the convent itself, with a material that was worth nothing, must have cost several thousand dollars, if the material had been genuine. It might on occasion be advantageously imitated

On one of the quays, and in front of the water I have often remarked a little fellow telling stories in the Venetian dialect, to a greater or less concourse of auditors. Unfortunately I cannot understand a word, but I observe that no one laughs, though the audience, who are composed of the lowest class, occasionally smile. There is nothing striking or ridiculous in the man's appearance, but, on the contrary, something very sedate, with such admirable variety and precision in his gestures, that they evince art and reflection.

October 3.

With my plan in my hand I endeavored to find my way through the strangest labyrinth to the church of the *Mendicanti*. Here is the conservatorium, which stands in the highest repute at the present day. The ladies performed an oratorio behind the grating, the church was filled with hearers, the music was very beautiful, and the voices were magni-

ficent. An alto sung the part of King Saul, the chief personage in the poem. Of such a voice I had no notion whatever; some passages of the music were excessively beautiful, and the words, which were Latin, most laughably Italianized in some places, were perfectly adapted for singing. Music here has a wide field.

The performance would have been a source of great enjoyment, if the accursed *Maestro di Capella* had not beaten time with a roll of music against the grating, as conspicuously as if he had to do with school-boys, whom he was instructing. As the girls had repeated the piece often enough, his noise was quite unnecessary, and destroyed all impression, as much as he would, who, in order to make a beautiful statue intelligible to us, should stick scarlet patches on the joints. The foreign sound destroys all harmony. Now this man is a musician, and yet he seems not to be sensible of this; or, more properly speaking, he chooses to let his presence be known by an impropriety, when it would have been much better to allow his value to be perceived by the perfection of the execution. I know that this is the fault of the French, but I did not give the Italians credit for it, and yet the public seems accustomed to it. This is not the first time that that which spoils enjoyment, has been supposed to belong directly to it.

October 3.

Yesterday evening I went to the Opera at the S. Moses (for the theatres take their name from the church to which they lie nearest); nothing very delightful! In the plan, the music, and the singers, that energy was wanting, which alone can elevate opera to the highest point. One could not say of any part that it was bad, but the two female actresses alone took pains, not so much to act well, but to set themselves off and to please. That is something, after all. These two actresses have beautiful figures, and good voices, and are nice, lively, compact, little bodies. Among the men, on the other hand, there is no trace of national power, or even of pleasure, in working on the imaginations of their audience. Neither is there among them any voice of decided brilliancy.

The ballet, which was wretchedly conceived, was condemned as a whole, but some excellent dancers and *danseuses*,

the latter of whom considered it their duty to make the ust
tators acquainted with all their personal charms, were hea d.
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October "I

To-day, however, I saw another comedy, which gave nd
more pleasure. In the ducal palace I heard the public dis h?
sion of a law case. It was important, and, happily for to
was brought forward in the holidays. One of the advoc-ct
had all the qualifications for an exaggerated *buffo*. His fi-a-
was short and fat, but supple; in profile his features ch
monstrously prominent. He had a stentorian voice, and a vehemence as if everything that he said came in earnest from the very bottom of his heart. I call this a comedy, because, probably, everything had been already prepared when the public exhibition took place. The judges knew what they had to say, and the parties what they had to expect. However, this plan pleases me infinitely more than our hobbling law affairs. I will endeavor to give some notion of the particulars, and of the neat, natural, and unostentatious manner in which everything takes place.

In a spacious hall of the palace the judges were sitting on one side, in a half circle. Opposite to them, in a tribune which could hold several persons, were the advocates for both parties; and upon a bench immediately in front of them, the plantiff, and defendant in person. The advocate for the plaintiff had descended from the tribune, since there was to be no controversy at this day's sitting. All the documents, on both sides, were to be read, although they were already printed.

A lean clerk, in a black scanty gown, and with a thick bundle in his hand, prepared to perform the office of a reader. The hall was completely crammed with persons who came to see and to hear. The point of law itself, and the persons whom it concerned, must have appeared highly important to the Venetians.

Trust-estates are so decidedly secured in Venice, that property once stamped with this character, preserves it fo ever, though it may have been divested ages ago by appro priations or other circumstances, and though it may hav

ed through ever so many hands. When the matter es into dispute the descendants of the first family recover ir right, and the property must be delivered up.

On this occasion the discussion was highly important, for action was brought against the doge himself, or rather inst his wife, who veiled by her *zendal*, or little hood, only at a little distance from the plaintiff. She was a y of a certain age, of noble stature, and with well-formed tures, in which there was something of an earnest, not to fretful character. The Venetians make it a great boast t the princess in her own palace, is obliged to appear ore them and the tribunal.

When the clerk began to read, I for the first time clearly discerned the business of a little man who sat on a low stool behind a small table opposite the judges, and near the advocates. More especially I learned the use of an hour-glass, which was placed before him. As long as the clerk reads, time is not heeded, but the advocate is only allowed a certain time, if he speaks in the course of the reading. The clerk reads, and the hour-glass lies in a horizontal position, with the little man's hand upon it. As soon as the advocate opens his mouth, the glass is raised, and sinks again, as soon as he is silent. It is the great duty of the advocate to make remarks on what is read, to introduce cursory observations in order to excite and challenge attention. This puts the little Saturn in a state of the greatest perplexity. He is obliged every moment to change the horizontal and vertical position of the glass, and finds himself in the situation of the evil spirits in the puppet-show, who by the quickly varying "Berliche, Berloche" of the mischievous *Hanswurst**, are puzzled whether they are to come or to go.

Whoever has heard documents read over in a law-court, can imagine the reading on this occasion,—quick and monotonous, but plain and articulate enough. The ingenious advocate contrives to interrupt the tedium by jests, and the public

* An allusion to the comic scene, in the puppet-play of Faust, from which Göethe took the subject of his poem. One of the two magic words (Berliche, Berloche) summons the devils, the other drives them away, and the Hanswurst (or buffoon), in a mock-incantation scene, perplexes the fiends, by uttering one word after the other, as rapidly as possible.

TRANS.

shows its delight in his jokes by immoderate laughter I m mention one, the most striking of those I could understa The reader was just reciting the document, by which, one, w was considered to have been illegally possessed of it, had d posed of the property in question. The advocate bade h read more slowly, and when he plainly uttered the words: give and bequeath," the orator flew violently at the clerk a cried: "What will you give? What will you bequeat you poor starved-out devil, nothing in the world belongs you?" "However,"—he continued, as he seemed to coll himself—"the illustrious owner was in the same predi ment. He wished to give, he wished to bequeath that wh belonged to him no more than to you." A burst of inextinguishable laughter followed this sally, but the hour-glass at once resumed its horizontal position. The reader went mumbling on, and made a saucy face at the advocate; but all these jokes are prepared beforehand.

Oct. 4.

I was yesterday at the play, in the theatre of S. Luke, and was highly pleased. I saw a piece acted *extempore* in masks, with a great deal of nature, energy, and vigour. The actors are not, indeed, all equal; the pantaloon is excellent, and one of the actresses, who is stout and well-built, speaks admirably, and deports herself cleverly, though she is no extraordinary actress. The subject of the piece is extravagant, and resembled that which is treated by us under the name of *Der Verschlag* (the partition). With inexhaustible variety it amused us for more than three hours. But even here the people is the base upon which everything rests, the spectators are themselves actors, and the multitude is melted into one whole with the stage. All day long the buyer and the seller, the beggar, the sailor, the female gossip, the advocate and his opponent, are living and acting in the square and on the bench, in the gondolas and in the palaces, and make it their business to talk and to asseverate, to cry and to offer for sale, to sing and to play, to curse and to brawl. In the evening they go into the theatre, and see and hear the life of the day artificially put together, prettily set off, interwoven with a story, removed from reality by the masks, and brought

near to it by manners. In all this they take a childish delight and again shout and clap, and make a noise. From day to night,—nay, from midnight to midnight, it is always the same.

I have not often seen more natural acting than that by these masks. It is such acting as can only be sustained by a remarkably happy talent and long practice.

While I am writing this, they are making a tremendous noise on the canal under my window, though it is past midnight. Whether for good or for evil, they are always doing something.

October 4.

I have now heard public orators; viz., three fellows in the square and on the stone-bench, each telling tales after his fashion, two advocates, two preachers, and the actors, among whom I must especially commend the pantaloon. All these have something in common, both because they belong to one and the same nation, which, as it always lives in public, always adopts an impassioned manner of speaking, and because they imitate each other. There is besides a marked language of gesticulations, with which they accompany the expressions of their intentions, views, and feelings.

This day was the festival of S. Francis, and I was in his church Alle Vigne. The loud voice of the capuchin was accompanied by the cries of the salesmen in front of the church, as by an antiphone. I stood at the church-door between the two, and the effect was singular enough.

Oct. 5.

This morning I was in the arsenal, which I found interesting enough, though I know nothing of maritime affairs, and visited the lower school there. It has an appearance like that of an old family, which still bustles about, although its best time of blossom and fruit has passed. By paying attention to the handicraftsmen, I have seen much that is remarkable, and have been on board an eighty-four gun ship, the hull of which is just completed.

Six months ago a thing of the sort was burned down to the water's edge, off the Riva dei Schiavoni. The powder-room was

not very full, and when it blew up, it did no great damage. The windows of the neighbouring houses were destroyed.

I have seen worked the finest oak from Istria, and have made my observations in return upon this valuable tree. That knowledge of the natural things used by man as materials, and employed for his wants, which I have acquired with so much difficulty, has been incalculably serviceable in explaining to me the proceedings of artists and artisans. The knowledge of mountains and of the stone taken out of them has been to me a great advance in art.

Oct. 5.

To give a notion of the Bucentaur in one word, I should say that it is a state-galley. The older one, of which we still have drawings, justified this appellation still more than the present one, which, by its splendour makes us forget its original.

I am always returning to my old opinions. When a genuine subject is given to an artist, his productions will be something genuine also. Here the artist was commissioned to form a galley, worthy to carry the heads of the Republic, on the highest festivals in honour of its ancient rule on the sea; and the problem has been admirably solved. The vessel is all ornament; we ought to say, it is overladen with ornament; it is altogether one piece of gilt carving, for no other use, but that of a pageant to exhibit to the people its leaders in right noble style. We know well enough that a people, who likes to deck out its boats, is no less pleased to see their rulers bravely adorned. This state-galley is a good index to show what the Venetians were, and what they considered themselves.

Oct. 5. *Night.*

I came home laughing from a tragedy, and must at once make the jest secure upon paper. The piece was not bad, the author had brought together all the tragic *matadors*, and the actors played well. Most of the situations were well known, but some were new and highly felicitous. There are two fathers, who hate each other, sons and daughters of these

severed families, who respectively are passionately in love with each other, and one couple is even privately married. Wild and cruel work goes on, and at last nothing remains to render the young people happy, but to make the two fathers kill each other, upon which the curtain falls amid the liveliest applause. Now the applause becomes more vehement, now "fuora" was called out, and this lasted until the two principal couples vouchsafed to crawl forward from behind the curtain, make their bow, and retire at the opposite side.

The public was not yet satisfied, but went on clapping and crying: "i morti!" till the two dead men also come forward and made their bow, when some voices cried "bravi i morti!" The applause detained them for a long time, till at last they were allowed to depart. The effect is infinitely more droll to the eye-and-ear-witness, who, like me, has ringing in his ears the "bravo! bravi!" which the Italians have incessantly in their mouths, and then suddenly hears the dead also called forward with this word of honour.

We of the north can say "good night" at any hour, when we take leave after dark, but the Italian says: "Felicissima notte" only once, and that is when the candles are brought into a room. Day and night are thus divided, and something quite different is meant. So impossible is it to translate the idioms of any language! From the highest to the lowest word all has reference to the peculiarities of the natives, in character, opinions, or circumstances.

Oct. 6.

The tragedy yesterday taught me a great deal. In the first place, I have heard how the Italians treat and declaim their Eleven-syllable iambics, and in the next place, I have understood the tact of Gozzi in combining masks with his tragic personages. This is the proper sort of play for this people, which likes to be moved in a rough fashion. It has no tender, heart-felt sympathy for the unfortunate personage, but is only pleased when the hero speaks well. The Italians attach a great deal of importance to the speaking, and then they like to laugh, or to hear something silly.

Their interest in the drama is like that in a real event. When the tyrant gave his son a sword and required him to

kill his own wife, who was standing opposite, the people began loudly to express their disapprobation of this demand, and there was a great risk that the piece would have been interrupted. They insisted that the old man should take his sword back,in which case all the subsequent situations in the drama would have been completely spoiled. At last, the distressed son plucked up courage, advanced to the proscenium, and humbly entreated that the audience would have patience for a moment, assuring them that all would turn out to their entire satisfaction. But even judging from an artistical point of view, this situation was, under the circumstances, silly and unnatural, and I commended the people for their feeling.

I can now better understand the long speeches and the frequent dissertations, *pro* and *con*, in the Greek tragedy. The Athenians liked still more to hear speaking, and were still better judges of it, than the Italians. They learned something from the courts of law, where they spent the whole day.

Oct. 6.

In those works of Palladio, which are completed, I have found much to blame, together with much that is highly valuable. While I was thinking it over in my mind how far I was right or wrong in setting my judgment in opposition to that of so extraordinary a man, I felt as if he stood by and said, "I did so and so against my will, but, nevertheless, I did it, because in this manner alone was it possible for me, under the given circumstances, to approximate to my highest idea."

The more I think the matter over, it seems to me, that Palladio, while contemplating the height and width of an already existing church, or of an old house to which he was to attach façades, only considered: "How will you give the greatest form to these dimensions? Some part of the detail must from the necessity of the case, be put out of its place or spoiled, and something unseemly is sure to arise here and there. Be that as it may, the whole will have a grand style, and you will be pleased with your work."

And thus he carried out the great image which he had within his soul, just to the point where it was not quite suitable, and where he was obliged in the detail to mutilate or to overcrowd it.

On the other hand, the wing of the *Carità* cannot be too highly prized, for here the artist's hands were free, and he could follow the bent of his own mind without constraint. If the convent were finished there would, perhaps, be no work of architecture more perfect throughout the present world.

How he thought and how he worked becomes more and more clear to me, the more I read his works, and reflect how he treated the ancients; for he says few words, but they are all important. The fourth book, which illustrates the antique temples, is a good introduction to a judicious examination of ancient remains.

Oct. 6.

Yesterday evening I saw the *Electra* of Crebillon—that is to say, a translation—at the theatre S. Crisostomo. I cannot say, how absurd the piece appeared to me, and how terribly it tired me out.

The actors are generally good, and know how to put off the public with single passages.

Orestes alone has three narratives, poetically set off, in one scene. Electra, a pretty little woman of the middle size and stature, with almost French vivacity, and with a good deportment, delivered the verses beautifully, only she acted the part madly from beginning to end, which, alas! it requires. However, I have again learned something. The Italian Iambic, which is invariably of eleven syllables, is very inconvenient for declamation, because the last syllable is always short, and causes an elevation of the voice against the will of the declaimer.

Oct. 6.

This morning I was present at high mass, which annually on this day the Doge must attend, in the church of St. Justina, to commemorate an old victory over the Turks. When the gilded barks, which carry the princes and a portion of the nobility approach the little square, when the boatmen, in their rare liveries, are plying their red-painted oars, when on the shore the clergy and the religious fraternities are standing, pushing, moving about, and waiting with their lighted torches fixed upon poles and portable silver chandeliers; then, when the

gangways covered with carpet are placed from the vessels to the shore, and first the full violet dresses of the Savii, next the ample red robes of the Senators are unfolded upon the pavement, and lastly when the old Doge adorned with his golden Phrygian cap, in his long golden *talar* and his ermine cloak, steps out of the vessel—when all this, I say, takes place in a little square before the portal of a church, one feels as if one were looking at an old worked tapestry, exceedingly well designed and coloured. To me, northern fugitive as I am, this ceremony gave a great deal of pleasure. With us, who parade nothing but short coats in our processions of pomp, and who conceive nothing greater than one performed with shouldered arms, such an affair might be out of place. But these trains, these peaceful celebrations are all in keeping here.

The Doge is a well-grown and well-shaped man, who, perhaps, suffers from ill health, but, nevertheless, for dignity's sake, bears himself upright under his heavy robe. In other respects he looks like the grandpapa of the whole race, and is kind and affable. His dress is very becoming, the little cap, which he wears under the large one, does not offend the eye, resting as it does upon the whitest and finest hair in the world.

About fifty *nobili*, with long dark-red trains, were with him. For the most part they were handsome men, and there was not a single uncouth figure among them. Several of them were tall with large heads, so that the white curly wigs were very becoming to them. Their features are prominent; the flesh of their faces is soft and white, without looking flabby and disagreeable. On the contrary, there is an appearance of talent without exertion, repose, self-confidence, easiness of existence, and a certain joyousness pervades the whole.

When all had taken their places in the church, and mass began, the fraternities entered by the chief door, and went out at the side door to the right, after they had received holy water in couples, and made their obeisance to the high altar, to the Doge, and the nobility.

Oct. 6.

This evening I bespoke the celebrated *song* of the mariners, who chaunt Tasso and Ariosto to melodies of their own. This

must actually be ordered, as it is not to be heard as a thing, of course, but rather belongs to the half forgotten traditions of former times. I entered a gondola by moon-light, with one *singer* before and the other behind me. They *sing* their *song*, taking up the verses alternately. The melody, which we know through Rousseau, is of a middle kind, between choral and recitative, maintaining throughout the same cadence, with out any fixed time. The modulation is also uniform, only varying with a sort of declamation both tone and measure, according to the subject of the verse. But the spirit—the life of it. is as follows:—

Without inquiring into the construction of the melody, suffice it to say that it is admirably suited to that easy class of people, who, always humming something or other to themselves, adapt such tunes to any little poem they know by heart.

Sitting on the shore of an island, on the bank of a canal, or on the side of a boat, a gondolier will sing away with a loud penetrating voice—the multitude admire force above everything—anxious only to be heard as far as possible. Over the silent mirror it travels far. Another in the distance, who is acquainted with the melody and knows the words, takes it up and answers with the next verse, and then the first replies, so that the one is as it were the echo of the other. The song continues through whole nights and is kept up without fatigue. The further the singers are from each other, the more touching sounds the strain. The best place for the listener is halfway between the two.

In order to let me hear it, they landed on the bank of the Guidecca, and took up different positions by the canal. I walked backwards and forwards between them, so as to leave the one whose turn it was to sing, and to join the one who had just left off. Then it was that the effect of the strain first opened upon me. As a voice from the distance it sounds in the highest degree strange—as a lament without sadness: it has an incredible effect and is moving even to tears. I ascribed this to my own state of mind, but my old boatsman said: "è singolare, como quel canto intenerisce, e molto piu quando è piu ben cantato." He wished that I could hear the women of the Lido, especially those of Malamocco, and Pelestrina. These also, he told me, chaunted Tasso

and Ariosto to the same or similar melodies. He went on: "in the evening, while their husbands are on the sea fishing, they are accustomed to sit on the beach, and with shrill-penetrating voice to make these strains resound, until they catch from the distance the voices of their partners, and in this way they keep up a communication with them." Is not that beautiful? and yet, it is very possible that one who heard them close by, would take little pleasure in such tones which have to vie with the waves of the sea. Human, however, and true becomes the song in this way: thus is life given to the melody, on whose dead elements we should otherwise have been sadly puzzled. It is the song of one solitary, singing at a distance, in the hope that another of kindred feelings and sentiments may hear and answer.

Venice, Oct. 8, 1786.

I paid a visit to the palace Pisani Moretta, for the sake of a charming picture by *Paul Veronese.* The females of the family of Darius are represented kneeling before Alexander and Hephæstion; his mother, who is in the foreground, mistakes Hephæstion for the king;—turning away from her he points to Alexander. A strange story is told about this painting; the artist had been well received and for a long time honorably entertained in the palace; in return he secretly painted the picture and left it behind him as a present, rolled up under his bed. Certainly it well deserves to have had a singular origin, for it gives an idea of all the peculiar merits of this master. The great art with which he manages by a skilful distribution of light and shade, and by an equally clever contrast of the local colors, to produce a most delightful harmony without throwing any sameness of tone over the whole picture, is here most strikingly visible For the picture is in excellent preservation, and stands before us almost with the freshness of yesterday.—Indeed, whenever a painting of this order has suffered from neglect, our enjoyment of it is marred on the spot, even before we are conscious what the cause may be.

Whoever feels disposed to quarrel with the artist on the score of costume has only to say he ought to have painted a scene of the sixteenth century; and the matter is at an end.

The gradation in the expression from the mother through the wife to the daughters, is in the highest degree true and happy. The youngest princess, who kneels behind all the rest, is a beautiful girl, and has a very pretty, but somewhat independent and haughty countenance. Her position does not at all seem to please her.

October 8, 1786.

My old gift of seeing the world with the eyes of that artist, whose pictures have most recently made an impression on me, has occasioned me some peculiar reflections. It is evident that the eye forms itself by the objects, which, from youth up, it is accustomed to look upon, and so the Venetian artist must see all things in a clearer and brighter light than other men. We, whose eye when out of doors, falls on a dingy soil, which, when not muddy, is dusty,—and which, always colourless, gives a sombre hue to the reflected rays, or at home spend our lives in close, narrow rooms, can never attain to such a cheerful view of nature.

As I floated down the lagunes in the full sunshine, and observed how the figures of the gondoliers in their motley costume, and as they rowed, lightly moving above the sides of the gondola, stood out from the bright green surface and against the blue sky, I caught the best and freshest type possible of the Venetian school. The sunshine brought out the local colours with dazzling brilliancy, and the shades even were so luminous, that, comparatively, they in their turn might serve as lights. And the same may be said of the reflection from the sea-green water. All was painted "chiaro nell chiaro," so that foamy waves and lightning flashes were necessary to give it a grand finish (*um die Tüpfchen auf sie zu setzen*).

Titian and Paul have this brilliancy in the highest degree, and whenever we do not find it in any of their works, the piece is either damaged or has been touched up.

The cupola and vaulting of St. Mark's, with its side-walls, are covered with paintings—a mass of richly colored figures on a golden ground; all in mosaic work: some of them very good, others but poor, according to the masters who furnished the cartoons.

Circumstances here have strangely impressed on my mind

how everything depends on the first invention, and that this constitutes the right standard—the true genius—since with little square-pieces of glass (and here not in the soberest manner), it is possible to imitate the good as well as the bad. The art which furnished to the ancients their pavements, and to the Christians the vaulted cielings of their churches, fritters itself away in our days on snuff-box lids and bracelets-clasps. The present times are worse even than one thinks.

Venice, October 8, 1786.

In the Farsetti palace there is a valuable collection of casts from the best antiques. I pass over all such as I had seen before at Mannheim or elsewhere, and mention only new acquaintances. A Cleopatra in intense repose, with the asp coiled round her arm, and sinking into the sleep of death;—a Niobe shrouding with her robe her youngest daughter from the arrows of Apollo;—some gladiators;—a winged genius, resting in his flight;—some philosophers, both in sitting and standing postures.

They are works from which, for thousands of years to come, the world may receive delight and instruction, without ever being able to equal with their thanks the merits of the artists.

Many speaking busts transported me to the old glorious times. Only I felt, alas, how backward I am in these studies; however, I will go on with them—at least I know the way. Palladio has opened the road for me to this and every other art and life. That sounds probably somewhat strange, and yet not so paradoxical as when Jacob Böhme says that, by seeing a pewter platter by a ray from Jupiter, he was enlightened as to the whole universe. There is also in this collection a fragment of the entablature of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina in Rome.

The bold front of this noble piece of architecture reminded me of the capitol of the Pantheon at Mannheim. It is, indeed, something very different from our queer saints, piled up one above the other on little consoles after the gothic style of decoration,—something different from our tobacco-pipe-like shafts,—our little steeple-crowned towers, and foliated terminals,—from all taste for these—I am now, thank God, set free for ever!

I will further mention a few works of statuary, which, as I passed along these last few days, I have observed with astonishment and instruction: before the gate of the arsenal two huge lions of white marble,—the one is half recumbent, raising himself up on his fore-feet,—the other is lying down: noble emblems of the variety of life. They are of such huge proportions, that all around appears little, and man himself would become as nought, did not sublime objects elevate him. They are of the best times of Greece, and were brought here from the Piræus in the better days of the Republic.

From Athens, too, in all probability, came two bas-reliefs which have been introduced in the church of St. Justina, the conqueress of the Turks. Unfortunately they are in some degree hidden by the church seats. The sacristan called my attention to them on account of the tradition that Titian modelled from them the beautiful angel in his picture of the martyrdom of St. Peter. The relievos represent genii who are decking themselves out with the attributes of the gods,—so beautiful in truth, as to transcend all idea or conception.

Next I contemplated with quite peculiar feelings the naked colossal statue of Marcus Agrippa, in the court of a palace; a dolphin which is twisting itself by his side, points out the naval hero. How does such a heroic representation make the mere man equal to the gods!

I took a close view of the horses of S. Mark's. Looking up at them from below, it is easy to see that they are spotted: in places they exhibit a beautiful yellow-metallic lustre, in others a coppery green has run over them. Viewing them more closely, one sees distinctly that once they were gilt all over, and long streaks are still to be seen over them, as the barbarians did not attempt to file off the gold, but tried to cut it off. That, too, is well: thus the shape at least has been preserved.

A glorious team of horses,—I should like to hear the opinion of a good judge of horse-flesh. What seemed strange to me was, that closely viewed, they appear heavy, while from the piazza below they look as light as deer.

October 8, 1786.

Yesterday I set out early with my tutelary genius for the "Lido," the tongue of land which shuts in the lagunes, and divides them from the sea. We landed and walked straight across the isthmus. I heard a loud hollow murmur,—it was the sea! I soon saw it: it crested high against the shore, as it retired,—it was about noon, and time of ebb. I have then at last seen the sea with my own eyes, and followed it on its beautiful bed, just as it quitted it. I wished the children had been there to gather the shells; child-like I myself picked up plenty of them; however, I attempted to make them useful; I tried to dry in them some of the fluid of the cuttle fish, which here dart away from you in shoals.

On the "Lido," not far from the sea, is the burial place of Englishmen, and a little further on, of the Jews: both alike are refused the privilege of resting in consecrated ground. I found here the tomb of Smith, the noble English consul, and of his first wife. It is to him that I owe my first copy of Palladio; I thanked him for it here in his unconsecrated grave. And not only unconsecrated, but half buried is the tomb. The "Lido" is at best but a sand-bank (*daune*): The sand is carried from it backwards and forwards by the wind, and thrown up in heaps is encroaching on every side. In a short time the monument, which is tolerably high, will no longer be visible.

But the *sea*—it is a grand *sight!* I will try and get a sail upon it some day in a fishing-boat: the gondolas never venture out so far.

Oct. 8, 1786.

On the sea-coast I found also several plants, whose characters similar to others I already knew, enabled me to recognize pretty well their properties. They are all alike, fat and strong—full of sap and clammy,—and it is evident that the old salt of the sandy soil, but still more the saline atmosphere, gives them these properties. Like aquatic plants they abound in sap, and are fleshy and tough, like mountainous ones; those whose leaves shew a tendency to put forth prickles, after the manner of thistles, have them extremely sharp and strong. I found a bush with leaves of this kind. It looked very much

like our harmless coltsfoot, only here it is armed with sharp weapons,—the leaves like leather, as also are the seed-vessels, and the stalk very thick and succulent. I bring with me seeds and specimens of the leaves. (*Eryngium maritimum.*)

The fish-market, with its numberless marine productions, afforded me much amusement. I often go there to contemplate the poor captive inhabitants of the sea.

Venice, Oct. 9, 1786.

A delicious day from morning to night! I have been towards Chiozza, as far as Pelestrina, where are the great structures, called *Murazzi*, which the Republic has caused to be raised against the sea. They are of hewn stone, and properly are intended to protect from the fury of the wild element the tongue of land called the Lido, which separates the lagoons from the sea.

The lagunes are the work of old nature. First of all, the land and tide, the ebb and flow, working against one another, and then the gradual sinking of the primal waters, were, together, the causes why, at the upper end of the Adriatic, we find a pretty extensive range of marshes, which, covered by the flood-tide, are partly left bare by the ebb. Art took possession of the highest spots, and thus arose Venice, formed out of a groupe of a hundred isles, and surrounded by hundreds more. Moreover, at an incredible expense of money and labour, deep canals have been dug through the marshes, in order that at the time of high water, ships of war might pass to the chief points. What human industry and wit contrived and executed of old, skill and industry must now keep up. The Lido, a long narrow strip of land, separates the lagunes from the sea, which can enter only at two points—at the castle and at the opposite end near Chiozza. The tide flows in usually twice a-day, and with the ebb again carries out the waters twice, and always by the same channel and in the same direction. The flood covers the lower parts of the morass, but leaves the higher, if not dry, yet visible.

The case would be quite altered were the sea to make new ways for itself, to attack the tongue of land and flow in and out wherever it chose. Not to mention that the little villages

on the Lido, Pelestrina, viz., S. Peter's and others would be overwhelmed, the canals of communication would be choked up, and while the water involved all in ruin, the Lido would be changed into an island, and the islands which now lie behind it be converted into necks and tongues of land. To guard against this it was necessary to protect the Lido as far as possible, lest the furious element should capriciously attack and overthrow what man had already taken possession of, and with a certain end and purpose given shape and use to.

In extraordinary cases when the sea rises above measure, it is especially necessary to prevent it entering at more than two points. Accordingly the rest of the sluice-gates being shut, with all its violence it is unable to enter, and in a few hours submits to the law of the ebb, and its fury lessens.

Otherwise Venice has nothing to fear; the extreme slowness with which the sea-line retires, assures to her thousands of years yet, and by prudently deepening the canals from time to time, they will easily maintain their possessions against the inroads of the water.

I could only wish that they kept their streets a little cleaner:—a duty which is as necessary as it is easy of performance, and which in fact becomes of great consequence in the course of centuries. Even now in the principal thoroughfares it is forbidden to throw anything into the canals: the sweepings even of the streets may not be cast into them. No measures, however, are taken to prevent the rain, which here falls in sudden and violent torrents, from carrying off the dirt which is collected in piles at the corner of every street, and washing it into the lagunes—nay, what is still worse, into the gutters for carrying off the water, which consequently are often so completely stopped up, that the principal squares are in danger of being under water. Even in the smaller piazza of S. Mark's, I have seen the gullies which are well laid down there, as well as in the greater square, choked up and full of water.

When a rainy day comes, the filth is intolerable; every one is cursing and scolding. In ascending and descending the bridges one soils one's mantle and great coat (*Tabarro*), which is here worn all the year long, and as one goes along in shoes and silk stockings, one gets splashed, and then scolds, for it is not common mud. but mud that adheres and

stains that one is here splashed with. The weather soon becomes fine again, and then no one thinks of cleaning the streets. How true is the saying: the public is ever complaining that is ill served, and never knows how to set about getting better served. Here if the sovereign-people wished it, it might be done forthwith.

Venice, Oct. 9, 1786.

Yesterday evening I ascended the tower of S. Mark's: as I had lately seen from its top the lagunes in their glory at flood time, I wished also to see them at low water; for in order to have a correct idea of the place, it is necessary to take in both views. It looks rather strange to see land all around one, where a little before the eye fell upon a mirror of waters. The islands are no longer islands—merely higher and house-crowned spots in one large morass of a gray-greenish colour, and intersected by beautiful canals. The marshy parts are overgrown with aquatic plants, a circumstance which must tend in time to raise their level, although the ebb and flow are continually shaking and tossing them and leave no rest to the vegetation.

I now turn with my narrative once more to the sea.—I there saw yesterday the haunts of the sea-snails, the limpets, and the crab, and was highly delighted with the sight. What a precious glorious object is a living thing!—how wonderfully adapted to its state of existence, how true, how *real* (*seyend*). What great advantages do I not derive now from my former studies of nature, and how delighted am I with the opportunity of continuing them! But as the present is a matter that admits of being communicated to my friends, I will not seek to excite their sympathy merely by exclamations.

The stone-works which have been built against the inroads of the sea consist first of all of several steep steps; then comes a slightly inclined plane, then again they rise a step, which is once more succeeded by a gently ascending surface, and last of all comes a perpendicular wall with an overhanging coping—over these steps—over these planes the raging sea rises until in extraordinary cases it even dashes over the highest wall with its projecting head.

The sea is followed by its inhabitants;—little periwinkles

good to eat, monovalve limpets, and whatever else has the power of motion, especially by the pungar-crabs. But scarcely have these little creatures taken possession of the smooth walls, ere the sea retires again, swelling and cresting as it came. At first the crowd knows not where they are, and keep hoping that the briny flood will soon return to them —but it still keeps away; the sun comes out and quickly dries them up, and now begins the retreat. It is on these occasions that the pungars seek their prey. Nothing more wonderful or comical can be seen than the manœuvres of these little creatures, with their round bodies and two long claws (for the other spider-feet are scarcely worth noticing). On these stilted fore-legs, as it were, they stride along watching the limpets, and as soon as one moves itself under its shell on the rock, a pungar comes up and inserting the point of his claw in the tiny interstice between the shell and the rock turns it over, and so manages to swallow the oyster. The limpets, on the other hand, proceed cautiously on their way, and by suction fasten themselves firmly to the rocky surface as soon as they are aware of the proximity of their foe. In such cases the pungar deports himself amusingly enough; round and round the pulpy animal who keeps himself safe beneath his roof will he go with singular politeness; but not succeeding with all his coaxing and being unable to overcome its powerful muscle, he leaves in despair this intended victim, and hastens after another who may be wandering less cautiously on his way.

I never saw a crab succeed in his designs, although I have watched for hours the retreat of the little troop as they crawled down the two planes and the intermediate steps.

Venice, Oct. 10, 1786.

At last I am able to say that I have seen a comedy; Yesterday at the theatre of St. Luke, was performed "*Le Baruffe-Chiozotte*," which I should interpret the Frays and Feuds of Chiozza. The "*dramatis personæ*," are principally seafaring people, inhabitants of Chiozza, with their wives, sisters, and daughters. The usual noisy demonstrations of such sort of people in their good or ill luck—their dealings one with another, their vehemence, but goodness of heart, common-place

remarks and unaffected manners, their naïve wit and humour—all this was excellently imitated. The piece, moreover, is Goldoni's, and as I had been only the day before in the place itself, and as the tones and manners of the sailors and people of the sea-port still echoed in my ears and floated before my eyes, it delighted me very much, and although I did not understand a single allusion, I was, nevertheless, on the whole, able to follow it pretty well. I will now give you the plan of the piece:—it opens with the females of Chiozza sitting, as usual, on the strand before their cabins, spinning, mending nets, sewing, or making lace; a youth passes by and notices one of them with a more friendly greeting than the rest. Immediately the joking begins—and observes no bounds; becoming tarter and tarter, and growing ill-tempered it soon bursts out into reproaches; abuse vies with abuse; in the midst of all one dame more vehement than the rest, bounces out with the truth; and now an endless din of scolding, railing, and screaming; there is no lack of more decided outrage, and at last the peace-officers are compelled to interfere.

The second act opens with the Court of Justice. In the absence of the *Podesta* (who as a noble could not lawfully be brought upon the stage) the *Actuarius* presides. He orders the women to be brought before him one by one. This gives rise to an interesting scene. It happens that this official personage is himself enamoured of the first of the combatants who is brought before him. Only too happy to have an opportunity of speaking with her alone, instead of hearing what she has to say on the matter in question, he makes her a declaration of love. In the midst of it a second woman, who is herself in love with the actuary, in a fit of jealousy rushes in, and with her the suspicious lover of the first damsel—who is followed by all the rest, and now the same demon of confusion riots in the court as a little before, had set at loggerheads the people of the harbour. In the third act the fun gets more and more boisterous, and the whole ends with a hasty and poor denouement. The happiest thought, however, of the whole piece, is a character who is thus drawn,—an old sailor who from the hardships he has been exposed to from his childhood, trembles and falters in all his limbs, and even in his very organs of speech, is brought on the scene to serve as a foil to this restless, screaming, and jabbering crew. Before

he can utter a word, he has to make a long preparation by a slow twitching of his lips, and an assistant motion of his hands and arms; at last he blurts out what his thoughts are on the matter in dispute. But as he can only manage to do this in very short sentences, he acquires thereby a sort of laconic gravity, so that all he utters sounds like an adage or maxim; and in this way a happy contrast is afforded to the wild and passionate exclamations of the other personages.

But even as it was, I never witnessed anything like the noisy delight the people evinced at seeing themselves and their mates represented with such truth of nature. It was one continued laugh and tumultuous shout of exultation from beginning to end. I must, however, confess that the piece was extremely well acted by the players. According to the cast of their several parts, they had adopted among them the different tones of voice which usually prevail among the inhabitants of the place. The first actress was the universal favorite, more so even than she had recently been in an heroic dress and a scene of passion. The female players generally, but especially this one, in the most pleasing manner possible imitated the twang, the manners, and other peculiarities of the people they represented. Great praise is due to the author, who out of nothing has here created the most amusing *divertissement.* However, he never could have done it with any other people than his own merry and lighthearted countrymen. The farce is written throughout with a practised hand.

Of Sacchi's company, for whom Gozzi wrote (but which by-the-by is now broken up), I saw *Smeraldina*, a short plump figure, full of life, tact, and good humour. With her I saw *Brighella*—a slight well-made man and an excellent actor, especially in pantomime. These masks which we scarcely know except in the form of mummings, and which to our minds possess neither life nor meaning, succeed here only too well as the creation of the national taste. Here the most distinguished characters, persons of every age and condition, think nothing of dressing themselves out in the strangest costumes, and as for the greater part of the year they are accustomed to wander about in masks, they feel no surprise at seeing the black visors on the stage also.

Venice, October 11, 1786.

Since solitude, in the midst of a great crowd of human beings, is after all not possible, I have taken up with an old Frenchman, who knows nothing of Italian, and suspects that he is cheated on all hands and taken advantage of, and who, with plenty of letters of recommendation, nevertheless, does not make his way with the good people here. A man of rank, and living in good style, but one whose mind cannot go beyond himself and his own immediate circle—he is perhaps full fifty, and has at home a boy seven years old, of whom he is always anxious to get news. He is travelling through Italy for pleasure, but rapidly—in order to be able to say that he has seen it, but is willing to learn whatever is possible as he hurries along. I have shewn him some civilities, and have given him information about many matters. While I was speaking to him about Venice, he asked me how long I had been here, and when he heard that this was my first visit, and that I had only been here fourteen days, he replied: "*Il paraît que vous n'avez pas perdu votre temps.*" This is the first "testimonium" of my good behaviour that I can furnish you. This is the eighth day since he arrived here, and he leaves us to-morrow. It was highly delicious to me, to meet in a strange land with such a regular Versailles'-man. He is now about to quit me! It caused me some surprise to think that any one could ever travel in this temper without a thought for anything beyond himself, and yet he is in his way a polished, sensible, and well conducted person.

Venice, Oct. 12, 1786.

Yesterday at S. Luke's a new piece was acted:—*L'Inglicismo in Italia* (the English in Italy). As there are many Englishmen living in Italy, it is not unnatural that their ways and habits should excite notice, and I expected to learn from this piece what the Italians thought of their rich and welcome visitors. But it was a total failure. There were, of course, (as is always the case here,) some clever scenes between buffoons, but the rest was cast altogether in too grave and heavy a mould, and yet not a trace of the English good sense; plenty of the ordinary Italian commonplaces of morality, and those, too, upon the very commonest of topics.

And it did not take: indeed, it was on the very point of being hissed off the stage. The actors felt themselves out of their element—not on the strand of Chiozza. As this was the last piece that I saw here, my enthusiasm for these national representations did not seem likely to be increased by this piece of folly.

As I have at last gone through my journal and entered some occasional remarks from my tablets, my proceedings are now enrolled and left to the sentence of my friends. There is, I am conscious, very much in these leaves which I might qualify, enlarge upon, and improve. Let, however, what is written, stand as the memorial of first impressions, which, if not always correct, will nevertheless be ever dear and precious to me. Oh that I could but transmit to my friends a breath merely of this light existence! Verily to the Italian, "ultramontane" is a very vague idea; and to me even—"beyond the Alps," rises very obscurely before my mind, although from out of their mists friendly forms are beckoning to me. It is the climate only that seduces me to prefer awhile these lands to those; for birth and habit forge strong fetters. Here, however, I could not live, nor indeed in any place where I had nothing to occupy my mind; but at present novelty furnishes me here with endless occupation. Architecture rises, like an ancient spirit from the tombs, and bids me study its laws just as people do the rules of a dead language, not in order to practise or to take a living joy in them, but only in order to enable myself in the quiet depths of my own mind to do honor to her existence in bygone ages, and her for ever departed glory. As Palladio everywhere refers one to Vitruvius, I have bought an edition of the latter by Galiani; but this folio suffers in my portmanteau as much as my brain does in the study of it. Palladio by his words and works, by his method and way, both of thinking and of executing, has brought Vitruvius home to me and interpreted him far better than the Italian translator ever can. Vitruvius himself is no easy reading; his book is obscurely written, and requires a critical study. Notwithstanding I have read it through cursorily, and it has left on my mind many a glorious impression. To express my meaning better: I read it like a breviary: more out of devotion, than for instruction. Already the days begin to draw in and allow more time for reading and writing.

God be praised! whatever from my youth up appeared to me of worth, is beginning once more to be dear to me. How happy do I feel that I can again venture to approach the ancient authors. For now, I may dare tell it—and confess at once my disease and my folly. For many a long year I could not bear to look at a Latin author, or to cast my eye upon anything that might serve to awaken in my mind the thoughts of Italy. If by accident I did so, I suffered the most horrible tortures of mind. It was a frequent joke of Herder's at my expense, that I had learned all my Latin from Spinoza, for he had noticed that this was the only Latin work I ever read; but he was not aware how carefully I was obliged to keep myself from the ancients—how even these abstruse generalities were but cursorily read by me, and even then not without pain. At last matters came to that pitch that even the perusal of Wieland's translation of the Satires made me utterly wretched; scarcely had I read two of them, before I was compelled to lay the book aside.

Had I not made the resolve, which I am now carrying into effect, I should have been altogether lost—to such a degree of intensity had the desire grown to see these objects with my own eyes. Historical acquaintance with them did me no good;—the things stood only a hand's-breadth away from me; but still they were separated from me by an impenetrable wall. And, in fact, at the present moment, I somehow feel as if this were not the first time that I had seen these things, but as if I were paying a second visit to them. Although I have been but a short time in Venice, I have adapted myself pretty well to the ways of the place, and feel confident that I shall carry away with me, though a very incomplete, yet, nevertheless, clear and true idea of it.

Venice, Oct. 14, 1786.
2 *o'clock, morning.*

In the last moments of my stay here: for I am to start almost immediately with the packet-boat for Ferrara. I quit Venice without reluctance; for to stay here longer with any satisfaction and profit to myself, I must take other steps which would carry me beyond my present plan. Besides everybody is now leaving this city and making for the beau-

tiful gardens and seats on the Terra-Firma; I, however, go away well-loaded, and shall carry along with me its rich, rare, and unique image.

FROM FERRARA TO ROME.

Oct. 16, 1786.
Early and on board the packet.

My travelling companions, male and female alike, are all still fast asleep in their berths. For my part I have passed the two nights on deck, wrapped up in my cloak. It was only towards morning that I felt it at all cold.. I am now actually in latitude forty-five, and yet go on repeating my old song: I would gladly leave all to the inhabitants of the land, if only, after the fashion of Dido, I could enclose enough of the heavens to surround our dwellings with. It would then be quite another state of existence. The voyage in this glorious weather has been most delightful, the views and prospects simple but agreeable. The Po, with its fertilizing stream, flows here through wide plains; nothing, however, is to be seen but its banks covered with trees or bushes;—you catch no distant view. On this river, as on the Adige, are silly water-works, which are as rude and ill-constructed as those on the Saal.

Ferrara, Oct. 16, 1786.
At night.

Although I only arrived here early this morning (by 7 o'clock, German time), I am thinking of setting off again to-morrow morning. For the first time since I left home, a feeling of dissatisfaction has fallen upon me in this great and beautiful, but flat and depopulated city. These streets, now so desolate, were, however, once kept in animation by a brilliant court. Here dwelt Ariosto discontented, and Tasso unhappy, and so, we fancy, we gain edification by visiting such scenes. Ariosto's monument contains much marble—ill arranged; for Tasso's prison, they shew you a wood-house or coalhouse where, most assuredly, he never was kept. Moreover, the people pretend to know scarcely anything you

may ask about. But at last for "something to drink" they manage to remember. All this brings to my mind Luther's ink-spots, which the housekeeper freshens up from time to time. Most travellers, however, are little better than our "*Handwerksburschen*" or stolling journeymen, and content themselves with such palpable signs. For my part I became quite sulky, and took little interest even in a beautiful institute and academy, which a cardinal, a native of Ferrara, founded and endowed; however, some ancient monuments, in the Ducal Palace, served to revive me a little; and I was put in perfect good humor by a beautiful conception of a painter, John the Baptist before Herod and Herodias. The prophet, in his well-known dress of the wilderness, is pointing indignantly at Herodias. Quite unmoved, she looks at the prince, who is sitting by her side, while the latter regards the prophet with a calm but cunning look; a white middle-sized greyhound stands before the king, while from beneath the robe of Herodias, a small Italian one is peeping — both giving tongue at the prophet. To my mind, this is a most happy thought.

Cento, Oct. 17, 1786.

In a better temper than yesterday, I write you to-day from Guercino's native city. It, however, is quite a different place: an hospitable well-built little town, of nearly 5000 inhabitants, flourishing, full of life, cleanly, and situated in a well cultivated plain, which stretches farther than the eye can reach. According to my usual custom, I ascended the tower. A sea of poplars, between which, and near at hand, one caught glimpses of little country-houses, each surrounded by its fields. A rich soil and a beautiful climate. It was an autumn evening, such as we seldom have to thank even summer for. The sky, which had been veiled all day, has cleared up, the clouds rolling off north and south towards the mountains, and I hope for a bright day to-morrow.

Here I first saw the Apennines, which I am approaching. The winter in this region lasts only through December and January: April is rainy—for the rest of the year beautiful weather, according to the nature of the season. Incessant rain is unknown. September here, to tell you the truth, was

finer and warmer than August with you. The Apennines in the south have received a warm greeting from me, for I have now had enough of the plain. To-morrow I shall be writing at the foot of them.

Guercino loved his native town: indeed, the Italians almost universally cherish and maintain this sort of local patriotism, and it is to this beautiful feeling that Italy owes so many of its valuable institutions and its multitude of local sanctuaries. Under the management of this master, an academy of painting was formed here. He left behind him many paintings, which his townsmen are still very proud of, and which, indeed, fully justify their pride.

Guercino is here a sacred name, and that, too, in the mouths of children as well as of the old.

Most charmed was I with his picture, representing the risen Lord, appearing to his mother. Kneeling before Him, she looks upon Him with indescribable affection. Her left hand is touching His body just under the accursed wound which mars the whole picture. His hand lies upon her neck; and in order the better to gaze upon her, his body is slightly bent back. This gives to His figure a somewhat strange, not to say forced appearance. And yet for all that it is infinitely beautiful. The calm and sad look, with which He contemplates her, is unique and seems to convey the impression that before His noble soul there still floats a remembrance of His own sufferings and of hers, which the resurrection had not at once dispelled.

Strange has engraved the picture. I wish that my friends could see even his copy of it,

After it a Madonna won my admiration. The child wants the breast; she modestly shrinks from exposing her bosom. Natural, noble, exquisite, and beautiful.

Further, a Mary, who is guiding the arm of the infant Christ, standing before her with His face towards the people, in order that with uplifted fingers He may bestow His blessings upon them. Judged by the spirit of the Roman Catholic legends, this must be pronounced a very happy idea. It has been often repeated.

Guercino is an intrinsically bold, masculine, sensible painter, without roughness. On the contrary, his pieces possess a certain tender moral grace, a reposeful freedom and gran-

deur, but with all that, a certain mannerism, so that when the eye once has grown accustomed to it, it is impossible to mistake a piece of his hand. The lightness, cleanness, and finish of his touch are perfectly astonishing. For his draperies he is particularly fond of a beautiful brownish-red blend of colours. These harmonize very well with the blue which he loves to combine with them.

The subjects of the other paintings are more or less unhappily chosen. The good artist has strained all his powers, but his invention and execution alike are thrown away and wasted. However, I derived both entertainment and profit from the view of this cycle of art, although such a hasty and rapid glance as I could alone bestow upon them, affords but little, either of gratification or instruction.

Bologna, Oct. 18, 1786.
Night.

Yesterday I started very early—before daybreak—from Cento, and arrived here in pretty good time. A brisk and well-educated cicerone having learned that I did not intend to make a long stay here, hurried me through all the streets, and into so many palaces and churches that I had scarcely time to set down in my note-book the names of them, and I hardly know if hereafter, when I shall look again at these scrawls, I shall be able to call to mind all the particulars. I will now mention, however, a couple or so of objects which stand out bright and clear enough as they afforded me a real gratification at the time.

First of all the Cecilia of Raphael! It was exactly what I had been told of it; but now I saw it with my own eyes. He has invariably accomplished that which others wished in vain to accomplish, and I would at present say no more of it than that it is by him. Five saints, side by side, not one of them has anything in common with *us;* however their existence, stands so perfectly real that one would wish for the picture to last through eternity, even though for himself he could be content to be annihilated. But in order to understand Raphael aright, and to form a just appreciation of him, and not to praise him as a god or as Melchisedec "without descent" or pedigree, it is necessary to study his masters and his predecessors. These,

too, had a standing on the firm soil of truth; diligently, not to say anxiously, they had laid the foundation, and vied with each other in raising, step by step, the pyramid aloft, until, at last, profiting by all their labors, and enlightened by a heavenly genius, Raphael set the last stone on the summit, above which, or even at which, no one else can ever stand.

Our interest in the history of art becomes peculiarly lively when we consider the works of the old masters. *Francesco Francia* is a very respectable artist. Pietro Perugino, so bold a man that one might almost call him a noble German fellow. Oh that fate had carried Albert Dürer further into Italy. In Munich I saw a couple of pieces by him of incredible grandeur. The poor man, how did he mistake his own worth in Venice, and make an agreement with the priests, on which he lost weeks and months! See him in his journey through the Netherlands exchanging his noble works of art for parrots, and in order to save his "douceur," drawing the portraits of the domestics, who bring him—a plate of fruit. To me the history of such a poor fool of an artist is infinitely touching.

Towards evening I got out of this ancient, venerable, and learned city, and extricated myself from its crowds, who, protected from the sun and weather by the arched bowers which are to be seen in almost every street, walk about, gape about, or buy, and sell, and transact whatever business they may have. I ascended the tower and enjoyed the pure air. The view is glorious! To the north we see the hills of Padua; beyond them the Swiss, Tyrolese, and Friulian Alps; in short, the whole northern chain, which, at the time, was enveloped in mist. Westward there stretched a boundless horizon, above which the towers of Modena alone stood out. Towards the east a similar plain reaching to the shores of the Adriatic, whose waters might be discerned in the setting sun. Towards the south, the first hills of the Apennines, which, like the Vicentine Hills, are planted up to their summits, or covered with churches, palaces, and summer-houses. The sky was perfectly clear, not a cloud to be seen, only on the horizon a kind of haze. The keeper of the tower assured me that for six years this mist had never left the distance. Otherwise, by the help of a telescope, you might easily discern the hills of Vicenza, with their houses and chapels, but now very rarely, even on the brightest days. And this mist lay chiefly

on the Northern Chain, and makes our beloved Fatherland a regular Cimmeria. In proof of the salubrity of the situation and pure atmosphere of the city, he called my notice to the fact, that the roofs of the houses looked quite fresh, and that not a single tile was attacked by damp or moss. It must be confessed that the tiles look quite clean, and beautiful enough, but the good quality of the brick-earth may have something to do with this; at least we know that, in ancient times, excellent tiles were made in these parts.

The leaning tower has a frightful look, and yet it is most probable that it was built so by design. The following seems to me the explanation of this absurdity. In the disturbed times of the city every large edifice was a fortress, and every powerful family had its tower. By and bye the possession of such a building became a mark of splendour and distinction, and as, at last, a perpendicular tower was a common and every-day thing, an oblique one was built. Both architect and owner have obtained their object; the multitude of slender, upright towers are just looked at, and all hurry to see the leaning one. Afterwards I ascended it. The bricks are all arranged horizontally. With clamps and good cement one may build any mad whim.

Bologna, Oct. 19, 1786.

I have spent this day to the best advantage I could in visiting and revisiting; but it is with art as with the world: the more we study it the larger we find it. In this heaven new stars are constantly appearing which I cannot count, and which sadly puzzle me; the Carracci, a Guido, a Dominichino, who shone forth in a later and happier period of art, but truly to enjoy whom requires both knowledge and judgment which I do not possess, and which cannot be acquired in a hurry. A great obstacle to our taking a pure delight in their pictures, and to an immediate understanding of their merits, is the absurd subjects of most of them. To admire or to be charmed with them one must be a madman.

It is as though the sons of God had wedded with the daughters of men, and out of such an union many a monster had sprung into existence. No sooner are you attracted by the *gusto* of a Guido and his pencil, by which nothing but the most excel-

lent objects the eye sees are worthy to be painted, but you, at once, withdraw your eyes from a subject so abominably stupid that the world has no term of contempt sufficient to express its meanness; and so it is throughout. It is ever anatomy—an execution—a flaying scene—always some suffering, never an action of the hero—never an interest in the scene before you—always something for the fancy—some excitement accruing from without. Nothing but deeds of horror or convulsive sufferings, malefactors or fanatics, along side of whom the artist, in order to save his art, invariably slips in a naked boy or a pretty damsel as a spectator, in every case treating his spiritual heroes as little better than lay-figures (*gliedermanner*), on which to hang some beautiful mantle with its folds. In all there is nothing that suggests a human notion! Scarcely one subject in ten that ever ought to have been painted, and that one the painter has chosen to view from any but the right point of view.

Guido's great picture in the Church of the Mendicants is all that painting can do, but, at the same time, all that absurdity could task an artist with. It is a votive piece. I can well believe that the whole consistory praised it, and also devised it. The two angels, who were fit to console a Psyche in her misery, must here . . . .

The S. Proclus is a beautiful figure, but the others—bishops and popes! Below are heavenly children playing with attributes. The painter, who had no choice left him, laboured to help himself as best he could. He exerted himself merely to show that *he* was not the barbarian. Two naked figures by Guido; a St. John in the Wilderness; a Sebastian, how exquisitely painted, and what do they say? the one is gaping and the other wriggling.

Were I to contemplate history in my present ill humor, I should say, Faith revived art, but Superstition immediately made itself master of it, and ground it to the dust.

After dinner, seeming somewhat of a milder temper and less arrogantly disposed than in the morning, I entered the following remarks in my note-book. In the palace of the Tanari there is a famous picture by Guido, the Virgin suckling the infant Saviour—of a size rather larger than life—the head as if a god had painted it,—indescribable is the expression with which she gazes upon the sucking infant. To me it seems a

calm, profound resignation, as if she were nourishing not the child of her joy and love, but a supposititious, heavenly changeling; and goes on suckling it because now she cannot do otherwise, although, in deep humility, she wonders how she ever came to do it. The rest of the canvass is filled up with a mass of drapery which connoisseurs highly prize. For my part I know not what to make of it. The colours, too, are somewhat dim; the room and the day were none of the brightest.

Notwithstanding the confusion in which I find myself I yet feel that experience, knowledge, and taste, already come to my aid in these mazes. Thus I was greatly won by a "Circumcision" by Guercino, for I have begun to know and to understand the man. I can now pardon the intolerable subject and delight in the masterly execution. Let him paint whatever can be thought of, everything will be praiseworthy and as highly finished as if it were enamel.

And thus it happened with me as with Balaam the overruled prophet, who blessed where he thought to curse; and I fear this would be the case still oftener were I to stay here much longer.

And then, again, if one happens to meet with a picture after Raphael, or what may with at least some probability be ascribed to him, one is soon perfectly cured and in good temper again. I fell in yesterday with a S. Agatha, a rare picture, though not throughout in good keeping. The artist has given to her the mien of a young maiden full of health and self-possession, but yet without rusticity or coldness. I have stamped on my mind both her form and look, and shall mentally read before her my "Iphigenia," and shall not allow my heroine to express a sentiment which the saint herself might not give utterance to.

And now when I think again of this sweet burden which I carry with me throughout my wanderings, I cannot conceal the fact that, besides the great objects of nature and art, which I have yet to work my way through, a wonderful train of poetical images keeps rising before me and unsettling me. From Cento to this place I have been wishing to continue my labors on the Iphigenia, but what has happened? inspiration has brought before my mind the plan of an "Iphigenia at Delphi," and I must work it out. I will here set down the argument as briefly as possible.

Electra, confidently hoping that Orestes will bring to Delphi the image of the Taurian Diana, makes her appearance in the Temple of Apollo, and as a final sin-offering dedicates to the god, the axe which has perpetrated so many horrors in the house of Pelops. Unhappily she is, at this moment, joined by a Greek, who recounts to her how, having accompanied Pylades and Orestes to Tauris, he there saw the two friends led to execution, but had himself luckily made his escape. At this news the passionate Electra is unable to restrain herself, and knows not whether to vent her rage against the gods or against men.

In the mean time Iphigenia, Orestes, and Pylades have arrived at Delphi. The heavenly calmness of Iphigenia contrasts remarkably with the earthly vehemence of Electra, as the two sisters meet without knowing each other. The fugitive Greek gains sight of Iphigenia, and recognizing in her the priestess, who was to have sacrificed the two friends, makes it known to Electra. The latter snatching the axe from the altar, is on the point of killing Iphigenia, when a happy incident averts this last fearful calamity from the two sisters. This situation, if only I can succeed in working it out well, will probably furnish a scene unequalled for grandeur or pathos by any that has yet been produced on the stage. But where is man to get time and hands for such a work, even if the spirit be willing.

As I feel myself at present somewhat oppressed with such a flood of thoughts of the good and desirable, I cannot help reminding my friends of a dream which I had about a year ago, and which appeared to me to be highly significant. I dreamt forsooth, that I had been sailing about in a little boat and had landed on a fertile and richly cultivated island, of which I had a consciousness that it bred the most beautiful pheasants in the world. I bargained, I thought, with the people of the island for some of these birds, and they killed and brought them to me in great numbers. They were pheasants indeed, but as in dreams all things are generally changed and modified, they seemed to have long, richly coloured tails, like the loveliest birds of Paradise, and with eyes like those of the peacock. Bringing them to me by scores, they arranged them in the boat so skilfully with the heads inwards, the long variegated feathers of the tail hanging outwards, as

to form in the bright sunshine the most glorious pile conceivable, and so large as scarcely to leave room enough in the bow and the stern for the rower and the steersman. As with this load the boat made its way through the tranquil waters, I named to myself the friends among whom I should like to distribute those variegated treasures. At last, arriving in a spacious harbour, I was almost lost among great and many masted vessels, as I mounted deck after deck in order to discover a place where I might safely run my little boat ashore.

Such dreamy visions have a charm, inasmuch as springing from our mental state, they possess more or less of analogy with the rest of our lives and fortunes.

But now I have also been to the famed scientific building, called the Institution or "Gli Studj." The edifice is large, and the inner court especially has a very imposing appearance, although not of the best style of architecture. In the staircases and corridors there was no want of stuccoes and frescoes: they are all appropriate and suitable, and the numerous objects of beauty, which, well worth seeing, are here collected together, justly command our admiration. For all that, however, a German, accustomed to a more liberal course of study than is here pursued, will not be altogether content with it.

Here again a former thought occurred to me, and I could not but reflect on the pertinacity which in spite of time, which changes all things, man shows in adhering to the old shapes of his public buildings, even long after they have been applied to new purposes. Our churches still retain the form of the Basilica, although probably the plan of the temple would better suit our worship. In Italy the courts of justice are as spacious and lofty as the means of a community are able to make them. One can almost fancy oneself to be in the open air, where once justice used to be administered. And do we not build our great theatres with their offices under a roof exactly similar to those of the first theatrical booths of a fair, which were hurriedly put together of planks? The vast multitude of those in whom, about the time of the Reformation, a thirst for knowledge was awakened, obliged the scholars at our universities to take shelter as they could in the burghers

houses, and it was very long before any colleges for pupils (*Waisenhäuser*), were built, thereby facilitating for the poor youths the acquirement of the necessary education for the world.

Bologna, Oct. 20. *Evening.*

I have spent the whole of this bright and beautiful day under the open heaven: scarcely do I ever come near a mountain, but my interest in rocks and stones again revives. I feel as did Antæus of old, who found himself endued with new strength, as often as he was brought into fresh contact with his mother earth. I rode towards Palermo, where is found the so-called Bolognese sulphate of Barytes, out of which are made the little cakes which, being calcined, shine in the dark, if previously they have been exposed to the light, and which the people here call shortly and expressively "fosfori."

On the road, after leaving behind me a hilly track of argillaceous sandstone, I came upon whole rocks of selenite, quite visible on the surface. Near a brickkiln a cascade precipitates its waters, into which many smaller ones also empty themselves. At first sight the traveller might suppose he saw before him a loamy hill, which had been worn away by the rain; on a closer examination I discovered its true nature to be as follows:—the solid rock of which this part of the line of hills consists is schistous, bituminous clay of very fine strata, and alternating with gypsum. The schistous stone is so intimately blended with pyrites that, exposed to the air and moisture, it wholly changes its nature. It swells, the strata gradually disappear, and there is formed a kind of potter's clay, crumbling, shelly, and glittering on the surface like stone-coal. It is only by examining large pieces of both (I myself broke several, and observed the forms of both), that it is possible to convince oneself of the transition and change. At the same time we observed the shelly strata studded with white points, and occasionally also variegated with yellow particles. In this way, by degrees, the whole surface crumbles away, and the hill looks like a mass of weather-worn pyrites on a large scale. Among the lamina some are harder, of a green and red color. Pyrites I very often found disseminated in the rock.

I now passed along the channels which the last violent gullies of rain had worn in the crumbling rock, and to my great delight found many specimens of the desired barytes, mostly of an imperfect egg-shape, peeping out in several places of the friable stone, some tolerably pure, and some slightly mingled with the clay in which they were imbedded. That they have not been carried hither by external agency any one may convince himself at the first glance; whether they were contemporaneous with the schistous clay, or whether they first arose from the swelling and dissolving of the latter, is matter calling for further inquiry. Of the specimens I found, the larger and smaller approximated to an imperfect egg-shape; the smallest might be said to verge upon irregular crystalline forms. The heaviest of the pieces I brought away weighed seventeen loth ($8\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) Loose in the same clay, I also found perfect crystals of gypsum. Mineralogists will be able to point out further peculiarities in the specimens I bring with me. And I was now again loaded with stones! I have packed up at least half a quarter of a hundred-weight.

Night.

How much should I have still to say, were I to attempt to confess to you all that in this beautiful day has passed through my mind. But my wishes are more powerful than my thoughts. I feel myself hurried irresistibly forward; it is only with an effort that I can collect myself sufficiently to attend to what is before me. And it seems as if heaven heard my secret prayer. Word has just been brought me that there is a vetturino going straight to Rome, and so the day after to-morrow I shall set out direct for that city; I must, therefore, to-day and to-morrow, look after my affairs, make all my little arrangements, and despatch my many commissions.

Legano on the Apennines,
Oct. 21, 1786.

Whether I have to-day left Bologna, or whether I have been driven out of it, I cannot say. Enough that I eagerly availed myself of an earlier opportunity of quitting it. And so here I am at a wretched inn, in company with an officer of the Pope's army, who is going to Perugia, where he was born.

In order to say something as I seated myself by his side in the two-wheeled carriage, I paid him the compliment of remarking, that as a German accustomed to associate with soldiers, I found it very agreeable to have to travel with an officer of the Pope. "Pray do not," he replied, "be offended at what I am about to answer—it is all very well for you to be fond of the military profession, for, in Germany, as I have heard, everything is military; but with regard to myself, although our service is light enough, so that in Bologna, where I am in garrison, I can do just as I like, still I heartily wish I were rid of this jacket, and had the disposal of my father's little property. But I am a younger son and so must be content."

Oct. 22, 1786. *Evening.*

Here, at Ciredo, which also is a little paltry place on the Apennines, I feel myself quite happy, knowing that I am advancing towards the gratification of my dearest wishes. To-day we were joined by a riding party—a gentleman and a lady—an Englishman and a soi-disant sister. Their horses are beautiful, but they ride unattended by any servants, and the gentleman, as it appears, acts the part both of groom and valet de chambre. Everywhere they find something to complain of—to listen to them is like reading a few pages out of Archenholz's book.

To me the Apennines are a most remarkable portion of the world. The great plains of the basin of the Po are followed by a hilly tract which rises out of the bottom, in order, after running between the two seas, to form the southern extremity of the Continent. If the hills had been not quite so steep and high above the level of the sea, and had not their directions crossed and recrossed each other as they do, the ebb and flow of the tides in primeval times might have exercised a greater and wider influence on them, and might have washed over and formed extensive plains, in which case this would have been one of the most beautiful regions of this glorious clime—somewhat higher than the rest of it. As it is, however, it is a strong net of mountain ridges, interlacing each other in all directions—one often is puzzled to know whither the waters will find their vent. If the valleys were

better filled up, and the bottoms flatter and more irrigated, the land might be compared to Bohemia, only that the mountains have in every respect a different character. However, it must not for one moment be thought of as a mountainous waste, but as a highly cultivated though hilly district. The chestnut grows very fine here; the wheat excellent, and that of this year's sowing, is already of a beautiful green. Along the roads are planted ever-green oaks with their small leaves, but around the churches and chapels the slim cypress.

Perugia, October, 25, 1786. *Evening.*

For two evenings I have not written. The inns on the road were so wretchedly bad that it was quite useless to think of bringing out a sheet of paper. Moreover, I begin to be a little puzzled to find anything, for since quitting Venice the travelling bag has got more and more into confusion.

Early in the morning (at 23 o'clock, or about 10 of our reckoning) we left the region of the Apennines and saw Florence in an extensive valley, which is highly cultivated and sprinkled over with villas and houses without end.

I ran rapidly over the city, the cathedral, the baptistery. Here again a perfectly new and unknown world opened upon me, on which, however, I will not further dwell. The gardens of the Botoli are most delightfully situated. I hastened out of them as fast as I had entered them.

In the city we see the proof of the prosperity of the generations who built it; the conviction is at once forced upon us that they must have enjoyed a long succession of wise rulers. But above all one is struck with the beauty and grandeur which distinguish all the public works, and roads, and bridges in Tuscany. Everything here is at once substantial and clean; use and profit not less than elegance are alike kept in view, everywhere we discern traces of the care which is taken to preserve them. The cities of the Papal States on the contrary only seem to stand, because the earth is unwilling to swallow them up.

The sort of country that I lately remarked, the region of the Apennines, might have been, is what Tuscany really is. As it lies so much lower the ancient sea was able to do its duty properly, and has thrown up here deep beds of excellent marl.

It is a light yellow hue and easily worked. They plough deep, retaining, however, most exactly the ancient manner. Their ploughs have no wheels, and the share is not moveable. Bowed down behind his oxen the peasant pushes it down into the earth, and turns up the soil. They plough over a field as many as five times, and use but little dung, which they scatter with the hands. After this they sow the corn. Then they plough together two of the smaller ridges into one, and so form deep trenches of such a nature that the rain-water easily runs off the lands into them. When the corn is grown up on the ridges, they can also pass along these trenches in order to weed it. This way of tilling is a very sensible one, wherever there is a fear of over-moisture; but why it is practised on these rich, open plains I cannot understand. This remark I just made at Arezzo, where a glorious plain expands itself. It is impossible to find cleaner fields anywhere, not even a lump of earth is to be seen; all is as fine as if it had been sifted. Wheat thrives here most luxuriantly, and the soil seems to possess all the qualities required by its nature. Every second year beans are planted for the horses, who in this country get no oats. Lupins are also much cultivated, which at this season are beautifully green, being ripe in March. The flax, too, is up; it stands the winter, and is rendered more durable by frost.

The olive-trees are strange plants. They look very much like willows; like them also they lose the heart of the wood and the bark splits. But still they have a greater appearance of durability; and one sees from the wood, of which the grain is extremely fine, that it is a slow grower. The foliage, too, resembles that of the willow, only the leaves on the branches are thinner. All the hills around Florence are covered with olive-trees and vines, between which grain is sown, so that every spot of ground may be made profitable. Near Arezzo and farther on, the fields are left more free. I observed that they take little care to eradicate the ivy which is so injurious to the olive and the vine, although it would be so easy to destroy it. There is not a meadow to be seen. It is said that the Indian corn exhausts the soil; since it has been introduced, agriculture has suffered in its other crops. I can well believe it with their scanty manuring.

Yesterday I took leave of my Captain, with a promise of visiting him at Bologna on my return. He is a true

representative of the majority of his countrymen. Here, however, I would record a peculiarity which personally distinguished him. As I often sat quiet and lost in thought he once exclaimed "*Che pensa? non deve mai pensar l'uomo, pensando s'invecchia;*" which being interpreted is as much as to say, "What are you thinking about; a man ought never to think; thinking makes one old." And now for another apophthegm of his; "*Non deve fermarsi l'uomo in una sola cosa, perche allora divien matto; bisogna aver mille cose, una confusione nella testa;*" in plain English, "A man ought not to rivet his thoughts exclusively on any one thing, otherwise he is sure to go mad; he ought to have in his head a thousand things, a regular medley."

Certainly the good man could not know that the very thing that made me so thoughtful was my having my head mazed by a regular confusion of things, old and new. The following anecdote will serve to elucidate still more clearly the mental character of an Italian of this class. Having soon discovered that I was a Protestant, he observed, after some circumlocution, that he hoped I would allow him to ask me a few questions, for he had heard such strange things about us Protestants that he wished to know for a certainty what to think of us. "May you," he said, "live with a pretty girl without being married to her? do your priests allow you to do that? To this I replied, that our priests are prudent folk who take no notice of uch trifles. No doubt if we were to consult them upon such a matter they would not permit it." "Are you not then obliged to ask them?" He exclaimed; "Happy fellows! as they do not confess you, they do not of course find it out." Hereupon he gave vent, in many reproaches to his discontent with his own priests, uttering at the same time loud praises of our liberty. "But," he continued, "as regards confession; how stands it with you? We are told that all men, even if they are not Christians, must confess; but that inasmuch as many, from their obduracy, are debarred from the right way, they nevertheless make confession to an old tree; which indeed is impious and ridiculous enough, but yet serves to show that, at least, they recognize the necessity of confession." Upon this I explained to him our Lutheran notions of confession, and our practice concerning it. All this appeared to him very easy; for he expressed an opinion that it was almost the same

as confessing to a tree. After a brief hesitation, he begged of me very gravely to inform him correctly on another point. He had, forsooth, heard from the mouth of his own confessor, (who, he said, was a truthful man,) that we Protestants are at liberty to marry our own sisters, which assuredly is a "chose un peu forte." As I denied this fact, and attempted to give him a more favourable opinion of our doctrine, he made no special remark on the latter, which evidently appeared to him a very ordinary and every-day sort of a thing; but turned aside my remarks by a new question. "We have been assured," he observed, "that Frederick the Great, who has won so many victories, even over the faithful, and filled the world with his glory—that he whom every one takes to be a heretic is really a Catholic, and has received a dispensation from the Pope to keep the fact secret. For while, as is well known, he never enters any of your churches, he diligently attends the true worship in a subterranean chapel, though with a broken heart, because he dare not openly avow the holy religion, since were he to do so, his Prussians, who are a brutish people and furious heretics, would no doubt murder him on the instant;—and to risk that would do no good to the cause. On these grounds the Holy Father has given him permission to worship in secret, in return for which he quietly does as much as possible to propagate and to favour the true and only saving faith." I allowed all this to pass, merely observing, as it was so great a secret no one could be a witness to its truth. The rest of our conversation was nearly of the same cast, so that I could not but admire the wise priests who sought to parry, and to distort whatever was likely to enlighten or vary the dark outline of their traditional dogmas.

I left Perugia on a glorious morning, and felt the happiness of being once more alone. The site of the city is beautiful, and the view of the lake in the highest degree refreshing. These scenes are deeply impressed on my memory. At first the road went downwards, then it entered a cheerful valley, enclosed on both sides by distant hills, till at last Assisi lay before us.

Here, as I had learned from Palladio and Volckmann, a noble temple of Minerva, built in the time of Augustus, was still standing in perfect repair. At *Madonna del Angelo*, therefore, I quitted my *vetturino*, leaving him to proceed by himself to

Foligno, and set off in the face of a strong wind for Assisi, for I longed for a foot journey through a country so solitary for me. I left on my left the vast mass of churches, piled Babel-wise one over another, in one of which rest the remains of the holy S. Francis of Assisi,—with aversion, for I thought to myself, that the people who assembled in them were mostly of the same stamp with my captain and travelling companion. Having asked of a good-looking youth the way to the *della Minerva*, he accompanied me to the top of the town, for it lies on the side of a hill. At last we reached what is properly the old town, and behold before my eyes stood the noble edifice, the first complete memorial of antiquity that I had ever seen. A modest temple, as befitting so small a town, and yet so perfect, so well conceived, that anywhere it would be an ornament. Moreover, in these matters, how grand were the ancients in the choice of their sites. The temple stands about half way up the mountain, where two hills meet on the level place, which is to this day called the Piazza. This itself slightly rises, and is intersected by the meeting of four roads, which make a somewhat dilated S. Andrew's Cross. In all probability the houses which are now opposite the temple, and block up the view from it, did not stand there in ancient times. If they were removed, we should have a south prospect over a rich and fertile country, and at the same time the temple of Minerva would be visible from all sides. The line of the roads is, in all probability, very ancient since they follow the shape and inclination of the hill, The temple does not stand in the centre of the flat, but its site is so arranged that the traveller approaching from Rome, catches a fine foreshortened view of it. To give an idea of it, it is necessary to draw not only the building itself but also its happily-chosen site.

Looking at the façade, I could not sufficiently admire the genius-like identity of design which the architects have here, as elsewhere, maintained. The order is Corinthian, the intercolumnar spaces being somewhat above two modules. The bases of the columns and the plinths seem to rest on pedestale, but it is only an appearance. The socle is cut through in five places, and at each of these, five steps ascend between the columns, and bring you to a level, on which properly the columns rest, and from which also you enter the temple. The bold idea of cutting through the socle was happily

hazarded; for, as the temple is situated on a hill, the flight of steps must otherwise have been carried up to such a height as would have inconveniently narrowed the area of the temple. As it is, however, it is impossible to determine how many steps there originally were; for, with the exception of a very few, they are all choked up with dirt or paved over. Most reluctantly did I tear myself from the sight, and determined to call the attention of architects to this noble edifice, in order that an accurate draught of it may be furnished. For what a sorry thing tradition is, I here again find occasion to remark. Palladio, whom I trust in every matter, gives indeed a sketch of this temple, but certainly he never can have seen it himself, for he gives it real pedestals above the area, by which means the columns appear disproportionately high, and the result is a sort of unsightly Palmyrene monstrosity, whereas, in fact, its look is so full of repose and beauty as to satisfy both the eye and the mind. The impression which the sight of this edifice left upon me is not to be expressed, and will bring forth imperishable fruits. It was a beautiful evening, and I now turned to descend the mountain. As I was proceeding along the Roman road, calm and composed, suddenly I heard behind me some rough voices in dispute; I fancied that it was only the Sbirri, whom I had previously noticed in the town. I, therefore, went on without care, but still with my ears listening to what they might be saying behind me. I soon became aware that I was the object of their remarks. Four men of this body (two of whom were armed with guns.) passed me in the rudest way possible, muttering to each other, and turning back, after a few steps, suddenly surrounded me. They demanded my name, and what I was doing there. I said that I was a stranger, and had travelled on foot to Assisi, while my *vetturino* had gone on to Foligno. It appeared to them very improbable, that any one should pay for a carriage and yet travel by foot. They asked me if I had been visiting the "Gran Convento." I answered "no;" but assured them that I knew the building of old, but being an architect, my chief object this time was simply to gain a sight of the Maria della Minerva, which they must be aware was an architectural model. This they could not contradict, but seemed to take it very ill that I had not paid a visit to the Saint, and avowed their suspicion that

my business in fact was to smuggle contraband goods. I pointed out to them how ridiculous it was that a man who walked openly through the streets alone, and without packs and with empty pockets, should be taken for a contrabandist.

However, upon this I offered to return to the town with them, and to go before the Podestà, and by showing my papers prove to him that I was an honest traveller. Upon this they muttered together for a while, and then expressed their opinion that it was unnecessary, and, as I behaved throughout with coolness and gravity, they at last left me, and turned towards the town. I looked after them. As these rude churls moved on in the foreground, behind them the beautiful temple of Minerva once more caught my eye, to soothe and console me with its sight. I turned then to the left to look at the heavy cathedral of S. Francisco, and was about to continue my way, when one of the unarmed Sbirri, separating himself from the rest, came up to me in a quiet and friendly manner. Saluting me, he said, Signior Stranger, you ought at least to give me something to drink your health, for I assure you, that from the very first I took you to be an honourable man, and loudly maintained this opinion in opposition to my comrades. They, however, are hot-headed and over-hasty fellows, and have no knowledge of the world. You yourself must have observed, that I was the first to allow the force of, and to assent to, your remarks. I praised him on this score, and urged him to protect all honourable strangers, who might henceforward come to Assisi for the sake either of religion or of art, and especially all architects, who might wish to do honour to the town, by measuring, and sketching the temple of Minerva, since a correct drawing or engraving of it had never yet been taken. If he were to accompany them, they would, I assured him, give him substantial proofs of their gratitude, and with these words I poured some silver into his hand, which, as exceeding his expectation, delighted him above measure. He begged me to pay a second visit to the town, remarking that I ought not on any account to miss the festival of the Saint, on which I might with the greatest safety delight and amuse myself. Indeed if, being a good-looking fellow, I should wish to be introduced to the fair sex, he assured me that the prettiest and most respectable ladies would willingly receive me or any stranger, upon his recommendation. He took his

leave, promising to remember me at vespers before the tomb of the Saint, and to offer up a prayer for my safety throughout my travels. Upon this we parted, and most delighted was I to be again alone with nature and myself. The road to Foligno was one of the most beautiful and agreeable walks that I ever took. For four full hours I walked along the side of a mountain, having on my left a richly cultivated valley.

It is but sorry travelling with a *vetturino*, it is always best to follow at one's ease on foot. In this way had I travelled from Ferrara to this place. As regards the arts and mechanical invention, on which however the ease and comforts of life mainly depend, Italy, so highly favoured by nature, is very far behind all other countries. The carriage of the *vetturino*, which is still called sedia, or seat, certainly took its origin from the ancient litters drawn by mules, in which females and aged persons, or the highest dignitaries, used to be carried about. Instead of the hinder mule, on whose yoke the shafts used to rest, two wheels have been placed beneath the carriage, and no further improvement has been thought of. In this way one is still jolted along, just as they were centuries ago; it is the same with their houses and everything else.

If one wishes to see realised the poetic idea of men in primeval times, spending most of their lives beneath the open heaven, and only occasionally, when compelled by necessity, retiring for shelter into the caves, one must visit the houses hereabouts, especially those in the rural districts, which are quite in the style and fashion of caves. Such an incredible absence of care do the Italians evince, in order not to grow old by thinking. With unheard of frivolity, they neglect to make any preparation for the long nights of winter, and in consequence, for a considerable portion of the year, suffer like dogs. Here, in Foligno, in the midst of a perfectly Homeric household, the whole family being gathered together in a large hall, round a fire on the hearth, with plenty of running backwards and forwards and of scolding and shouting, while supper is going on at a long table like that in the picture of the Wedding Feast at Cana, I seize an opportunity of writing this, as one of the family has ordered an inkstand to be brought me,—a luxury which, judging from other circumstances, I did not look for. These pages, however, tell too plainly of the cold and of the inconvenience of my writing table.

In fact I am now made only too sensible of the rashness of travelling in this country without a servant, and without providing oneself well with every necessary. What with the ever-changing currency, the *vetturini*, the extortion, the wretched inns, one who, like myself, is travelling alone, for the first time in this country, hoping to find uninterrupted pleasure, will be sure to find himself miserably disappointed every day. However, I wished to see the country at any cost, and even if I must be dragged to Rome on Ixion's wheel, I shall not complain.

Terni, Oct, 27, 1786.
Evening.

Again sitting in a "cave," which only a year before suffered from an earthquake. The little town lies in the midst of a rich country, (for taking a circuit round the city I explored it with pleasure,) at the beginning of a beautiful plain which lies between two ridges of lime-stone hills. Terni, like Bologna, is situated at the foot of the mountain range.

Almost ever since the papal officer left me I have had a priest for my companion. The latter appears better contented with his profession than the soldier, and is ready to enlighten me, whom he very soon saw to be an heretic, by answering any question I might put to him concerning the ritual and other matters of his church. By thus mixing continually with new characters I thoroughly obtain my object. It is absolutely necessary to hear the people talking together, if you would form a true and lively image of the whole country. The Italians are in the strangest manner possible rivals and adversaries of each other; everyone is strongly enthusiastic in the praise of his own town and state; they cannot bear with one another, and even in the same city the different ranks nourish perpetual feuds, and all this with a profoundly vivacious and most obvious passionateness, so that while they expose one another's pretensions, they keep up an amusing comedy all day long; and yet they come to an understanding again together, and seem quite aware how impossible it is for a stranger to enter into their ways and thoughts.

I ascended to Spoleto and went along the aqueduct, which serves also for a bridge from one mountain to another. The ten

brick arches which span the valley, have quietly stood there through centuries, and the water still flows into Spoleto, and reaches its remotest quarters. This is the third great work of the ancients that I have seen, and still the same grandeur of conception. A second nature made to work for social objects, —such was their architecture; and so arose the amphitheatre, the temple, and the aqueduct. Now at last I can understand the justice of my hatred for all arbitrary caprices, as, for instance, the winter casts on white stone—a nothing about nothing—a monstrous piece of confectionary ornament—and so also with a thousand other things. But all that is now dead; for whatever does not possess a true intrinsic vitality cannot live long, and can neither be nor ever become great.

What entertainment and instruction have I not had cause to be thankful for during these eight last weeks, but in fact it has also cost me some trouble. I kept my eyes continually open, and strove to stamp deep on my mind the images of all I saw; that was all—judge of them I could not, even if it had been in my power.

San Crocefisso, a singular chapel on the road side, did not look, to my mind, like the remains of a temple which had once stood on the same site; it was evident that columns, pillars, and pediments had been found, and incongruously put together, not stupidly but madly. It does not admit of description; however, there is somewhere or other an engraving of it.

And so it may seem strange to some that we should go on troubling ourselves to acquire an idea of antiquity, although we have nothing before us but ruins, out of which we must first painfully reconstruct the very thing we wish to form an idea of.

With what is called "*classical ground*" the case stands rather different. Here, if only we do not go to work fancifully, but take the ground really as it is, then we shall have the decisive arena which moulded more or less the greatest of events. Accordingly I have hitherto actively employed my geological and agricultural eye to the suppressing of fancy and sensibility, in order to gain for myself an unbiassed and distinct notion of the locality. By such means history fixes itself on our minds with a marvellous vividness, and the effect is utterly inconceivable by another. It is something of this

sort that makes me feel so very great a desire to read *Tacitus* in Rome.

I must not, however, forget the weather. As I descended the Apennines from Bologna the clouds gradually retired towards the north, afterwards they changed their course and moved towards Lake Trasimene. Here they continued to hang, though perhaps they may have moved a little farther southward. Instead, therefore, of the great plain of the Po, sending as it does, during the summer, all its clouds to the Tyrolese mountains, it now sends a part of them towards the Apennines,—from thence perhaps comes the rainy season.

They are now beginning to gather the olives. It is done here with the hand, in other places they are beat down with sticks. If winter comes on before all are gathered, the rest are allowed to remain on the trees till spring. Yesterday I noticed, in a very strong soil, the largest and oldest trees I have ever yet seen.

The favour of the Muses, like that of the dæmons, is not always shown us in a suitable moment. Yesterday I felt inspired to undertake a work which at present would be ill-timed. Approaching nearer and nearer to the centre of Romanism, surrounded by Roman Catholics, boxed up with a priest in a sedan, and striving anxiously to observe and to study without prejudice true nature and noble art, I have arrived at a vivid conviction that all traces of original Christianity are extinct here. Indeed, while I tried to bring it before my mind in its purity, as we see it recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, I could not help shuddering to think of the shapeless, not to say grotesque, mass of Heathenism which heavily overlies its benign beginnings. Accordingly the "Wandering Jew" again occurred to me as having been a witness of all this wonderful development and envelopment, and as having lived to experience so strange a state of things, that Christ himself, when He shall come a second time to gather in His harvest, will be in danger of being crucified a second time. The Legend, "*Venio iterum crucifigi*" was to serve me as the material of this catastrophe.

Dreams of this kind floated before me; for out of impatience to get onwards, I used to sleep in my clothes; and I know of nothing more beautiful than to wake before dawn,

and between sleeping and waking, to seat oneself in one's car, and travel on to meet the day.

Citta Castellana, October 28, 178€.

I will not fail you this last evening. It is not yet eight o'clock, and all are already in bed; so I can for a good "last time" think over what is gone by, and revel in the anticipation of what is so shortly to come. This has been throughout a bright and glorious day; the morning very cold, the day clear and warm, the evening somewhat windy, but very beautiful.

It was very late when we set off from Terni, and we reached Narni before day, and so I did not see the bridge. Valleys and lowlands;—now near, now distant prospects;—a rich country, but all of limestone, and not a trace of any other formation.

Otricoli lies on an alluvial gravel-hill, thrown up by one of the ancient inundations; it is built of lava brought from the other side of the river.

As soon as one is over the bridge one finds oneself in a volcanic region, either of real lava, or of the native rock, changed by the heat and by fusion. You ascend a mountain, which you might set down at once for gray lava. It contains many white crystals of the shape of garnets. The causeway from the heights to the Citta Castellana is likewise composed of this stone, now worn extremely smooth. The city is built on a bed of volcanic tufa, in which I thought I could discover ashes, pumice-stone, and pieces of lava. The view from the castle is extremely beautiful. Soracte stands out and alone in the prospect most picturesquely. It is probably a limestone mountain of the same formation as the Apennines. The volcanic region is far lower than the Apennines, and it is only the streams tearing through it, that have formed out of it hills and rocks, which, with their overhanging ledges, and other marked features of the landscape, furnish most glorious objects for the painter.

To-morrow evening and I shall be in Rome. Even yet I can scarcely believe it possible; and if this wish is fulfilled, what shall I wish for afterwards? I know not, except it be that I may safely stand in my little pheasant-loaded canoe, and may find all my friends well, happy, and unchanged.

ROME.

Rome, November 1, 1786.

At last I can speak out, and greet my friends with good humour. May they pardon my secrecy, and what has been, as it were, a subterranean journey hither. For scarcely to myself did I venture to say whither I was hurrying—even on the road I often had my fears, and it was only as I passed under the Porta del Popolo that I felt certain of reaching Rome.

And now let me also say that a thousand times—aye, at all times, do I think of you, in the neighbourhood of these objects which I never believed I should visit alone. It was only when I saw every one bound body and soul to the north, and all longing for those countries utterly extinct among them; that I resolved to undertake the long solitary journey, and to seek that centre towards which I was attracted by an irresistible impulse. Indeed for the few last years it had become with me a kind of disease, which could only be cured by the sight and presence of the absent object. Now, at length I may venture to confess the truth : it reached at last such a height, that I durst not look at a Latin book, or even an engraving of Italian scenery. The craving to see this country was over ripe. Now, it is satisfied; friends and country have once more become right dear to me, and the return to them is a wished for object—nay, the more ardently desired, the more firmly I feel convinced that I bring with me too many treasures for personal enjoyment or private use, but such as through life may serve others, as well as myself, for edification and guidance.

Rome, November 1, 1786.

Well, at last I am arrived in this great capital of the world. If fifteen years ago I could have seen it in good

company, with a well informed guide, I should have thought myself very fortunate. But as it was to be that I should thus see it alone, and with my own eyes, it is well that this joy has fallen to my lot so late in life.

Over the mountains of the Tyrol I have as good as flown. Verona, Vicenza, Padua, and Venice I have carefully looked at; hastily glanced at Ferrara, Cento, Bologna, and scarcely seen Florence at all. My anxiety to reach Rome was so great, and it so grew with me every moment, that to think of stopping anywhere was quite out of the question; even in Florence, I only stayed three hours. Now I am here at my ease, and as it would seem, shall be tranquillized for my whole life; for we may almost say that a new life begins when a man once sees with his own eyes all that before he has but partially heard or read of. All the dreams of my youth I now behold realized before me; the subjects of the first engravings I ever remember seeing (several views of Rome were hung up in an anteroom of my father's house) stand bodily before my sight, and all that I had long been acquainted with through paintings or drawings, engravings, or wood-cuts, plaister-casts, and cork models are here collectively presented to my eye. Wherever I go I find some old acquaintance in this new world; it is all just as I had thought it, and yet all is new; and just the same might I remark of my own observations and my own ideas. I have not gained any new thoughts, but the older ones have become so defined, so vivid, and so coherent, that they may almost pass for new ones.

When Pygmalion's Elisa, which he had shaped entirely in accordance with his wishes, and had given to it as much of truth and nature as an artist can, moved at last towards him, and said, "I am!"—how different was the living form from the chiselled stone.

In a moral sense, too, how salutary is it for me to live awhile among a wholly sensual people, of whom so much has been said and written, and of whom every stranger judges according to the standard he brings with him. I can excuse every one who blames and reproaches them; they stand too far apart from us, and for a stranger to associate with them is difficult and expensive.

Rome, November 3, 1786.

One of the chief motives which I had for hurrying to Rome was the Festival of All Saints; for I thought within myself, if Rome pays so much honour to a single saint, what will she not show to them all? But I was under a mistake. The Roman Church has never been very fond of celebrating with remarkable pomp any common festival; and so she leaves every order to celebrate in silence the especial memory of its own patron,—for the name Festival, and the day especially set apart to each saint is properly the occasion when each receives his highest commemoration.

Yesterday, however, which was the Festival of All Souls, things went better with me. This commemoration is kept by the Pope in his private chapel on the Quirinal. I hastened with Tischbein to the Monte Cavallo. The piazza before the palace has something altogether singular—so irregular is it, and yet so grand and so beautiful! I now cast eyes upon the Colossuses! neither eye nor mind was large enough to take them in. Ascending a broad flight of steps, we followed the crowd through a splendid and spacious hall. In this ante-chamber, directly opposite to the chapel, and in sight of the numerous apartments, one feels somewhat strange to find oneself beneath the same roof with the Vicar of Christ.

The office had begun; Pope and Cardinals were already in the church. The holy father, of a highly handsome and dignified form, the cardinals of different ages and figures; I was seized with a strange longing desire that the head of the Church might open his golden mouth, and speaking with rapture of the ineffable bliss of the happy soul, set us all too in a rapture. But as I only saw him moving backwards and forwards before the altar, and turning himself now to this side and now to that, and only muttering to himself, and conducting himself just like a common parish priest, then the original sin of Protestantism revived within me, and the well-known and ordinary mass for the dead had no charms for me. For most assuredly Christ Himself—He who in his youthful days, and even as a child excited men's wonder by His oral exposition of Scripture, did never thus teach and work in silence; but as we learn from the Gospels, He was ever ready to utter His wise and spiritual words. What, I asked

myself, would He say, where He to come in among us, and see His image on earth thus mumbling, and sailing backwards and forwards? The "*Venio iterum crucifigi*" again crossed my mind, and I nudged my companion to come out into the freer air of the vaulted and painted hall.

Here we found a crowd of persons attentively observing the rich paintings; for the Festival of All Souls is also the holyday of all the artists in Rome. Not only the chapel, but the whole palace also, with all its rooms, is for many hours on this day open and free to every one, no fees being required, and the visitors not being liable to be hurried on by the chamberlain.

The paintings on the walls engaged my attention, and I now formed a new acquaintance with some excellent artists, whose very names had hitherto been almost unknown to me, —for instance, I now for the first time learned to appreciate and to love the cheerful *Carlo Maratti*.

But chiefly welcome to me were the masterpieces of the artists, of whose style and manner I already had some impression. I saw with amazement the wonderful Petronilla of *Guercino*, which was formerly in St. Peter's, where a mosaic copy now stands in the place of the original. The body of the Saint is lifted out of the grave, and the same person, just reanimated, is being received into the heights of heaven by a celestial youth. Whatever may be alleged against this double action, the picture is invaluable.

Still more struck was I with a picture of Titian's: it throws into the shade all I have hitherto seen. Whether my eye is more practised, or whether it is really the most excellent, I cannot determine. An immense mass-robe, stiff with embroidery and gold-embossed figures, envelops the dignified frame of a bishop. With a massive pastoral staff in his left hand, he is gazing with a look of rapture towards heaven, while he holds in his right a book out of which he seems to have imbibed the divine enthusiasm with which he is inspired. Behind him a beautiful maiden, holding a palm branch in her hand, and, full of affectionate sympathy, is looking over his shoulder into the open book. A grave old man on the right stands quite close to the book, but appears to pay no attention to it; the key in his hand, suggests the possibility of his familiar acquaintance with its contents.

Over against this group a naked, well-made youth, wounded with an arrow, and in chains, is looking straight before him with a slight expression of resignation in his countenance. In the intermediate space stand two monks, bearing a cross and lilies, and devoutly looking up to heaven. Then in the clear upper space is a semi-circular wall, which encloses them all; above moves a Madonna in highest glory, sympathising with all that passes below. The young sprightly child on her bosom, with a radiant countenance, is holding out a crown, and seems indeed on the point of casting it down. On both sides angels are floating by, who hold in their hands crowns in abundance. High above all the figures, and even the triple-rayed aureola, soars the celestial dove, as at once the centre and finish of the whole group.

We said to ourselves, "Some ancient holy legend must have furnished the subject of this picture, in order that these various and ill-assorted personages should have been brought together so artistically and so significantly. We ask not, however, why and wherefore,—we take it all for granted, and only wonder at the inestimable piece of art. Less unintelligible, but still mysterious, is a fresco of *Guido's* in this chapel. A virgin, in childish beauty, loveliness, and innocence, is seated, and quietly sewing: two angels stand by her side, waiting to do her service at the slightest bidding. Youthful innocence and industry,—the beautiful picture seems to tell us,—are guarded and honoured by the heavenly beings. No legend is wanting here; no story needed to furnish an explanation.

Now, however, to cool a little my artistic enthusiam, a merry incident occurred. I observed that several of the German artists, who came up to Tischbein as an old acquaintance, after staring at me, went their ways again. At last one, who had most recently been observing my person, came up to me again, and said, "We have had a good joke; the report that you were in Rome had spread among us, and the attention of us artists was called to the one unknown stranger. Now, there was one of our body who used for a long time to assert that he had met you—nay, he asseverated he had lived on very friendly terms with you,—a fact which we were not so ready to believe. However, we have just called upon him to look at you, and solve our doubts. He

at once stoutly denied that it was you, and said that in the stranger there was not a trace of your person or mien." So, then, at least our *incognito* is for the moment secure, and will afford us something hereafter to laugh at.

I now mixed at my ease with the troop of artists, and asked them who were the painters of several pictures whose style of art was unknown to me. At last I was particularly struck by a picture representing St. George killing the dragon, and setting free the virgin; no one could tell me whose it was. Upon this a little modest man, who up to this time had not opened his mouth, came forward and told me it was Pordenone's, the Venetian painter; and that it was one of the best of his paintings, and displayed all his merits. I was now well able to account for my liking for it: the picture pleased me, because I possessed some knowledge of the Venetian school, and was better able to appreciate the excellencies of its best masters.

The artist, my informant, was Heinrich Meyer, a Swiss, who for some years had been studying at Rome with a friend of the name of Rolla, and who had taken excellent drawings in Spain of antique busts, and was well read in the history of art.

Rome, November 7, 1786.

I have now been here seven days, and by degrees have formed in my mind a general idea of the city. We go diligently backwards and forwards. While I am thus making myself acquainted with the plan of old and new Rome, viewing the ruins and the buildings, visiting this and that villa, the grandest and most remarkable objects are slowly and leisurely contemplated. I do but keep my eyes open and see, and then go and come again, for it is only in Rome one can duly prepare oneself for Rome.

It must, in truth, be confessed, that it is a sad and melancholy business to prick and track out ancient Rome in new Rome; however, it must be done, and we may hope at least for an incalculable gratification. We meet with traces both of majesty and of ruin, which alike surpass all conception; what the barbarians spared, the builders of new Rome made havoc of.

When one thus beholds an object two thousand years old and more, but so manifoldly and thoroughly altered by the changes of time, but, sees nevertheless, the same soil, the same mountains, and often indeed the same walls and columns, one becomes, as it were, a contemporary of the great counsels of Fortune, and thus it becomes difficult for the observer to trace from the beginning Rome following Rome, and not only new Rome succeeding to the old, but also the several epochs of both old and new in succession. I endeavour, first of all, to grope my way alone through the obscurer parts, for this is the only plan by which one can hope fully and completely to perfect by the excellent introductory works which have been written from the fifteenth century to the present day. The first artists and scholars have occupied their whole lives with these objects.

And this vastness has a strangely tranquillizing effect upon you in Rome, while you pass from place to place, in order to visit the most remarkable objects. In other places one has to search for what is important; here one is oppressed, and borne down with numberless phenomena. Wherever one goes and casts a look around, the eye is at once struck with some landscape,—forms of every kind and style; palaces and ruins, gardens and statuary, distant views of villas, cottages and stables, triumphal arches and columns, often crowding so close together, that they might all be sketched on a single sheet of paper. He ought to have a hundred hands to write, for what can a single pen do here; and, besides, by the evening one is quite weary and exhausted with the day's seeing and admiring.

Rome, November 7, 1786.

Pardon me, my friends, if for the future you find me rather chary of my words. On one's travels one usually rakes together all that we meet on one's way; every day brings something new, and one then hastens to think upon and to judge of it. Here, however, we come into a very great school indeed, where every day says so much, that we cannot venture to say anything of the day itself. Indeed, people would do well if, tarrying here for years together, they observed awhile a Pythagorean silence.

Nov. 1786.

I am quite well. The weather, as the Romans say, is *brutto*. The south wind, the *scirocco*, is blowing, and brings with it every day more or less of rain; for my part, I do not find the weather disagreeable; such as it is, it is warmer than the rainy days of summer are with us.

Rome, November 7, 1786.

The more I become acquainted with Tischbein's talents, as well as his principles and views of art, the higher I appreciate and value them. He has laid before me his drawings and sketches; they have great merit, and are full of high promise. His visit to Bodmer led him to fix his thoughts on the infancy of the human race, when man found himself standing on the earth, and had to solve the problem, how he must best fulfil his destiny as the Lord of Creation.

As a suggestive introduction to a series of illustrations of this subject, he has attempted symbolically to vindicate the high antiquity of the world. Mountains overgrown with noble forests,—ravines worn out by watercourses,—burnt out volcanoes still faintly smoking. In the foreground the mighty stock of a patriarchal oak still remains in the ground, on whose half-bared roots a deer is trying the strength of his horns,—a conception as fine as it is beautifully executed.

In another most remarkable piece he has painted man yoking the horse, and by his superior skill, if not strength, bringing all the other creatures of the earth, the air, and the water under his dominion. The composition is of an extraordinary beauty; when finished in oils it cannot fail of producing a great effect. A drawing of it must, at any cost, be secured for Weimar. When this is finished, he purposes to paint an assembly of old men, aged and experienced in council,—in which he intends to introduce the portraits of living personages. At present, however, he is sketching away with the greatest enthusiasm on a battle-piece. Two bodies of cavalry are fighting with equal courage and resolution; between them yawns an awful chasm, which but few horses would attempt to clear. The arts of defensive warfare are useless here. A wild resolve, a bold attack, a successful leap, or

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else to be hurled in the abyss below! This picture will afford him an opportunity to display, in a very striking manner, the knowledge which he possesses of horses, and of their make and movements.

Now it is Tischbein's wish to have these sketches, and a series of others to follow, or to be intercalated between them, connected together by a poem, which may serve to explain the drawings, and, by giving them a definite context, may lend to them both a body and a charm.

The idea is beautiful, only the artist and the poet must be many years together, in order to carry out and to execute such a work.

Rome, November 7, 1786.

The "*Loggie*" of Raffaele, and the great pictures of the "School of Athens," &c., I have now seen for the first and only time; so that for me to judge of them at present is like a man having to make out and to judge of Homer from some half-obliterated and much-injured manuscript. The gratification of the first impression is incomplete; it is only when they have been carefully studied and examined, one by one, that the enjoyment becomes perfect. The best preserved are the paintings on the ceilings of the *Loggie*. They are as fresh as if painted yesterday. The subjects are symbolical. Very few, however, are by Raffaele's own hand, but they are excellently executed, after his designs and under his eye.

Rome, November 7, 1786.

Many a time, in years past, did I entertain the strange whim, as ardently to wish that I might one day be taken to Italy by some well-educated man,—by some Englishman, well learned in art and in history; and now it has all been brought about much better than I could have anticipated. Tischbein has long lived here; he is a sincere friend to me, and during his stay here always cherished the wish of being able one day to show Rome to me. Our intimacy is old by letter though new by presence. Where could I meet with a worthier guide? And if my time is limited, I will at least learn and enjoy as much as possible; and yet, notwithstanding, I clearly foresee, that when I leave Rome I shall wish that I was coming to it.

Rome, November 8, 1786.

My strange, and perhaps whimsical, incognito proves useful to me in many ways that I never should have thought of. As every one thinks himself in duty bound to ignore who I am, and consequently never ventures to speak to me of myself and my works, they have no alternative left them but to speak of themselves, or of the matters in which they are most interested, and in this way I become circumstantially informed of the occupations of each, and of everything remarkable that is either taken in hand or produced. Hofrath Reiffenstein good-naturedly humours this whim of mine; as, however, for special reasons, he could not bear the name which I had assumed, he immediately made a Baron of me, and I am now called the "*Baron gegen Rondanini über*" (the Baron who lives opposite to the Palace Rondanini). This designation is sufficiently precise, especially as the Italians are accustomed to speak of people either by their Christian names, or else by some nickname, Enough; I have gained my object; and I escape the dreadful annoyance of having to give to everybody an account of myself and my works.

Rome, November 9, 1786.

I frequently stand still a moment to survey, as it were, the heights I have already won. With much delight I look back to Venice, that grand creation that sprang out of the bosom of the sea, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter. In Rome, the Rotunda, both by its exterior and interior, has moved me to offer a willing homage to its magnificence. In S. Peter's I learned to understand how art, no less than nature, annihilates the artificial measures and dimensions of man. And in the same way the Apollo Belvidere also has again drawn me out of reality. For as even the most correct engravings furnish no adequate idea of these buildings, so the case is the same with respect to the marble original of this statue, as compared with the plaister models of it, which, however, I formerly used to look upon as beautiful.

Rome, November 10, 1786.

Here I am now living with a calmness and tranquillity to which I have for a long while been a stranger. My practice

to see and take all things as they are. my fidelity in letting the eye be my light, my perfect renunciation of all pretension, have again come to my aid, and make me calmly, but most intensely, happy. Every day has its fresh remarkable object,—every day its new grand unequalled paintings, and a whole which a man may long think of, and dream of, but which with all his power of imagination he can never reach.

Yesterday I was at the Pyramid of Cestius, and in the evening on the Palatine, on the top of which are the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, which stand there like walls of rock. Of all this, however, no idea can be conveyed! In truth, there is nothing little here; although, indeed, occasionally something to find fault with,—something more or less absurd in taste, and yet even this partakes of the universal grandeur of all around.

When, however, I return to myself, as every one so readily does on all occasions, I discover within a feeling which does not infinitely delight me—one, indeed, which I may even express. Whoever here looks around with earnestness, and has eyes to see, must become in a measure solid—he cannot but apprehend an idea of solidity with a vividness which is nowhere else possible.

The mind becomes, as it were, primed with capacity, with an earnestness without severity, and with a definiteness of character with joy. With me, at least, it seems as if I had never before so rightly estimated the things of the world as I do here; I rejoice when I think of the blessed effects of all this on the whole of my future being. And let me jumble together the things as I may, order will somehow come into them. I am not here to enjoy myself after my own fashion, but to busy myself with the great objects around, to learn, and to improve myself, ere I am forty years old.

Rome, Nov. 11, 1786.

Yesterday I visited the nymph Egeria, and then the Hippodrome of Caracalla, the ruined tombs along the Via Appia, and the tomb of Metella, which is the first to give one a true idea of what solid masonry really is. These men worked for eternity—all causes of decay were calculated, except the rage of the spoiler, which nothing can resist. Right heartily

did I wish you had been there. The remains of the principal aqueduct are highly venerable. How beautiful and grand a design, to supply a whole people with water by so vast a structure! In the evening we came upon the Coliseum, when it was already twilight. When one looks at it, all else seems little; the edifice is so vast, that one cannot hold the image of it in one's soul—in memory we think it smaller, and then return to it again to find it every time greater than before.

Frascati, Nov. 15.

The company are all in bed, and I am writing with Indian ink which they use for drawing. We have had two beautiful days without rain, warm and genial sunshine, so that summer is scarcely missed. The country around is very pleasant; the village lies on the side of a hill, or rather of a mountain, and at every step the draughtsman comes upon the most glorious objects. The prospect is unbounded—Rome lies before you, and beyond it, on the right, is the sea, the mountains of Tivoli, and so on. In this delightful region country houses are built expressly for pleasure, and as the ancient Romans had here their villas, so for centuries past their rich and haughty successors have planted country residences on all the loveliest spots. For two days we have been wandering about here, and almost every step has brought us upon something new and attractive.

And yet it is hard to say whether the evenings have not passed still more agreeably than the days. As soon as our stately hostess has placed on the round table the bronzed lamp with its three wicks, and wished us *felicissime notte*, we all form a circle round it, and the views are produced which have been drawn and sketched during the day; their merits are discussed, opinions are taken whether the objects might or not have been taken more favourably, whether their true characters have been caught, and whether all requisitions of a like general nature, which may justly be looked for in a first sketch, have been fulfilled.

Hofrath Reiffenstein, by his judgment and authority, contrives to give order to, and to conduct these sittings. But the merit of this delightful arrangement is due to Philipp

Hackert, who has a most excellent taste both in drawing and finishing views from nature. Artists and dilettanti, men and women, old and young—he would let no one rest, but stimulated every one to make the attempt at any rate according to their gifts and powers, and led the way with his own good example. The little society thus collected, and held together, Hofrath Reiffenstein has, after the departure of his friend, faithfully kept up, and we all feel a laudable desire to awake in every one an active participation. The peculiar turn and character of each member of the society is thus shown in a most agreeable way. For instance, Tischbein, as an historical painter, looks upon scenery with very different eyes from the landscape painter; he sees significant groups, and other graceful speaking objects, where another can see nothing, and so he happily contrives to catch up many a naïve-trait of humanity,—it may be in children, peasants, mendicants, or other such beings of nature, or even in animals, which with a few characteristic touches, he skilfully manages to pourtray, and thereby contributes much new and agreeable matter for our discussions.

When conversation is exhausted, at Hackert's suggestion, perhaps, some one reads aloud Sulzer's Theory; for although from a high point of view it is impossible to rest contented with this work, nevertheless, as some one observed, it is so far satisfactory as it is calculated to exercise a favourable influence on minds less highly cultivated.

Rome, Nov. 17, 1786.

We are back again! During the night we have had an awful torrent of rain, with thunder and lightning; it is still raining, but withal very warm.

As regards myself, however, it is only with few words that I can indicate the happiness of this day. I have seen the frescoes of *Domenichino* in *Andrea della Valle*, and also the Farnese Gallery of Caraccio's. Too much, forsooth, for months—what, then, for a single day!

Rome, Nov. 18, 1786.

It is again beautiful weather, a bright genial warm day. I saw in the *Farnesine* palace the story of Psyche, coloured

copies of which have so long adorned my room, and then at S. Peter's, in Montorio, the Transfiguration by Raffaelle—all well known paintings—like friends which one has made in the distance by means of letters, and which for the first time one sees face to face. To live with them, however, is something quite different; every true relation and false relation becomes immediately evident.

Moreover, in every spot and corner glorious things are to be met with, of which less has been said, and which have not been scattered over the world by engravings and copies. Of these I shall bring away with me many a drawing from the hands of young but excellent artists.

Rome, Nov. 18, 1786.

The fact that I long maintained a correspondence with Tischbein, and was consequently on the best terms possible with him, and that even when I had no hope of ever visiting Italy, I had communicated to him my wishes, has made our meeting most profitable and delightful; he has been always thinking of me, even providing for my wants. With the varieties of stone, of which all the great edifices, whether old or new are built, he has made himself perfectly acquainted; he has thoroughly studied them, and his studies have been greatly helped by his artistic eye, and the artist's pleasure in sensible things. Just before my arrival here he sent off to Weimar a collection of specimens which he had selected for me, which will give me a friendly welcome on my return.

An ecclesiastic who is now residing in France, and had it in contemplation to write a work on the ancient marbles, received through the influence of the Propaganda some large pieces of marble from the Island of Paros. When they arrived here they were cut up for specimens, and twelve different pieces, from the finest to the coarsest grain, were reserved for me. Some were of the greatest purity, while others are more or less mingled with mica, the former being used for statuary, the latter for architecture. How much an accurate knowledge of the material employed in the arts must contribute to a right estimate of them, must be obvious to every one.

There are opportunities enough here for my collecting

many more specimens. In our way to the ruins of Nero's palace, we passed through some artichoke grounds newly turned up, and we could not resist the temptation to cram our pockets full of the granite, porphyry, and marble slabs which lie here by thousands, and serve as unfailing witnesses to the ancient splendour of the walls which were once covered with them.

Rome, Nov. 18, 1786.

I must now speak of a wonderful problematical picture, which even in the midst of the many gems here, still makes a good show of its own.

For many years there had been residing here a Frenchman well known as an admirer of the arts, and a collector; he had got hold of an antique drawing in chalk, no one knows how or whence. He had it retouched by Mengs, and kept it in his collection as a work of very great value. Winckelmann somewhere speaks of it with enthusiasm. The Frenchman died, and left the picture to his hostess as an antique. Mengs, too, died, and declared on his death-bed that it was not an antique, but had been painted by himself. And now the whole world is divided in opinion, some maintaining that Mengs had one day, in joke, dashed it off with much facility; others asserting that Mengs could never do anything like it—indeed, that it is almost too beautiful for Raffaelle. I saw it yesterday, and must confess that I do not know anything more beautiful than the figure of Ganymede, especially the head and shoulders; the rest has been much renovated. However, the painting is in ill repute, and no one will relieve the poor landlady of her treasure.

Rome, Nov. 20, 1786.

As experience fully teaches us that there is a general pleasure in having poems, whatever may be their subject, illustrated with drawings and engravings—nay, that the painter himself usually selects a passage of some poet or other for the subject of his most elaborate paintings, Tischbein's idea is deserving of approbation, that poets and

painters should work together from the very first, in order to secure a perfect unity. The difficulty would assuredly be greatly lessened, if it were applied to little pieces, such as that the whole design would easily admit of being taken in at once by the mind, and worked out consistently with the original plan.

Tischbein has suggested for such common labours some very delightful idyllic thoughts, and it is really singular, that those which he wishes to see worked out in this way are really such as neither poetry nor painting, alone, could ever adequately describe. During our walks together he has talked with me about them, in the hopes of gaining me over to his views, and getting me to enter upon the plan. The frontispiece for such a joint work is already designed; and did I not fear to enter upon any new tasks at present, I might perhaps be tempted.

Rome, Nov. 22, 1786.
The Feast of St. Cecilia.

The morning of this happy day I must endeavour to perpetuate by a few lines, and at least by description to impart to others what I have myself enjoyed. The weather has been beautiful and calm, quite a bright sky, and a warm sun. Accompanied by Tischbein, I set off for the Piazza of St. Peter's, where we went about first of all from one part to another; when it became too hot for that, walked up and down in the shade of the great obelisk, which is full wide enough for two abreast, and eating grapes which we purchased in the neighbourhood. Then we entered the Sistine Chapel, which we found bright and cheerful, and with a good light for the pictures. "The Last Judgment" divided our admiration with the paintings on the roof by Michael Angelo. I could only see and wonder. The mental confidence and boldness of the master, and his grandeur of conception, are beyond all expression. After we had looked at all of them over and over again, we left this sacred building, and went to St. Peter's, which received from the bright heavens the loveliest light possible, and every part of it was clearly lit up. As men willing to be pleased, we were delighted with its vastness and splendour, and did not allow an over nice or hypercritical

taste to mar our pleasure. We suppressed every harsher judgment: we enjoyed the enjoyable.

Lastly we ascended the roof of the church, where one finds in little the plan of a well-built city. Houses and magazines, springs (in appearance at least), churches, and a great temple all in the air, and beautiful walks between. We mounted the dome, and saw glistening before us the regions of the Apennines, Soracte, and towards Tivoli the volcanic hills. Frascati, Castelgandolfo, and the plains, and beyond all the sea. Close at our feet lay the whole city of Rome in its length and breadth, with its mountain palaces, domes, &c. Not a breath of air was moving, and in the upper dome it was (as they say) like being in a hot-house. When we had looked enough at these things, we went down, and they opened for us the doors in the cornices of the dome, the tympanum, and the nave. There is a passage all round, and from above you can take a view of the whole church, and of its several parts. As we stood on the cornices of the tympanum, we saw beneath us the pope passing to his mid-day devotions. Nothing, therefore, was wanting to make our view of St. Peter's perfect. We at last descended to the area, and took in a neighbouring hotel a cheerful but frugal meal, and then set off for St. Cecilia's.

It would take many words to describe the decorations of this church, which was crammed full of people; not a stone of the edifice was to be seen. The pillars were covered with red velvet wound round with gold lace; the capitals were overlaid with embroidered velvet, so as to retain somewhat of the appearance of capitals, and all the cornices and pillars were in like manner covered with hangings. All the entablatures of the walls were also covered with life-like paintings, so that the whole church seemed to be laid out in mosaic. Around the church, and on the high altar more than two hundred wax tapers were burning. It looked like a wall of lights, and the whole nave was perfectly lit up. The aisles and side altars were equally adorned and illuminated. Right opposite the high altar, and under the organ, two scaffolds were erected, which also were covered with velvet, on one of which were placed the singers, and on the other the instruments, which kept up one unbroken strain of music. The church was crammed full.

I have heard an excellent kind of musical accompaniment, just as there are concerts of violins, or of other instruments, so here they had concerts of voices; so that one voice—the soprano for instance—predominates, and sings solo, while from time to time the chorus of other voices falls in, and accompanies it, always of course with the whole orchestra. It has a good effect. I must end, as we in fact ended the day. In the evening we come upon the Opera, where no less a piece than "I Litiganti" was being performed, but we had all the day enjoyed so much of excellence, that we passed by the door.

Rome, Nov 23, 1786.

In order that it may not be the same with my dear incognito as with the ostrich, which thinks itself to be concealed when it has hid its head, so in certain cases I give it up, still maintaining, however, my old thesis. I had without hesitation paid a visit of compliment to the Prince von Lichtenstein, the brother of my much-esteemed friend the Countess Harrach, and occasionally dined with him, and I soon perceived that my good-nature in this instance was likely to lead me much further. They began to feel their way, and to talk to me of the Abbé *Monti*, and of his tragedy of Aristodemus, which is shortly to be brought out on the stage. The author, it was said, wished above all things to read it to me, and to hear my opinion of it, but I contrived, however to let the matter drop, without positively refusing; at last however, I met the poet and some of his friends at the prince's house, and the play was read aloud.

The hero is, as is well known, the King of Sparta, who by various scruples of conscience was driven to commit suicide. Prettily enough they contrived to intimate to me their hope that the author of Werther would not take it ill if he found some of the rare passages of his own work made use of in this drama. And so even before the walls of Sparta I could not escape from this unhappy youth.

The piece has a very simple and calm movement, the sentiments as well as the language are well suited to the subject,—full of energy, and yet of tenderness. The work is a proof of very fair talents.

I failed not, according to my fashion, (not, indeed, after the Italian fashion) to point out, and to dwell upon all the excellencies and merits of the piece, with which, indeed, all present were tolerably satisfied, though still with Southern impatience they seemed to require something more. I even ventured to predict what effect it was to be hoped the piece would have from the public. I excused myself on account of my ignorance of the country, its way of thinking and tastes, but was candid enough to add, that I did not clearly see how the Romans, with their vitiated taste, who were accustomed to see as an interlude either a complete comedy of three acts, or an opera of two, or could not sit out a grand opera, without the intermezzo of wholly foreign ballets, could ever take delight in the calm, noble movement of a regular tragedy. Then, again, the subject of a suicide seemed to me to be altogether out of the pale of an Italian's ideas. That they stabbed men to death, I knew by daily report of such events; but that any one should deprive himself of his own precious existence, or even should hold it possible for another to do so; of that no trace or symptom had ever been brought under my notice.

However I allowed myself to be circumstantially enlightened as to all that might be urged in answer to my objections, and readily yielded to their plausible arguments. I also assured them I wished for nothing so much as to see the piece acted, and with a band of friends to welcome it with the most downright and loudest applause. This assurance was received in the most friendly manner possible, and I had this time at least no cause to be dissatisfied with my compliance—for indeed Prince Lichstenstein is politeness itself, and found opportunity for my seeing in his company many precious works of art, a sight of which is not easily obtained without special permission, and for which consequently high influence is indispensable. On the other hand, my good humour failed me, when the daughter of the Pretender expressed a wish to see the strange marmoset. I declined the honour, and once more completely shrouded myself beneath my disguise.

But still that is not altogether the right way, and I here feel most sensibly what I have often before observed in life, that the man who makes good his first wish, must be on the alert and active, must oppose himself to very much besides the

selfish, the mean, and the bad. It is easy to see this, but it is extremely difficult to act in the spirit of it.

Nov. 24, 1786.

Of the people I can say nothing more than that they are fine children of nature, who, amidst pomp and honours of all kinds, religion and the arts, are not one jot different from what they would be in caves and forests. What strikes the stranger most, and what to-day is making the whole city to talk, but only to *talk*, is the common occurrence of assassination. To-day the victim has been an excellent artist—Schwendemann, a Swiss, a medallionist. The particulars of his death greatly resemble those of Windischmann's. The assassin with whom he was struggling gave him twenty stabs, and as the watch came up, the villain stabbed himself. This is not generally the fashion here; the murderer usually makes for the nearest church, and once there, he is quite safe.

And now, in order to shade my picture a little, I might bring into it crimes and disorders, earthquakes and inundations of all kinds, but for an eruption of Vesuvius, which has just broke out, and has set almost all the visitors here in motion; and one must, indeed, possess a rare amount of self-control, not to be carried away by the crowd. Really this phenomenon of nature has in it something of a resemblance to the rattle-snake, for its attraction is irresistible. At this moment it almost seems as if all the treasures of art in Rome were annihilated; every stranger, without exception, has broken off the current of his contemplations, and is hurrying to Naples; I, however, shall stay, in the hope that the mountain will have a little eruption, expressly for my amusement.

Rome, Dec. 1, 1786.

Moritz is here, who has made himself famous by his "Anthony the Traveller (*Anton Reiser*,) and his "Wanderings in England" (*Wanderungen nach England.*) He is a right down excellent man, and we have been greatly pleased with him.

Rome, Dec. 1, 1786.

Here in Rome, where one sees so many strangers, all of whom do not visit this capital of the world merely for the sake of the fine arts, but also for amusements of every kind, the people are prepared for everything. Accordingly, they have invented and attained great excellence in certain half arts which require for their pursuit little more than manual skill and pleasure in such handiwork, and which consequently attract the interest of ordinary visitors.

Among these is the art of painting in wax. Requiring little more than tolerable skill in water-colouring, it serves as an amusement to employ one's time in preparing and adapting the wax, and then in burning it, and in such like mechanical labours. Skilful artists give lessons in the art, and, under the pretext of showing their pupils how to perform their tasks, do the chief part of the work themselves, so that when at last the figure stands out in bright relief in the gilded frame, the fair disciple is ravished with the proof of her unconscious talent.

Another pretty occupation is, with a very fine clay, to take impressions of cameos cut in deep relief. This is also done in the case of medallions, both sides of which are thus copied at once. More tact, attention, and diligence is required, lastly, for preparation of the glass-paste for mock jewels. For all these things Hofrath Reiffenstein has the necessary workshops and laboratories either in his house, or close at hand.

Dec. 2, 1786.

I have accidentally found here Archenholtz's Italy. A work written on the spot, in so contracted and narrow-minded a spirit as this, is just as if one were to lay a book purposely on the coals, in order that it might be browned and blackened, and its leaves curled up and disfigured with smoke. No doubt he has seen all that he writes about, but he possesses far too little of real knowledge to support his high pretensions and sneering tone; and whether he praises or blames, he is always in the wrong.

Dec. 2, 1786.

Such beautiful warm and quiet weather at the end of November, (which however is often broken by a day's rain,) is quite new to me. We spend the fine days in the open air, the bad in our room; everywhere there is something to learn and to do, something to be delighted with.

On the 28th we paid a second visit to the Sistine Chapel, and had the galleries opened, in order that we might obtain a nearer view of the ceiling. As the galleries are very narrow, it is only with great difficulty that one forces one's way up them, by means of the iron balustrades. There is an appearance of danger about it, on which account those who are liable to get dizzy had better not make the attempt; all the discomfort, however, is fully compensated by the sight of the great masterpiece of art. And at this moment I am so taken with Michael Angelo, that after him I have no taste even for nature herself, especially as I am unable to contemplate her with the same eye of genius that he did. Oh, that there were only some means of fixing such paintings in my soul! At any rate, I shall bring with me every engraving and drawing of his pictures or drawings after him that I can lay hold of.

Then we went to the *Loggie*, painted by Raffaelle, and scarcely dare I say that we could not endure to look at them. The eye had been so dilated and spoiled by those great forms, and the glorious finish of every part, that it was not able to follow the ingenious windings of the Arabesques; and the Scripture histories, however beautiful they were, did not stand examination after the former. And yet to see these works frequently one after another, and to compare them together at leisure, and without prejudice, must be a source of great pleasure,—for at first all sympathy is more or less exclusive.

From hence, under a sunshine, if anything rather too warm, we proceeded to the Villa Pamphili, whose beautiful gardens are much resorted to for amusement; and there we remained till evening. A large flat meadow, enclosed by long ever green oaks and lofty pines, was sown all over with daisies, which turned their heads to the sun. I now revived my botanical speculations, which I had indulged in the other day during a walk towards Monte Mario, to the Villa Melini, and the Villa Madama. It is very interesting to observe the

working of a vigorous unceasing vegetation, which is here unbroken by any severe cold. Here there are no buds: one has actually to learn what a bud is. The strawberry-tree (*arbutus unedo*) is at this season, for the second time, in blossom, while its last fruits are just ripening. So also the orange-tree may seen in flower, and at the same time bearing partially and fully ripened fruit. (The latter trees, however, if they are not sheltered by standing between buildings, are, at this season, generally covered). As to the cypress, that most "venerable" of trees, when it is old and well grown, it affords matter enough for thought. As soon as possible I shall pay a visit to the Botanical Gardens, and hope to add there much to my experience. Generally, there is nothing to be compared with the new life which the sight of a new country affords to a thoughtful person. Although I am still the same being, I yet think I am changed to the very marrow.

For the present I conclude, and shall perhaps fill the next sheet with murders, disorders, earthquakes, and troubles, in order that at any rate my pictures may not be without their dark shades.

Rome, Dec. 3, 1786.

The weather lately has changed almost every six days. Two days quite glorious, then a doubtful one, and after it two or three rainy ones, and then again fine weather. I endeavour to put each day, according to its nature, to the best use.

And yet these glorious objects are even still like new acquaintances to me. One has not yet lived with them, nor got familiar with their peculiarities. Some of them attract us with irresistible power, so that for a time one feels indifferent, if not unjust, towards all others. Thus, for instance, the Pantheon, the Apollo Belvedere, some colossal heads, and very recently the Sistine Chapel, have by turns so won my whole heart, that I scarcely saw any thing besides them. But, in truth, can man, little as man always is, and accustomed to littleness, ever make himself equal to all that here surrounds him of the noble, the vast, and the refined? Even though he should in any degree adapt himself to it, then how vast is the multitude of objects that immediately press upon

him from all sides, and meet him at every turn, of which each demands for itself the tribute of his whole attention. How is one to get out of the difficulty? No other way assuredly than by patiently allowing it to work, becoming industrious, and attending the while to all that others have accomplished for our benefit.

Winckelmann's History of Art, translated by Rea, (the new edition), is a very useful book, which I have just procured, and here on the spot find it to be highly profitable, as I have around me many kind friends, willing to explain and to comment upon it.

Roman antiquities also begin to have a charm for me. History, inscriptions, coins, (of which formerly I knew nothing,) all are pressing upon me. As it happened to me in the case of natural history, so goes it with me here also; for the history of the whole world attaches itself to this spot, and I reckon a new-birth day,—a true new birth from the day that I entered Rome.

December 5, 1786.

During the few weeks I have been here, I have already seen many strangers come and go, so that I have often wondered at the levity with which so many treat these precious monuments. God be thanked that hereafter none of those birds of passage will be able to impose upon me. When in the north they shall speak to me of Rome, none of them now will be able to excite my spleen, for I also have seen it, and know too, in some degree, where I have been.

December 8, 1786.

We have every now and then the finest days possible. The rain which falls from time to time has made the grass and garden stuffs quite verdant. Evergreens too are to be seen here at different spots, so that one scarcely misses the fallen leaves of the forest trees. In the gardens you may see orange-trees full of fruit, left in the open ground and not under cover.

I had intended to give you a particular account of a very pleasant trip which we took to the sea, and of our fishing exploits, but in the evening poor Moritz, as he was riding

home, broke his arm, his horse having slipped on the smooth Roman pavement. This marred all our pleasure, and has plunged our little domestic circle in sad affliction.

Dec. 15, 1786.

I am heartily delighted that you have taken my sudden disappearance just as I wished you should. Pray appease for me every one that may have taken offence at it. I never wished to give any one pain, and even now I cannot say anything to excuse myself. God keep me from ever afflicting my friends with the premises which led me to this conclusion.

Here I am gradually recovering from my "salto mortale," and studying rather than enjoying myself. Rome is a world, and one must spend years before one can become at all acquainted with it. How happy do I consider those travellers who can take a look at it and go their way!

Yesterday many of Winckelmann's letters, which he wrote from Italy, fell into my hands. With what emotions did I not begin to read them. About this same season, some one and thirty years ago, he came hither a still poorer simpleton than myself, but then he had such thorough German enthusiasm for all that is sterling and genuine, either in antiquity or art. How bravely and diligently did he not work his way through all difficulties; and what good does it not do me,—the remembrance of such a man in such a place!

After the objects of Nature, who in all her parts is true to herself and consistent, nothing speaks so loudly as the remembrance of a good intelligent man,—that genuine art which is no less consistent and harmonious than herself. Here in Rome we feel this right well, where so many an arbitrary caprice has had its day, where so many a folly has immortalized itself by its power and its gold.

The following passage in Winckelmann's letters to Franconia particularly pleased me. "We must look at all the objects in Rome with a certain degree of phlegm, or else one will be taken for a Frenchman. In Rome, I believe, is the high school for all the world, and I also have been purified and tried in it."

This remark applies directly to my mode of visiting the different objects here; and most certain is it, that out of

Rome no one can have an idea how one is schooled in Rome. One must, so to speak, be new born, and one looks back on one's earlier notions, as a man does on the little shoes, which fitted him when a child. The most ordinary man learns something here, at least he gains one uncommon idea, even though it never should pass into his whole being.

This letter will reach you in the new year. All good wishes for the beginning; before the end of it we shall see one another again, and that will be no little gratification. The one that is passing away has been the most important of my life. I may now die, or I may tarry a little longer yet; in either case it will be alike well. And now a word or two more for the little ones.

To the children you may either read or tell what follows. Here there are no signs of winter. The gardens are planted with evergreens; the sun shines bright and warm; snow is nowhere to be seen, except on the most distant hills towards the north. The citron trees, which are planted against the garden walls, are now, one after another, covered with reeds, but the oranges are allowed to stand quite open. A hundred of the very finest fruit may be seen hanging on a single tree, which is not, as with us, dwarfed, and planted in a bucket, but stands in the earth free and joyous, amidst a long line of brothers. The oranges are even now very good, but it is thought they will be still finer.

We were lately at the sea, and had a haul of fish, and drew to the light fishes, crabs, and rare univalves of the most wonderful shapes conceivable; also the fish which gives an electric shock to all who touch it.

Rome, Dec. 20, 1786.

And yet, after all, it is more trouble and care than enjoyment. The Regenerator, which is changing me within and without, continues to work. I certainly thought that I had something really to learn here; but that I should have to take so low a place in the school, that I must forget so much that I had learnt, or rather absolutely unlearn so much,—that I had never the least idea of. Now, however, that I am once convinced of its necessity, I have devoted myself to the task; and the more I am obliged to renounce my former self, the more delighted I

am. I am like an architect who has begun to build a tower, but finds he has laid a bad foundation: he becomes aware of the fact betimes, and willingly goes to work to pull down all that he has raised above the earth; having done so, he proceeds to enlarge his ground plan, and now rejoices to anticipate the undoubted stability of his future building. Heaven grant that, on my return, the moral consequences may be discernible of all that this living in a wider world has effected within me. For, in sooth, the moral sense as well as the artistic is undergoing a great change.

Dr. Münter is here on his return from his tour in Sicily—an energetic, vehement man. What objects he may have, I cannot tell. He will reach you in May, and has much to tell you. He has been two years travelling in Italy. He is disgusted with the Italians, who have not paid due respect to the weighty letters of recommendation which were to have opened to him many an archive, many a private library; so that he is far from having accomplished his object in coming here.

He has collected some beautiful coins, and possesses, he tells me, a manuscript which reduces numismatics to as precise a system of characteristics as the Linnæan system of botany. Herder, he says, knows still more about it: probably a transcript of it will be permitted. To do something of the kind is certainly possible, and, if well done, it will be truly valuable; and we must sooner or later enter seriously into this branch of learning.

Rome, Dec. 25, 1786.

I am now beginning to revisit the principal sights of Rome: in such second views, our first amazement generally dies away into more of sympathy and a purer perception of the true value of the objects. In order to form an idea of the highest achievements of the human mind, the soul must first attain to perfect freedom from prejudice and prepossession.

Marble is a rare material. It is on this account that the Apollo Belvedere in the original is so infinitely ravishing; for that sublime air of youthful freedom and vigour, of never-changing juvenescence, which breathes around the marble, at once vanishes in the best even of plaster casts.

In the Palace Rondanini, which is right opposite to our lodgings, there is a Medusa-mask, above the size of life, in which the attempt to pourtray a lofty and beautiful countenance in the numbing agony of death has been indescribably successful. I possess an excellent cast of it, but the charm of the marble remains not. The noble semi-transparency of the yellow stone—approaching almost to the hue of flesh—is vanished. Compared with it, the plaster of Paris has a chalky and dead look.

And yet how delightful it is to go to a modeller in gypsum, and to see the noble limbs of a statue come out one by one from the mould, and thereby to acquire wholly new ideas of their shapes. And then, again, by such means all that in Rome is scattered, is brought together, for the purpose of comparison; and this alone is of inestimable service. Accordingly, I could not resist the temptation to procure a cast of the colossal head of Jupiter. It stands right opposite to my bed, in a good light, in order that I may address my morning devotions towards it. With all its grandeur and dignity it has, however, given rise to one of the funniest interludes possible.

Our old hostess, when she comes to make my bed, is generally followed by her pet cat. Yesterday I was sitting in the great hall, and could hear the old woman pursue her avocation within. On a sudden, in great haste, and with an excitement quite unusual to her, she opens the door, and calls to me to come quickly and see a wonder. To my question what was the matter, she replied the cat was saying its prayers. Of the animal she had long observed, she told me, that it had as much sense as a Christian—but this was really a great wonder. I hastened to see it with my own eyes; and it was indeed strange enough. The bust stood on a high pedestal, and as there was a good length of the shoulders, the head stood rather high. Now the cat had sprung upon the table, and had placed her fore-feet on the breast of the god, and, stretching her body to its utmost length, just reached with her muzzle his sacred beard, which she was licking most ceremoniously; and neither by the exclamation of the hostess, nor my entrance into the room, was she at all disturbed. I left the good dame to her astonishment; and she afterwards accounted for puss's strange act of devotion, by supposing that this sharp-nosed cat had caught scent of the grease which had probably been

transferred from the mould to the deep lines of the beard, and had there remained.

Dec. 29, 1786.

Of Tischbein I have much to say and to boast. In the first place, a thorough and original German, he has made himself entirely what he is. In the next place, I must make grateful mention of the friendly attentions he has shewn me throughout the time of his second stay in Rome. For he has had prepared for me a series of copies after the best masters, some in black chalk, others in sepia and water colours; which in Germany, when I shall be at a distance from the originals, will grow in value, and will serve to remind me of all that is rarest and best.

At the commencement of his career as an artist, when he set up as a portrait painter, Tischbein came in contact, especially in Munich, with distinguished personages, and in his intercourse with them his feeling of art has been strengthened and his views enlarged.

The second part of the "*Zerstrente Blatter*" (stray leaves) I have brought with me hither, and they are doubly welcome. What good influence this little book has had on me, even on the second perusal, Herder, for his reward, shall be circumstantially informed. Tischbein cannot conceive how anything so excellent could ever have been written by one who has never been in Italy.

Dec. 29, 1786.

In this world of artists one lives, as it were, in a mirrored chamber, where, without wishing it, one sees one's own image and those of others continually multiplied. Latterly I have often observed Tischbein attentively regarding me; and now it appears that he has long cherished the idea of painting my portrait. His design is already settled, and the canvass stretched. I am to be drawn of the size of life, enveloped in a white mantle, and sitting on a fallen obelisk, viewing the ruins of the Campagna di Roma, which are to fill up the background of the picture. It will form a beautiful piece, only it will be rather too large for our northern habitations. I indeed may again crawl into them, but the portrait will never be able to enter their doors.

Dec. 29, 1786.

I cannot help observing the great efforts that are constantly being made to draw me from my retirement—how the poets either read or get their pieces read to me; and I should be blind did I not see that it depends only on myself whether I shall play a part or not. All this is amusing enough; for I have long since measured the lengths to which one may go in Rome. The many little coteries here at the feet of the mistress of the world strongly remind one occasionally of an ordinary country town.

In sooth, things here are much like what they are every where else; and what *could be done with me and through me* causes me ennui long before it is accomplished. Here you must take up with one party or another, and help them to carry on their feuds and cabals; and you must praise these artists and those dilettanti, disparage their rivals, and, above all, be pleased with every thing that the rich and great do. All these little meannesses, then, for the sake of which one is almost ready to leave the world itself,—must I here mix myself up with them, and that too when I have neither interest nor stake in them? No; I shall go no further than is merely necessary to know what is going on, and thus to learn, in private, to be more contented with my lot, and to procure for myself and others all the pleasure possible in the dear wide world. I wish to see Rome in its abiding and permanent features, and not as it passes and changes with every ten years. Had I time, I might wish to employ it better. Above all, one may study history here quite differently from what one can on any other spot. In other places one has, as it were, to read oneself into it from without; here one fancies that he reads from within outwards: all arranges itself around you, and seems to proceed from you. And this holds good not only of Roman history, but also of that of the whole world. From Rome I can accompany the conquerors on their march to the Weser or to the Euphrates; or, if I wish to be a sight-seeer, I can wait in the Via Sacra for the triumphant generals, and in the meantime receive for my support the largesses of corn and money; and so take a very comfortable share in all the splendour.

Rome, Jan 2, 1787.

Men may say what they will in favour of a written and

oral communication; it is only in a very few cases indeed that it is at all adequate, for it never can convey the true character of any object soever—no, not even of a purely intellectual one. But if one has already enjoyed a sure and steady view of the object, then one may profitably hear or read about it, for then there exists a living impression around which all else may arrange itself in the mind; and then one can think and judge.

You have often laughed at me, and wished to drive me away from the peculiar taste I had for examining stones, plants, or animals, from certain theoretical points of view: now, however, I am directing my attention to architects, statuaries, and painters, and hope to find myself learning something even from them.

Without date.

After all this I must further speak to you of the state of indecision I am in with regard to my stay in Italy. In my last letter I wrote you that it was my purpose immediately after Easter to leave Rome, and return home. Until then I shall yet gather a few more shells from the shore of the great ocean, and so my most urgent needs will have been appeased. I am now cured of a violent passion and disease, and restored to the enjoyment of life, to the enjoyment of history, poetry, and of antiquities, and have treasures which it will take me many a long year to polish and to finish.

Recently, however, friendly voices have reached me to the effect that I ought not to be in a hurry, but to wait till I can return home with still richer gains. From the Duke, too, I have received a very kind and considerate letter, in which he excuses me from my duties for an indefinite period, and sets me quite at ease with respect to my absence. My mind therefore turns to the vast field which I must otherwise have left untrodden. For instance, in the case of coins and cameos, I have as yet been able to do nothing. I have indeed begun to read Winckelmann's History of Art, but have passed over Egypt; for, I feel once again, that I must look out before me; and I have done so with regard to Egyptian matters. The more we look, the more distant becomes the horizon of art; and he who would step surely, must step slowly.

I intend to stay here till the Carnival; and, in the first week of Lent shall set off for Naples, taking Tischbein with me,

both because it will be a treat to him, and because, in his society, all my enjoyments are more than doubled. I purpose to return hither before Easter, for the sake of the solemnities of Passion week. But there Sicily lies—there below. A journey thither requires more preparation, and ought to be taken too in the autumn: it must not be merely a ride round it and across it, which is soon done, but from which one brings away with us in return for our fatigue and money nothing but a simple—*I have seen it.* The best way is to take up one's quarters, first of all, in Palermo, and afterwards in Catania; and then from those points to make fixed and profitable excursions, having previously, however, well studied *Riedesel* and others on the locality.

If, then, I spend the summer in Rome, I shall set to work to study, and to prepare myself for visiting Sicily. As I cannot well go there before November, and must stay there till over December, it will be the spring of 1788 before I can hope to get home again. Then, again, I have had before my mind a *medius terminus*. Giving up the idea of visiting Sicily, I have thought of spending a part of the summer at Rome, and then, after paying a second visit to Florence, getting home by the autumn.

But all these plans have been much perplexed by the news of the Duke's misfortune. Since the letters which informed me of this event I have had no rest, and would most like to set off at Easter, laden with the fragments of my conquests, and, passing quickly through Upper Italy, be in Weimar again by June.

I am too much alone here to decide; and I write you this long story of my whole position, that you may be good enough to summon a council of those who love me, and who, being on the spot, know the circumstances better than I do. Let them, therefore, determine the proper course for me to take, on the supposition of what, I assure you, is the fact, that I am myself more disposed to return than to stay. The strongest tie that holds me in Italy is Tischbein. I should never, even should it be my happy lot to return a second time to this beautiful land, learn so much in so short a time as I have now done in the society of this well-educated, highly refined, and most upright man, who is devoted to me both body and soul. I cannot now tell you how thickly the scales are falling from off my eyes. He who

travels by night, takes the dawn for day, and a murky day for brightness: what will he think, then, when he shall see the sun ascending the mid-heaven? For I have hitherto kept myself from all the world, which yet is yearning to catch me by degrees, and which I, for my part, was not unwilling to watch and observe with stealthy glances.

I have written to Fritz a joking account of my reception into the *Arcadia;* and indeed it is only a subject of joke, for the Institute is really sunk into miserable insignificance.

Next Monday week Monti's tragedy is to be acted. He is extremely anxious, and not without cause. He has a very troublesome public, which requires to be amused from moment to moment; and his piece has no brilliant passages in it. He has asked me to go with him to his box, and to stand by him as confessor in this critical moment. Another is ready to translate my "Iphigenia;" another—to do I know not what, in honour of me. They are all so divided into parties, and so bitter against each other. But my countrymen are so unanimous in my favour, that if I gave them any encouragement, and yielded to them in the very least, they would try a hundred follies with me, and end with crowning me on the Capitol, of which they have already seriously thought—so foolish is it to have a stranger and a Protestant to play the first part in a comedy. What connexion there is in all this, and how great a fool I was to think that it was all intended for my honour,—of all this we will talk together one day.

January 6, 1787.

I have just come from Moritz, whose arm is healed, and loosed from its bandages. It is well set, firm, and he can move it quite freely. What during these last forty days I have experienced and learned, as nurse, confessor, and private secretary to this patient, may prove of benefit to us hereafter. The most painful sufferings and the noblest enjoyments went side by side throughout this whole period.

To refresh me, I yesterday had set up in our sitting-room a cast of a colossal head of Juno, of which the original is in the Villa Ludovisi. This was my first love in Rome; and now I have gained the object of my wishes. No words can give the remotest idea of it. It is like one of Homer's songs.

I have, however, deserved the neighbourhood of such good society for the future, for I can now tell you that Iphigenia is at last finished—*i. e.* that it lies before me on the table in two tolerably concordant copies, of which one will very soon begin its pilgrimage towards yourself. Receive it with all indulgence, for, to speak the truth, what stands on the paper is not exactly what I intended; but still it will convey an idea of what was in my mind.

You complain occasionally of some obscure passages in my letters, which allude to the oppression, which I suffer in the midst of the most glorious objects in the world. With all this my fellow traveller, this Grecian princess, has had a great deal to do, for she has kept me close at work when I wished to be seeing sights.

I often think of our worthy friend, who had long determined upon a grand tour, which one might well term a voyage of discovery. After he had studied and economized several years, with a view to this object, he took it in his head to carry away with him the daughter of a noble house, thinking it was all one still.

With no less of caprice, I determined to take Iphigenia with me to Carslbad. I will now briefly enumerate the places where I held special converse with her.

When I had left behind me the Brenner, I took her out of my large portmanteau, and placed her by my side. At the Lago di Garda, while the strong south wind drove the waves on the beach, and where I was at least as much alone as my heroine on the coast of Tauris, I drew the first outlines, which afterwards I filled up at Verona, Vicenza, and Padua; but above all, and most diligently at Venice. After this, however, the work came to a stand-still, for I hit upon a new design, viz., of writing an Iphigenia at Delphi, which I should have immediately carried into execution, but for the distractions of my young, and for a feeling of duty towards the older piece.

In Rome, however, I went on with it, and proceeded with tolerable steadiness. Every evening before I went to sleep I prepared myself for my morning's task, which was resumed immediately I awoke. My way of proceeding was quite simple. I calmly wrote down the piece, and tried the melody line by line, and period by period. What has been thus

produced, you shall soon judge of. For my part, doing this work, I have learnt more than I have done. With the piece itself there shall follow some further remarks.

Jan. 6, 1787.

To speak again of church matters, I must tell you that on the night of Christmas-day we wandered about in troops, and visited all the churches where solemn services were being performed; one especially was visited, because of its organ and music. The latter was so arranged, that in its tones nothing belonging to pastoral music was wanting—neither the singing of the shepherds, nor the twittering of birds, nor the bleating of sheep.

On Christmas-day I saw the Pope and the whole consistory in S. Peter's, where he celebrated high mass partly before and partly from his throne. It is of its kind an unequalled sight, splendid and dignified enough, but I have grown so old in my Protestant Diogenism, that this pomp and splendour revolt more than they attract me. I, like my pious forefathers, am disposed to say to these spiritual conquerors of the world, "Hide not from me the sun of higher art and purer humanity."

Yesterday, which was the Feast of Epiphany, I saw and heard mass celebrated after the Greek rite. The ceremonies appeared to me more solemn, more severe, more suggestive, and yet more popular than the Latin.

But there, too, I also felt again that I am too old for anything, except for truth alone. Their ceremonies and operatic music, their gyrations and ballet-like movements—it all passes off from me like water from an oilskin cloak. A work of nature, however, like that of a Sunset seen from the Villa Madonna—a work of art, like my much honoured Juno, makes a deep and vivid impression on me.

And now I must ask you to congratulate me with regard to theatrical matters. Next week seven theatres will be opened. Anfossi himself is here, and will act "Alexander in India." A Cyrus also will be represented, and the "Taking of Troy" as a ballet. That assuredly must be something for the children!

Rome, Jan. 10, 1787.

Here, then, comes the "child of sorrows," for this surname is due to "Iphigenia" in more than one sense. On the occasion of my reading it out to our artists, I put a mark against several lines, some of which I have in my opinion improved, but others I have allowed to stand—perhaps Herder will cross a few of them with his pen.

The true cause of my having for many years preferred prose for my works, is the great uncertainty in which our prosody fluctuates, in consequence of which many of my judicious, learned friends and fellow artists have left many things to taste, a course, however, which was little favourable to the establishing of any certain standard.

I should never have attempted to translate "Iphigenia" into iambics, had not Moritz's prosody shone upon me like a star of light. My conversation with its author, especially during his confinement from his accident, has still more enlightened me on the subject, and I would recommend my friends to think favourably of it.

It is somewhat singular, that in our language we have but very few syllables which are decidedly long or short. With all the others, one proceeds as taste or caprice may dictate. Now Moritz, after much thought, has hit upon the idea that there is a certain order of rank among our syllables, and that the one which in sense is more emphatic is long as compared with the less significant, and makes the latter short, but on the other hand, it does in its turn become short, whenever it comes into the neighbourhood of another which possesses greater weight and emphasis than itself. Here, then, is at least a rule to go by: and even though it does not decide the whole matter, still it opens out a path by which one may hope to get a little further. I have often allowed myself to be influenced by these rules, and generally have found my ear agreeing with them.

As I formerly spoke of a public reading, I must quietly tell you how it passed off. These young men accustomed to those earlier vehement and impetuous pieces, expected something after the fashion of Berlichingen, and could not so well make out the calm movement of "Iphigenia," and yet the nobler and purer passages did not fail of effect Tischbein,

who also could hardly reconcile himself to this entire absence of passion, produced a pretty illustration or symbol of the work. He illustrated it by a sacrifice, of which the smoke, borne down by a light breeze, descends to the earth, while the freer flame strives to ascend on high. The drawing was very pretty and significant. I have the sketch still by me. And thus the work, which I thought to despatch in no time, has employed, hindered, occupied, and tortured me a full quarter of a year. This is not the first time that I have made an important task a mere by-work; but we will on that subject no longer indulge in fancies and disputes.

I inclose a beautiful cameo,—a lion with a gad-fly buzzing at his nose; this seems to have been a favourite subject with the ancients, for they have repeated it very often. I should like you from this time forward to seal your letters with it, in order that through this (little) trifle an echo of art may, as it were, reverberate from you to me.

Rome, Jan. 13, 1787.

How much have I to say each day, and how sadly am I prevented, either by amusement or occupation, from committing to paper a single sage remark! And then again, the fine days when it is better to be anywhere rather than in one's room, which, without stove or chimney, receive us only to sleep or to discomfort! Some of the incidents of the last week, however, must not be left unrecorded

In the Palace Giustiniani there is a Minerva, which claims my undivided homage. Winckelmann scarcely mentions it, and, at any rate, not in the right place; and I feel myself quite unworthy to say anything about it. As we contemplated the image, and stood gazing at it a long time, the wife of the keeper of the collection said—This must have once been a holy image; and the English, who happen to be of *this* religion, are still accustomed to pay worship to it by kissing this hand of it, (which in truth was quite white, while the rest of the statue was brownish). She further told us, that a lady of *this* religion had been there not long before, and, throwing herself on her knees before the statue, had regularly offered prayer to it; and I, she said, as a Christian, could not help smiling at so strange an action, and was

obliged to run out of the room, lest I should burst out into a loud laugh before her face. As I was unwilling to move from the statue, she asked me if my beloved was at all like the statue that it charmed me so much. The good dame knew of nothing besides devotion or love; but of the pure admiration for a glorious piece of man's handiwork,—of a mere sympathetic veneration for the creation of the human intellect, she could form no idea. We rejoiced in that noble Englishwoman, and went away with a longing to turn our steps back again, and I shall certainly soon go once more thither. If my friends wish for a more particular description, let them read what Winckelmann says of the *high* style of art among the Greeks; unfortunately, however, he does not adduce this Minerva as an illustration. But if I do not greatly err, it is, nevertheless, of this high and severe style, since it passes into the beautiful,—it is, as it were, a bud that opens,—and so a Minerva, whose character this idea of transition so well suits.

Now for a spectacle of a different kind. On the feast of the Three Kings, or the Commemoration of Christ's manifestation to the Gentiles, we paid a visit to the Propaganda. There, in the presence of three cardinals and a large audience, an essay was first of all delivered, which treated of the place in which the Virgin Mary received the three Magi,—in the stable,—or if not, where? Next, some Latin verses were read on similar subjects, and after this a series of about thirty scholars came forward, one by one, and read a little piece of poetry in their native tongues; Malabar, Epirotic, Turkish, Moldavian, Hellenic, Persian, Colchian, Hebrew, Arabic, Syrian, Coptic, Saracenic, Armenian, Erse, Madagassic, Icelandic, Bohemian, Greek, Isaurian, Æthiopic, &c. The poems seemed for the most part to be composed in the national syllabic measure, and to be delivered with the vernacular declamation, for most barbaric rhythms and tones occurred. Among them the Greek sounded like a star in the night. The unditory laughed most unmercifully at the strange sounds; and so this representation also became a farce.

And now (before concluding) a little anecdote, to show with what levity holy things are treated in Holy Rome. The deceased cardinal, Albani, was once present at one of those

festal meetings which I have just been describing. One of the scholars, with his face turned towards the Cardinals, began in a strange pronunciation, *Gnaja! Gnaja!* so that it sounded something like *canaglia! canaglia!* The Cardinal turned to his brothers with a whisper, "He knows us at any rate."

January 13, 1787.

How much has Winckelmann done, and yet how much reason has he left us to wish that he had done still more. With the materials which he had collected he built quickly, in order to reach the roof. Were he still living, he would be the first to give us a re-cast of his great work. What further observations, what corrections would he not have made—to what good use would he not have put all that others, following his own principles, have observed and effected. And, besides, Cardinal Albani is dead, out of respect to whom he has written much; and, perhaps, concealed much.

January 15, 1787.

And so then, "Aristodemo" has at last been acted, and with good success too, and the greatest applause; as the Abbate Monti is related to the house of the Nepoté, and is highly esteemed among the higher orders: from these, therefore, all was to be hoped for. The boxes indeed were but sparing in their plaudits; as for the pit, it was won from the very first, by the beautiful language of the poet and the appropriate recitation of the actors, and it omitted no opportunity of testifying its approbation. The bench of the German artists distinguished itself not a little; and this time they were quite in place, though it is at all times a little overloud.

The author himself remained at home, full of anxiety for the success of the piece. From act to act favourable despatches arrived, which changed his fear into the greatest joy. Now there is no lack of repetitions of the representation, and all is on the best track. Thus, by the most opposite things, if only each has the merit it claims, the favour of the multitude, as well as of the connoisseur, may be won.

But the acting was in the highest degree meritorious, and the chief actor, who appears throughout the piece, spoke and acted cleverly,—one could almost fancy one of the ancient Cæsars was marching before us. They had very judiciously transferred to their stage dresses the costume which, in the statue, *strikes the spectator* as so dignified; and one saw at once that the actor had studied the antique.

January 18, 1787.

Rome is threatened with a great artistic loss. The King of Naples has ordered the Hercules Farnese to be brought to his palace. The news has made all the artists quite sad; however, on this occasion, we shall see something which was hidden from our forefathers.

The aforesaid statue, namely, from the head to the knee, with the lower part of the feet, together with the sockle on which it stood, were found within the Farnesian domain, but the legs from the knee to the ancle were wanting, and had been supplied by Giuglielmo Porta; on these it had stood since its discovery to the present day. In the mean time, however, the genuine old legs were found in the lands of the Borghesi, and were to be seen in their villa.

Recently, however, the Prince Borghese has achieved a victory over himself, and has made a present of these costly relics to the King of Naples. The legs by Porta are being removed, and the genuine ones replaced; and every one is promising himself, however well contented he has been hitherto with the old, quite a new treat, and a more harmonious enjoyment.

Rome, January 18, 1787.

Yesterday, which was the festival of the Holy Abbot S. Antony, we had a merry day; the weather was the finest in the world; though there had been a hard frost during the night, the day was bright and warm.

One may remark, that all religions which enlarge their worship or their speculations must at last come to this, of making the brute creation in some degree partakers of spiritual favours. S. Anthony,—Abbot or Bishop,—is the patron Saint of all four-footed creatures; his festival is a kind

of Saturnalian holiday for the otherwise oppressed beasts, and also for their keepers and drivers. All the gentry must on this day either remain at home, or else be content to travel on foot. And there are no lack of fearful stories, which tell how unbelieving masters, who forced the coachmen to drive them on this day, were punished by suffering great calamities.

The church of the Saint lies in so wide and open a district, that it might almost be called a desert. On this day, however, it is full of life and fun. Horses and mules, with their manes and tails prettily, not to say gorgeously, decked out with ribbons, are brought before the little chapel, (which stands at some distance from the church,) where a priest, armed with a brush, and not sparing of the holy water, which stands before him in buckets and tubs, goes on sprinkling the lively creatures, and often plays them a roguish trick, in order to make them start and frisk. Pious coachmen offer their wax-tapers, of larger or smaller size; the masters send alms and presents, in order that the valuable and useful animals may go safely through the coming year without hurt or accidents. The donkies and horned cattle, no less valuable and useful to their owners, have, likewise, their modest share in this blessing.

Afterwards we delighted ourselves with a long walk under a delicious sky, and surrounded by the most interesting objects, to which, however, we this time paid very little attention, but gave full scope and rein to joke and merriment.

Rome, January 19, 1787.

So then the great king, whose glory filled the world, whose deeds make him worthy even of the Papists' paradise, has departed this life, and gone to converse with heroes like himself in the realm of shades. How disposed does one feel to sit still when such an one is gone to his rest.

This has been a very good day. First of all we visited a part of the Capitol, which we had previously neglected; then we crossed the Tiber, and drank some Spanish wine on board a ship which had just come into port:—it was on this spot that Romulus and Remus are said to have been found. Thus keeping, as it were, a double or treble festival, we revelled in the inspiration of art, of a mild atmosphere, and of antiquarian reminiscences.

January 20, 1787.

What at first furnishes a hearty enjoyment, when we take it superficially only, often weighs on us afterwards most oppressively, when we see that without solid knowledge the true delight must be missed.

As regards anatomy, I am pretty well prepared, and I have, not without some labour, gained a tolerable knowledge of the human frame; for the continual examination of the ancient statues is continually stimulating one to a more perfect understanding of it. In our Medico Chirurgical Anatomy, little more is in view than an acquaintance with the several parts, and for this purpose the *sorriest picture of the muscles* may serve very well; but in Rome the most exquisite parts would not even be noticed, unless as helping to make a noble and beautiful form.

In the great Lazaretto of San Spirito there has been prepared for the use of the artists a very fine anatomical figure, displaying the whole muscular system. Its beauty is really amazing. It might pass for some flayed demigod,—even a Marsyas.

Thus, after the example of the ancients, men here study the human skeleton, not merely as an artistically arranged series of bones, but rather for the sake of the ligaments with which life and motion are carried on.

When now I tell you, that in the evening we also study perspective, it must be pretty plain to you that we are not idle. With all our studies, however, we are always hoping to do more than we ever accomplish.

Rome, January 22, 1787.

Of the artistic sense of Germans, and of their artistic life, of these one may well say,—One hears sounds, but they are not in unison. When now I bethink myself what glorious objects are in my neighbourhood, and how little I have profited by them, I am almost tempted to despair; but then again I console myself with my promised return, when I hope to be able to understand these master-pieces, around which now I go groping miserably in the dark,

But, in fact, even in Rome itself, there is but little provision made for one who earnestly wishes to study art as a

whole. He must patch it up and put it together for himself out of endless but still gorgeously rich ruins. No doubt but few only of those who visit Rome, are purely and earnestly desirous to see and to learn things rightly and thoroughly. They all follow, more or less, their own fancies and conceits, and this is observed by all alike who attend upon the strangers. Every guide has his own object, every one has his own dealer to recommend, his own artist to favour; and why should he not? for does not the inexperienced at once prize, as most excellent, whatever may be presented to him as such?

It would have been a great benefit to the study of art—indeed a peculiarly rich museum might have been formed—if the government, (whose permission even at present must be obtained before any piece of antiquity can be removed from the city,) had on such occasions invariably insisted on casts being delivered to it of the objects removed. Besides, if any Pope had established such a rule, before long every one would have opposed all further removals; for in a few years people would have been frightened at the number and value of the treasures thus carried off, for which, even now, permission can only be obtained by secret influence.

January 22, 1787.

The representation of the "Aristodemo" has stimulated, in an especial degree, the patriotism of our German artists, which *before* was far from being asleep. They never omit an occasion to speak well of my "Iphigenia;" some passages have from time to time been again called for, and I have found myself at last compelled to a second reading of the whole. And thus also I have discovered many passages which went off the tongue more smoothly than they look on the paper.

The favorable report of it has at last sounded even in the ears of Reiffenstein and Angelica, who entreated that I should produce my work once more for their gratification. I begged, however, for a brief respite, though I was obliged to describe to them, somewhat circumstantially, the plan and movement of the plot. The description won the approbation of these persons more even than I could have hoped for; and Signor Zucchi also, of whom I least of all expected it, evinced a warm

and liberal sympathy with the piece. The latter circumstance, however, is easily accounted for by the fact that the drama approximates very closely to the old and customary form of Greek, French, and Italian tragedy, which is most agreeable to every one whose taste has not been spoilt by the temerities of the English stage.

Rome, Jan. 25, 1787.

It becomes every day more difficult to fix the termination of my stay in Rome; just as one finds the sea continually deeper the further one sails on it, so it is also with the examination of this city.

It is impossible to understand the present without a knowledge of the past; and to compare the two, requires both time and leisure. The very site of the city carries us back to the time of its being founded. We see at once that no great people, under a wise leader, settled here from its wanderings, and with wise forecast laid the foundations of the seat of future empire. No powerful prince would ever have selected this spot as well suited for the habitation of a colony. No; herdsmen and vagabonds first prepared here a dwelling for themselves: a couple of adventurous youths laid the foundation of the palaces of the masters of the world on *the* hill at whose foot, amidst the marshes and the silt, they had defied the officers of law and justice. Moreover, the seven hills of Rome are not elevations above the land which lies beyond them, but merely above the Tiber and its ancient bed, which afterwards became the Campus Martius. If the coming spring is favourable to my making wider excursions in the neighbourhood, I shall be able to describe more fully the unfavourable site. Even now I feel the most heartfelt sympathy with the grief and lamentation of the women of Alba whey they saw their city destroyed, and were forced to leave its beautiful site, the choice of a wise prince and leader, to share the fogs of the Tiber, and to people the miserable Cœlian hill, from which their eyes still fell upon the paradise they had been drawn from.

I know as yet but little of the neighbourhood, but I am perfectly convinced that no city of the ancient world was worse situated than Rome: no wonder, then, if the Romans,

as soon as they had swallowed up all the neighbouring states, went out of it, and, with their villas, returned to the noble sites of the cities they had destroyed, in order to live and to enjoy life.

Rome, Jan. 25, 1787.

It suggests a very pleasing contemplation to think how many people are living here in retirement, calmly occupied with their several tastes and pursuits. In the house of a clergyman, who, without any particular natural talent, has nevertheless devoted himself to the arts, we saw most interesting copies of some excellent paintings which he had imitated in miniature. His most successful attempt was after the Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci. The moment of time is when the Lord, who is sitting familiarly at supper with his disciples, utters the awful words, "One of you shall betray me."

Hopes are entertained that he will allow an engraving to be taken either of this or of another copy, on which he is at present engaged. It will be indeed a rich present to give to the great public a faithful imitation of this gem of art.

A few days since I visited, at the Trinità de' Monte, Father Jacquier, a Franciscan. He is a Frenchman by birth, and well known by his mathematical writings; and although far advanced in years, is still very agreeable and intelligent. He has been acquainted with all the most distinguished men of his day, and has even spent several months with Voltaire, who had a great liking for him.

I have also become acquainted with many more of such good, sterling men, of whom countless numbers are to be found here, whom, however, a sort of professional mistrust keeps estranged from each other. The book-trade furnishes no point of union, and literary novelties are seldom fruitful; and so it befits the solitary to seek out the hermits. For since the acting of "Aristodemo," in whose favour we made a very lively demonstration, I have been again much sought after. But it was quite clear I was not sought for my own sake; it was always with a view to strengthen a party—to use me as an instrument; and if I had been willing to come forward and declare my side, I also, as a phantom, should for a time have played a short part. But now, since they see that

nothing is to be made of me, they let me pass; and so I go steadily on my own way.

Indeed, my existence has lately taken in some ballast, which gives it the necessary gravity. I do not now frighten myself with the spectres which used so often to play before my eyes. Be, therefore, of good heart. You will keep me above water, and draw me back again to you.

Rome, Jan. 28, 1787.

Two considerations which more or less affect every thing, and which one is compelled at every moment to give way to, I must not fail to set down, now that they have become quite clear to me.

First of all, then, the vast and yet merely fragmentary riches of this city, and each single object of art, is constantly suggesting the question, To what date does it owe its existence? Winckelmann urgently calls upon us to separate epochs, to distinguish the different styles which the several masters employed, and the way in which, in the course of time, they gradually perfected them, and at last corrupted them again. Of the necessity of so doing, every real friend of art is soon thoroughly convinced. We all acknowledge the justice and the importance of the requisition. But now, how to attain to this conviction? However clearly and correctly the notion itself may be conceived, yet without long preparatory labours there will always be a degree of vagueness and obscurity as to the particular application. A sure eye, strengthened by many years' exercise, is above all else necessary. Here hesitation or reserve are of no avail. Attention, however, is now directed to this point; and every one who is in any degree in earnest seems convinced that in this domain a sure judgment is impossible, unless it has been formed by historical study.

The second consideration refers exclusively to the arts of the Greeks, and endeavours to ascertain how those inimitable artists proceeded in their successful attempts to evolve from the human form their system of divine types, which is so perfect and complete, that neither any leading character nor any intermediate shade or transition is wanting. For my part, I cannot withhold the conjecture that they proceeded according to the same laws that Nature works by, and which I am endea-

vouring to discover. Only, there is in them something more besides, which it is impossible to express.

Rome, Feb. 2, 1787.

Of the beauty of a walk through Rome by moonlight it is impossible to form a conception, without having witnessed it. All single objects are swallowed up by the great masses of light and shade, and nothing but grand and general outlines present themselves to the eye. For three several days we have enjoyed to the full the brightest and most glorious of nights. Peculiarly beautiful at such a time is the Coliseum. At night it is always closed; a hermit dwells in a little shrine within its range, and beggars of all kinds nestle beneath its crumbling arches: the latter had lit a fire on the arena, and a gentle wind bore down the smoke to the ground, so that the lower portion of the ruins was quite hid by it, while above the vast walls stood out in deeper darkness before the eye. As we stopped at the gate to contemplate the scene through the iron gratings, the moon shone brightly in the heavens above. Presently the smoke found its way up the sides, and through every chink and opening, while the moon lit it up like a cloud. The sight was exceedingly glorious. In such a light one ought also to see the Pantheon, the Capitol, the Portico of St. Peter's, and the other grand streets and squares:—and thus sun and moon, like the human mind, have quite a different work to do here from elsewhere, where the vastest and yet the most elegant of masses present themselves to their rays.

Rome, Feb. 13, 1787.

I must mention a trifling fall of luck, even though it is but a little one. However, all luck, whether great or little, is of one kind, and always brings a joy with it. Near the Trinità de' Monte the ground has been lately dug up to form a foundation for the new Obelisk, and now the whole of this region is choked up with the ruins of the Gardens of Lucullus, which subsequently became the property of the Emperors. My perruquier was passing early one morning by the spot, and found in the pile of earth a flat piece of burnt clay, with some figures on it.

Having washed it, he showed it to me. I eagerly secured the treasure. It is not quite a hand long, and seems to have been part of the stem of a great key. Two old men stand before an altar; they are of the most beautiful workmanship, and I am uncommonly delighted with my new acquisition. Were they on a cameo, one would greatly like to use it as a seal.

I have by me a collection also of many other objects, and none is worthless or unmeaning,—for that is impossible; here everything is instructive and significant. But my dearest treasure, however, is even that which I carry with me in my soul, and which, every growing, is capable of a still greater growth.

Rome, Feb 15, 1787

Before departing for Naples, I could not get off from another public reading of my "Iphigenia." Madam Angelica and Hofrath Reiffenstein were the auditory, and even Signor Zucchi had solicited to be present, because it was the wish of his spouse. While it was reading, however, he worked away at a great architectural plan—for he is very skilful in executing drawings of this kind, and especially the decorative parts. He went with Clerisseau to Dalmatia, and was the associate of all his labours, drawing the buildings and ruins for the plates, which the latter published. In this occupation he learned so much of perspective and effect, that in his old days he is able to amuse himself on paper in a very rational manner.

The tender soul of Angelica listened to the piece with incredible profoundness of sympathy. She promised me a drawing of one of the scenes, which I am to keep in remembrance of her. And now, just as I am about to quit Rome, I begin to feel myself tenderly attached to these kind-hearted people. It is a source of mingled feelings of pleasure and regret to know that people are sorry to part with you.

Rome, Feb. 16, 1787.

The safe arrival of "Iphigenia" has been announced to me in a most cheering and agreeable way. On my way to the Opera, a letter from a well-known hand was brought to me, —this time doubly welcome, since it was sealed with the

"Lion" a premonitory token of the safe arrival of my packet. I hurried into the Opera-house, and bustled to get a place among the strange faces beneath the great chandelier. At this moment I felt myself drawn so close to my friends, that I could almost have sprung forward to embrace them. From my heart I thank you even for having simply mentioned the arrival of the "Iphigenia," may your next be accompanied with a few kind words of approval.

Inclosed is the list of those among whom I wish the copies which I am to expect from Gösche to be distributed; for although it is with me a perfect matter of indifference how the public may receive these matters, still I hope by them to furnish slight gratification to my friends at least.

One undertakes too much. When I think on my last four volumes together, I become almost giddy—I am obliged to think of them separately, and then the fit passes off.

I should perhaps have done better had I kept my first resolution to send these things one by one into the world, and so undertake with fresh vigour and courage the new subjects which have most recently awakened my sympathy. Should I not, perhaps, do better were I to write the "Iphigenia at Delphi," instead of amusing myself with my fanciful sketches of "Tasso." However, I have bestowed upon the latter too much of my thoughts to give it up, and let it fall to the ground.

I am sitting in the ante-room near the chimney, and the warmth of a fire, for once well fed, gives me courage to commence a fresh sheet, for it is indeed a glorious thing to be able, with our newest thoughts, to reach into the distance, and by words to convey thither an idea of one's immediate state and circumstances. The weather is right glorious, the days are sensibly lengthening, the laurels and box are in blossom, as also are the almond-trees. Early this morning I was delighted with a strange sight; I saw in the distance tall, pole-like trees, covered over and over with the loveliest violet flowers. On a closer examination I found it was the plant known in our hothouses as the Judas-tree, and to botanists as the "*cercis siliquastrum*." Its papilionaceous violet blossoms are produced directly from out of the stem. The stakes which I saw had been lopped last winter, and out of their bark well-shaped and deeply-tinted flowers were bursting

by thousands. The daisies are also springing out of the ground as thick as ants; the crocus and the pheasant's eye are more rare, but even on this account more rich and ornamental.

What pleasures and what lessons will not the more southern land impart to me, and what new results will arise to me from them! With the things of nature it is as with those of art; much as is written about them, every one who sees them forms them into new combinations for himself.

When I think of Naples, and indeed of Sicily,—when I read their history, or look at views of them, it strikes me as singular that it should be even in these paradises of the world that the volcanic mountains manifest themselves so violently, for thousands of years alarming and confounding their inhabitants.

But I willingly drive out of my head the expectation of these much-prized scenes, in order that they may not lessen my enjoyment of the capital of the whole world before I leave it.

For the last fourteen days I have been moving about from morning to night; I am raking up everything I have not yet seen. I am also viewing for a second or even a third time all the most important objects, and they are all arranging themselves in tolerable order within my mind: for while the chief objects are taking their right places, there is space and room between them for many a less important one. My enthusiasm is purifying itself, and becoming more decided, and now at last my mind can rise to the height of the greatest and purest creations of art with calm admiration.

In my situation one is tempted to envy the artist who, by copies and imitations of some kind or other can, as it were, come near to those great conceptions, and can grasp them better than one who merely looks at and reflects upon them. In the end, however, every one feels he must do his best; and so I set all the sails of my intellect, in the hope of getting round this coast.

The stove is at present thoroughly warm, and piled up with excellent coals, which is seldom the case with us, as no one scarcely has time or inclination to attend to the fire two whole hours together; I will therefore avail myself of this agreeable temperature to rescue from my tablets a few notes which are almost obliterated.

On the 2nd of February we attended the ceremony of blessing the tapers in the Sistine chapel. I was in anything but a good humour, and shortly went off again with my friends; for I thought to myself those are the very candles which, for these three hundred years, have been dimming those noble paintings, and it is their smoke which, with priestly impudence, not merely hangs in clouds around the only sun of art, but from year to year obscures it more and more, and will at last envelop it in total darkness.

We therefore sought the free air, and after a long walk came upon S. Onofrio's, in a corner of which Tasso is buried. In the library of the monastery there is a bust of him, the face is of wax, and I please myself with fancying that it was taken after death: although the lines have lost some of their sharpness, and it is in some parts injured, still on the whole it serves better than any other I have yet seen to convey an idea of a talented, sensitive, and refined but reserved character.

So much for this time. I must now turn to glorious Volckmann's 2nd part, which contains Rome, and which I have not yet seen. Before I start for Naples, the harvest must be housed; good days are coming for binding the sheaves.

Rome, Feb. 17, 1787.

The weather is incredibly and inexpressibly beautiful; for the whole of February, with the exception of four rainy days, a pure bright sky, and the days towards noon almost too warm. One is tempted out into the open air, and if till lately one spent all one's time in the city among gods and heroes, the country has now all at once resumed its rights, and one can scarcely tear oneself from the surrounding scenes, lit up as they are with the most glorious days. Many a time does the remembrance come across me how our northern artists labour to gain a charm from thatched roofs and ruined towers—how they turn round and round every bush and bourne, and crumbling rock, in the hope of catching some picturesque effect; and I have been quite surprised at myself, when I find these things from habit still retaining a hold upon me. Be this as it may, however, within these last fourteen days I have plucked up a little courage, and, sketch-book in hand, have wandered up and down the hollows and heights of the

neighbouring villas, and, without much consideration, have sketched off a few little objects characteristically southern and Roman, and am now trying (if good luck will come to my aid) to give them the requisite lights and shades.

It is a singular fact, that it is easy enough to clearly see and to acknowledge what is good and the excellent, but that when one attempts to make them one's own, and to grasp them, somehow or other they slip away, as it were, from between one's fingers; and we apprehend them, not by the standard of the true and right, but in accordance with our previous habits of thought and tastes. It is only by constant practice that we can hope to improve; but where am I to find time and a collection of models? Still I do feel myself a little improved by the sincere and earnest efforts of the last fourteen days.

The artists are ready enough with their hints and instructions, for I am quick in apprehending them. But then the lesson so quickly learnt and understood, is not so easily put in practice. To apprehend quickly is, forsooth, the attribute of the mind, but correctly to execute that, requires the practice of a life.

And yet the amateur, however weak may be his efforts at imitation, need not be discouraged. The few lines which I scratch upon the paper often hastily, seldom correctly facilitate any conception of sensible objects; for one advances to an idea more surely and more steadily the more accurately and precisely he considers individual objects.

Only it will not do to measure oneself with artists; every one must go on in his own style. For Nature has made provision for all her children; the meanest is not hindered in its existence even by that of the most excellent. "A little man is still a man;" and with this remark, we will let the matter drop.

I have seen the sea twice—first the Adriatic, then the Mediterranean, but only just to look at it. In Naples we hope to become better acquainted with it. All within me seems suddenly to urge me on: why not sooner—why not at a less sacrifice? How many thousand things, many quite new and for the first time, should I not have had to communicate!

Rome, Feb. 17, 1787.

Evening, after the follies of the Carnival.

I am sorry to go away and leave Moritz alone; he is going on well, but when he is left to himself, he immediately shuts himself up and is lost to the world. I have therefore exhorted him to write to Herder: the letter is enclosed. I should wish for an answer, which may be serviceable and helpful to him. He is a strange good fellow; he would have been far more so, had he occasionally met with a friend, sensible and affectionate enough to enlighten him as to his true state. At present he could not form an acquaintance likely to be more blessed to him than Herder's, if permitted frequently to write to him. He is at this moment engaged on a very laudable antiquarian attempt, which well deserves to be encouraged: Friend Herder could scarcely bestow his cares better nor sow his good advice in a more grateful soil.

The great portrait of myself which Tischbein has taken in hand begins already to stand out from the canvass. The painter has employed a clever statuary to make him a little model in clay, which is elegantly draperied with the mantle; with this he is working away diligently, for it must, he says, be brought to a certain point before we set out for Naples, and it takes no little time merely to cover so large a field of canvass with colours.

Rome, Feb. 19, 1787.

The weather continues to be finer than words can express. This has been a day miserably wasted among fools. At nightfall I betook myself to the Villa Medici. A new moon has just shone upon us, and below the slender crescent I could with the naked eye discern almost the whole of the dark disc through the perspective. Over the earth hangs that haze of the day which the paintings of Claude have rendered so well known. In Nature, however, the phenomenon is perhaps nowhere so beautiful as it is here. Flowers are now springing out of the earth, and the trees putting forth blossoms which hitherto I have been unacquainted with; the almonds are in blossom, and between the dark-green oaks they make an appearance as beautiful as it is new to me. The sky is like a bright blue taffeta in the sunshine; what will it be in Naples? Almost everything here is already green. My botanical

whims gain food and strength from all around; and I am on the way to discover new and beautiful relations by means of which Nature—that vast prodigy, which yet is nowhere visible—evolves the most manifold varieties out of the most simple.

Vesuvius is throwing out both ashes and stones; in the evening its summit appears to glow. May travailing Nature only favour us with a stream of lava. I can scarcely endure to wait till it shall be really my lot to witness such grand phenomena.

Rome, Feb 21, 1787.
Ash Wednesday.

The folly is now at an end. The countless lights of yesterday evening were, however, a strange spectacle. One must have seen the Carnival in Rome to get entirely rid of the wish to see it again. Nothing can be written of it: as a subject of conversation it may be amusing enough. The most unpleasant feeling about it is, that real internal joy is wanting—there is a lack of money, which prevents them enjoying the morsel of pleasure, which otherwise they might still feel in it. The great are economical, and hold back; those of the middle ranks are without the means, and the populace without spring or elasticity. In the last days there was an incredible tumult, but no heartfelt joy. The sky, so infinitely fine and clear, looked down nobly and innocently upon the mummeries.

However, as imitation is out of the question, and cannot be thought of here, I send you, to amuse the children, some drawings of carnival masks, and some ancient Roman costumes, which are also coloured, as they may serve to supply a missing chapter in the "Orbis Pictus."

Rome, Feb. 21, 1787.

I snatch a few moments in the intervals of packing, to mention some particulars which I have hitherto omitted. To-morrow we set off for Naples. I am already delighting myself with the new scenery, which I promise myself will be inexpressibly beautiful; and hope in this paradise of nature, to win fresh freedom and pleasure for the study of ancient art, on my return to sober Rome.

Packing up is light work to me, since I can now *do* it

with a merrier heart than I had some six months ago, when I had to tear myself from all that was most dear and precious to me. Yes, it is now a full half year since; and of the four months I have spent in Rome, not a moment has been lost. The boast may sound big; nevertheless, it does not say too much.

That "Iphigenia" has arrived, I know,—may, I learn at the foot of Vesuvius that it has met with a hearty welcome.

That Tischbein, who possesses as glorious an eye for nature as for art, is to accompany me on this journey, is to me the subject of great congratulation: still, as genuine Germans, we cannot throw aside all purposes and thoughts of work. We have bought the best of drawing-paper, and we intend to sketch away; although, in all probability, the multitude, the beauty, and the splendour of the objects, will choke our good intentions.

One conquest I have gained over myself. Of all my unfinished poetical works I shall take with me none but the "Tasso," of which I have the best hopes. If I could only know what you are now saying to "Iphigenia," your remarks might be some guide to me in my present labours; for the plan of "Tasso" is very similar; the subject still more confined, and in its several parts will be even still more elaborately finished. Still I cannot tell as yet what it will eventually prove. What already exists of it must be destroyed; it is, perhaps, somewhat tediously drawn out, and neither the characters nor the plot, nor the tone of it, are at all in harmony with my present views.

In making a clearance I have fallen upon some of your letters, and in reading them over I have just lighted upon a reproach, that in my letters I contradict myself. It may be so, but I was not aware of it; for as soon as I have written a letter I immediately send it off: I must, however, confess that nothing seems to me more likely, for I have lately been tossed about by mighty spirits, and therefore it is quite natural if at times I know not where I am standing.

A story is told of a skipper, who, overtaken at sea by a stormy night, determined to steer for port. His little boy, who in the dark was crouching by him, asked him, "What silly light is that which I see—at one time above us and at another below us?" His father promised to explain it to him some other day; and then he told him that it was the beacon

of the lighthouse, which, to the eye now raised, now depressed, by the wild waves, appeared accordingly sometimes above and sometimes below. I too am steering on a passion-tossed sea for the harbour, and if I can only manage to hold steadily in my eye the gleam of the beacon, however it may seem to change its place, I shall at last enjoy the wished for shore.

When one is on the eve of a departure, every earlier separation, and also that last one of all, and which is yet to be, comes involuntarily into one's thoughts; and so, on this occasion, the reflection enforces itself on my mind more strongly than ever, that man is always making far too great and too many preparations for life. For we, for instance—Tischbein and I, that is —must soon turn our backs upon many a precious and glorious object, and even upon our well-furnished museum. In it there are now standing three gems for comparison, side by side, and yet we part from them as though they were not.

NAPLES.

Velletri, Feb. 22, 1787.

We arrived here in good time. The day before yesterday the weather became gloomy; and our fine days were overcast: still some signs of the air seemed to promise that it would soon clear up again, and so indeed it turned out. The clouds gradually broke, here and there appeared the blue sky, and at last the sun shone full on our journey. We came through Albano, after having stopped before Genzano, at the entrance of a park, which the owner, Prince Chigi, in a very strange way holds, but does not keep up, on which account he will not allow any one to enter it. In it a true wilderness has been formed. Trees and shrubs, plants and weeds grow, wither, fall, and rot at pleasure. That is all right, and indeed could not be better. The expanse before the entrance is inexpressibly fine. A high wall encloses the valley, a lattice-gate affords a view into it; then the hill ascends, upon which, above you, stands the castle.

But now I dare not attempt to go on with the description; and I can merely say, that at the very moment when from the summit we caught sight of the mountains of Sezza, the Pontine Marshes, the sea and its islands, a heavy passing

shower was traversing the Marshes towards the sea, and the light and shade, constantly changing and moving, wonderfully enlivened and variegated the dreary plain. The effect was beautifully heightened by the sun's beams which lit up with various hues, the columns of smoke as they ascended from scattered and scarcely visible cottages.

Velletri is agreeably situated on a volcanic hill, which, towards the north alone, is connected with other hills, and towards three points of the heavens commands a wide and uninterrupted prospect.

We here visited the Cabinet of the Cavaliere Borgia, who, favoured by his relationship with the Cardinal has managed, by means of the Propaganda, to collect some valuable antiquities and other curiosities. Ægyptian charms, idols cut out of the very hardest rock, some small figures in metal, of earlier or later dates, some pieces of statuary of burnt clay, with figures in low relief, which were dug up in the neighbourhood, and on the authority of which one is almost tempted to ascribe to the ancient indigenous population a style of their own in art.

Of other kinds of varieties there are numerous specimens in this museum. I noticed two Chinese black-painted boxes; on the sides of one there was delineated the whole management of the silk-worm, and on the other the cultivation of rice: both subjects were very nicely conceived, and worked out with the utmost minuteness. Both the boxes and their covers are eminently beautiful, and, as well as the book in the library of the Propaganda, which I have already praised, are well worth seeing.

It is certainly inexplicable that these treasures should be within so short a distance of Rome, and yet should not be more frequently visited; but perhaps the difficulty and inconvenience of getting to these regions, and the attraction of the magic circle of Rome, may serve to excuse the fact. As we arrived at the inn, some women, who were sitting before the doors of their houses, called out to us, and asked if we wished to buy any antiquities; and then, as we showed a pretty strong hankering after them, they brought out some old kettles, fire-tongs, and such like utensils, and were ready to die with laughing at having made fools of us. When we seemed a little put out, our guide assured us, to our comfort,

that it was a customary joke, and that all strangers had to submit to it.

I am writing this in a very miserable auberge, and feel neither strength nor humour to make it any longer: therefore I must bid you a very good night.

Fondi, Feb. 23, 1787.

We were on the road very early,—by three in the morning. As the day broke we found ourselves on the Pontine Marshes, which have not by any means so ill an appearance as the common description in Rome would make out. Of course, by merely once passing over the marshes, it is not possible to judge of so great an undertaking as that of the intended draining of them, which necessarily requires time to test its merits; still it does appear to me, that the works which have commenced by the Pope's orders, will, to a great extent at least, attain the desired end. Conceive to yourself a wide valley, which, as it stretches from north to south, has but a very slight fall, but which towards the east and the mountains is extremely low, but rises again considerably towards the sea on the west. Running in a straight line through the whole length of it, the ancient Via Appia has been restored. On the right of the latter the principal drain has been cut, and in it the water flows with a rapid fall. By means of it the tract of land to the right has been drained, and is now profitably cultivated. As far as the eye can see, it is either already brought into cultivation or evidently might be so, if farmers could be found to take it, with the exception of one spot, which lies extremely low.

The left side, which stretches towards the mountains, is more difficult to be managed. Here, however, cross-drains pass under the raised way into the chief drain; as, however, the surface sinks again towards the mountains, it is impossible by this means to carry off the water entirely. To meet this difficulty it is proposed, I was told, to cut another leading drain along the foot of the mountains. Large patches, especially towards Terracina, are thinly planted with willows and poplars.

The posting stations consist merely of long thatched sheds. Tischbein sketched one of them, and enjoyed for his reward a gratification which only he could enjoy. A white horse having

broke loose had fled to the drained lands. Enjoying its liberty, it was galloping backwards and forwards on the brown turf like a flash of lightning; in truth it was a glorious sight, rendered significant by Tischbein's rapture.

At the point where the ancient village of Meza once stood, the Pope has caused to be built a large and fine building, which indicates the centre of the level. The sight of it increases one's hopes and confidence of the success of the whole undertaking. While thus we travelled on, we kept up a lively conversation together, not forgetting the warning, that on this journey one must not go to sleep; and, in fact, we were strongly enough reminded of the danger of the atmosphere, by the blue vapour which, even in this season of the year, hangs above the ground. On this account the more delightful, as it was the more longed for, was the rocky site of Terracina; and scarcely had we congratulated ourselves at the sight of it, than we caught a view of the sea beyond. Immediately afterwards the other side of the mountain city presented to our eye a vegetation quite new to us. The Indian figs were pushing their large fleshy leaves amidst the gray green of dwarf myrtles, the yellowish green of the pomegranate, and the pale green of the olive. As we passed along, we noticed both flowers and shrubs quite new to us. On the meadows the narcissus and the adonis were in flower. For a long time the sea was on our right, while close to us on the left ran an unbroken range of limestone rocks. It is a continuation of the Apennines, which runs down from Tivoli and touches the sea, which it does not leave again till you reach the Campagna di Romana, where it is succeeded by the volcanic formations of Frescati, Alba, and Velletri, and lastly by the Pontine Marshes. Monte Circello, with the opposite promontory of Terracina, where the Pontine Marshes terminate, in all probability consists also of a system of chalk rocks.

We left the sea coast, and soon reached the charming plain of Fondi. Every one must admire this little spot of fertile and well cultivated land, enclosed with hills, which themselves are by no means wild. Oranges, in great numbers, are still hanging on the trees; the crops, all of wheat, are beautifully green; olives are growing in the fields, and the little city is in the bottom. A palm tree, which stood out a marked object in the scenery, received our greetings. So much for

this evening. Pardon the scrawl. I must write without thinking, for writing sake. The objects are too numerous, my resting place too wretched, and yet my desire to commit something to paper too great. With nightfall we reached this place, and it is now time to go to rest.

S. Agata, Feb. 24, 1787.

Although in a wretchedly cold chamber, I must yet try and give you some account of a beautiful day. It was already nearly light when we drove out of Fondi, and we were forthwith greeted by the orange trees which hang over the walls on both sides of our road. The trees are loaded with such numbers as can only be imagined and not expressed. Towards the top the young leaf is yellowish, but below and in the middle, of sappy green. Mignon was quite right to long for them.

After this we travelled through clean and well-worked fields of wheat, planted at convenient distances with olive-trees. A soft breeze was moving, and brought to the light the silvery under-surface of the leaves, as the branches swayed gently and elegantly. It was a gray morning; a north wind promised soon to dispel all the clouds.

Then the road entered a valley between stony but well-dressed fields; the crops of the most beautiful green. At certain spots one saw some roomy places, paved, and surrounded with low walls; on these the corn, which is never carried home in sheaves, is thrashed out at once. The valley gradually narrows, and the road becomes mountainous, bare rocks of limestone standing on both sides of us. A violent storm followed us, with a fall of sleet, which thawed very slowly.

The walls, of an ancient style, built after the pattern of net-work, charmed us exceedingly. On the heights the soil is rocky, but nevertheless planted with olive-trees wherever there is the smallest patch of soil to receive them. Next we drove over a plain covered with olive-trees, and then through a small town. We here noticed altars, ancient tombstones, and fragments of every kind built up in the walls of the pleasure-houses in the gardens. Then the lower stories of ancient villas, once excellently built, but now filled up

with earth, and overgrown with olives. At last we caught a sight of Vesuvius, with a cloud of smoke resting on its brow.

Molo di Gäeta greeted us again with the richest of orange-trees; we remained there some hours. The creek before the town, which the tide flows up to, affords one the finest of views. Following the line of coast, on the right, till the eye reaches at last the horn of the crescent, one sees at a moderate distance the fortress of Gäeta on the rocks. The left horn stretches out still further, presenting to the beholder first of all a line of mountains, then Vesuvius, and, beyond all, the islands. Ischia lies before you nearly in the centre.

On the shore here I found, for the first time in my life, a starfish, and an echinus thrown up by the sea; a beautiful green leaf, (*tethys foliacea*), smooth as the finest bath paper, and other remarkable rubble-stones, the most common being limestone, but occasionally also serpentine, jasper, quartz, granite, breccian pebbles, porphyry, marble of different kinds, and glass of a blue and green colour. The two last-mentioned specimens are scarcely productions of the neighbourhood. They are probably the debris of ancient buildings; and thus we have seen the waves before our eyes playing with the splendours of the ancient world. We tarried awhile, and pleased ourselves with meditating on the nature of man, whose hopes, whether in the civilized or savage state, are so soon disappointed.

Departing from Molo, a beautiful prospect still accompanies the traveller, even after his quitting the sea; the last glimpse of it was a lovely bay, of which we took a sketch. We now came upon a good fruit country, with hedges of aloes. We noticed an aqueduct which ran from the mountains over some nameless and orderless masses of ruins.

Next comes the ferry over the Garigliano; after crossing it one passes through tolerably fruitful districts, till we reach the mountains. Nothing striking. At length, the first hill of lava. Here begins an extensive and glorious district of hill and vale, over which the snowy summits are towering in the distance. On the nearest eminence lies a long town, which strikes the eye with an agreeable effect. In the valley lies S. Agata, a considerable inn, where a cheerful fire was burning in a chimney arranged as a cabinet; however, our

room is cold—no window, only shutters, which I am just hastening to close.

Naples, Feb. 25, 1787.

And here we are happily arrived at last, and with good omens enough. Of our day's journey thus much only. We left S. Agata with sunrise, a violent north-east wind blowing on our backs, which continued the whole day through. It was not till noon that it was master of the clouds. We suffered much from the cold.

Our road again lay among and over volcanic hills, among which I did not notice many limestone rocks. At last we reached the plains of Capua, and shortly afterwards Capua itself, where we halted at noon. In the afternoon a beautiful but flat region lay stretched before us; the road is broad, and runs through fields of green corn, so even that it looked like a carpet, and was at least a span high. Along the fields are planted rows of poplars, from which the branches are lopped to a great height, that the vines may run up them; this is the case all the way to Naples. The soil is excellent, light, loose, and well worked. The vine stocks are of extraordinary strength and height, and their shoots hang in festoons like nets from tree to tree.

Vesuvius was all the while on our left with a strong smoke, and I felt a quiet joy to think that at last I beheld with my own eyes this most remarkable object. The sky became clearer and clearer, and at length the sun shone quite hot into our narrow rolling lodging. The atmosphere was perfectly clear and bright as we approached Naples, and we now found ourselves, in truth, in quite another world. The houses, with flat roofs, at once bespeak a different climate; inwardly, perhaps, they may not be very comfortable. Every one is in the streets, or sitting in the sun as long as it shines. The Neapolitan believes himself to be in possession of Paradise, and entertains a very melancholy opinion of our northern lands. *Sempre neve, caso di legno, gran ignoranza, ma danari assai.* Such is the picture they draw of our condition. Interpreted for the benefit of all our German folk, it means—Always snow, wooden houses, great ignorance, but money enough.

Naples at first sight leaves a free, cheerful, and lively impression; numberless beings are passing and repassing each other: the king is gone hunting, the queen *promising;* and so things could not be better.

Naples, Monday, Feb. 26, 1787.

"*Alla Locanda del Sgr. Moriconi al Largo del Castello.*" Under this address, no less cheerful than high-sounding, letters from all the four quarters of heaven will henceforth find us. Round the castle, which lies by the sea, there stretches a large open space, which, although surrounded on all sides with houses, is not called a square or *piazza*, but a *largo*, or expanse. Perhaps the name is derived from ancient times, when it was still an open and unenclosed country. Here, in a corner house on one side of the Largo, we have taken up our lodgings in a corner room, which commands a free and lively view of the ever moving surface. An iron balcony runs before several windows, and even round the corner. One would never leave it, if the sharp wind were not extremely cutting.

The room is cheerfully decorated, especially the ceiling, whose arabasques of a hundred compartments bear witness to the proximity of Pompeii and Herculaneum. Now, all this is very well and very fine; but there is no fire-place, no chimney, and yet February exercises even here its rights. I expressed a wish for something to warm me. They brought in a tripod of sufficient height from the ground for one conveniently to hold one's hands over it; on it was placed a shallow brazier, full of extremely fine charcoal red-hot, but covered smoothly over with ashes. We now found it an advantage to be able to manage this process of domestic economy; we had learned that at Rome. With the ring of a key, from time to time, one cautiously draws away the ashes of the surface, so that a few of the embers may be exposed to the free air. Were you impatiently to stir up the glowing coals, you would no doubt experience for a few moments great warmth, but you would in a short time exhauts the fuel, and then you must pay a certain sum to have the brasier filled again.

I did not feel quite well, and could have wished for more of ease and comfort. A reed matting was all there was to protect one's feet from the stone floor; skins are not usual. I determined to put on a sailor's cloak which we had brought with us in fun, and it did me good service, especially when I tied it round my body with the rope of my box. I must have looked very comical, something between a sailor and a capuchin. When Tischbein came back from visiting some of his friends, and found me in this dress, he could not refrain from laughing.

Naples, Feb. 27, 1787.

Yesterday I kept quietly at home, in order to get rid of a slight bodily ailment. To-day has been a regular carouse, and the time passed rapidly while we visited the most glorious of objects. Let man talk, describe and paint as he may—to be here is more than all. The shore, the creeks, and the bay, Vesuvius, the city, the suburbs, the castles, the atmosphere! In the evening, too, we went into the Grotto of Posilippo, while the setting sun was shining into it from the other side. I can pardon all who lose their senses in Naples, and remember with emotion my father, who retained to the last an indelible impression of those objects which to-day I have cast eyes upon for the first time. Just as it is said, that people who have once seen a ghost, are never afterwards seen to smile, so in the opposite sense it may be said of him, that he never could become perfectly miserable, so long as he remembered Naples. According to my fashion, I am quite still and calm, and when anything happens too absurd, only make large—large eyes.

Naples, Feb. 28, 1787.

To-day we visited Philip Hackert, the famous landscape-painter, who enjoys the special confidence and peculiar favour of the king and the queen. A wing of the palace Franca Villa has been assigned to him, which, having furnished it with true artistic taste, he feels great satisfaction in inhabiting. He is a very precise and prudent personage, who, with untiring industry, manages, nevertheless, to enjoy life.

After that we took a sail, and saw all kinds of fish and wonderful shapes drawn out of the waves. The day was glorious; the *tramontane* (north winds) tolerable.

Naples, March 1, 1787.

Even in Rome my self-willed hermit-like humour was forced to assume a more social aspect than I altogether liked: no doubt it appears a strange beginning to go into the world in order to be alone. Accordingly I could not resist Prince von Waldeck, who most kindly invited me, and by his rank and influence has procured me the enjoyment of many privileges. We had scarcely reached Naples, where he has been residing a long while, when he sent us an invitation to pay a visit with him to Puzzuoli and the neighbourhood. I was thinking already of Vesuvius for to-day; but Tischbein has forced me to take this journey, which, agreeable enough of itself, promises from the fine weather, and the society of a perfect gentleman, and well-educated prince, very much both of pleasure and profit. We had also seen in Rome a beautiful lady, who with her husband, is inseparable from the Prince. She also is to be of the party; and we hope for a most delightful day.

Moreover, I was intimately known to this noble society, having met them previously. The Prince, upon our first acquaintance, had asked me what I was then busy with; and the plan of my "Iphigenia" was so fresh in my recollection, that I was able one evening to relate it to them circumstantially. They entered into it; still, still I fancied I could observe that something livelier and wilder was expected of me.

Evening.

It would be difficult to give an account of this day. How often has the cursory reading of a book, which irresistibly carries one with it, exercised the greatest influence on a man's whole life, and produced at once a decisive effect, which neither a second perusal nor earnest reflection can either strengthen or modify. This I experienced in the case of the "Sakuntala"; and do not great men affect us somewhat in the same way? A sail to Puzzuoli, little trips by land, cheerful walks through the most wonderful regions in the world! Beneath the purest

sky the most treacherous soil; ruins of inconceivable opulence, oppressive, and saddening; boiling waters, clefts exhaling sulphur, rocks of slag defying vegetable life, bare forbidding tracts, and then at last on all sides the most luxuriant vegetation seizing every spot and cranny possible, running over every lifeless object, edging the lakes and brooks, and nourishing a glorious wood of oak on the brink of an ancient crater!

And thus one is driven backwards and forwards between nature and the history of nations; one wishes to meditate, and soon feels himself quite unfit for it. In the mean time, however, the living lives on merrily, with a joyousness which we too would share. Educated persons, belonging to the world and the world's ways, but warned by serious events, become, nevertheless, disposed for reflection. A boundless view of earth, sea, and sky,—and then called away to the side of a young and amiable lady, accustomed and delighted to receive homage.

Amidst all this giddy excitement, however, I failed not to make many notes. The future reduction of these will be greatly facilitated by the map we consulted on the spot, and by a hasty sketch of Tischbein's. To-day it is not possible for me to make the least addition to these.

March 2.

Thursday I ascended Vesuvius, although the weather was unsettled, and the summit of the mountain surrounded by clouds. I took a carriage as far as Resina, and then, on the back of a mule, began the ascent, having vineyards on both sides. Next, on foot, I crossed the lava of the year '71, on the surface of which a fine but compact moss was already growing; then upwards on the side of the lava. The hut of the hermit on the height, was on my left hand. After this we climbed the Ash-hill, which is wearisome walking; two-thirds of the summit were enveloped in clouds. At last we reached the ancient crater, now filled up, where we found recent lava, only two months and fourteen days old, and also a slight streak of only five days, which was, however, already cold. Passing over these, we next ascended a height which had been thrown up by volcanic action; it was smoking from all its points. As the smoke rolled away from us, I essayed to approach the crater; scarcely, however, had we taken fifty steps in

the steam, when it became so dense that I could scarcely see my shoes. It was to no purpose that we held snuff continually before our nostrils. My guide had disappeared; and the footing on the lava lately thrown up was very unsteady. I therefore thought it right to trun round, and to reserve the sight for a finer day, and for less of smoke. However, I now know how difficult it is to breathe in such an atmosphere.

Otherwise, the mountain was quite still. There was no flame, no roaring, no stones thrown up—all which it usually does at most times. I reconnoitered it well, with the intention of regularly storming it as soon as the weather shall improve.

The specimens of lava that I found, were mostly of well-known kinds. I noticed, however, a phenomenon which appeared to me extremely strange, which I intend to examine again still more closely, and also to consult connoisseurs and collectors upon it. It is a stalactite incrustation of a part of the volcanic funnel, which has been thrown down, and now rears itself in the centre of the old choked-up crater. This mass of solid greyish stalactite appears to have been formed by the sublimation of the very finest volcanic evaporation, without the co-operation of either moisture or fusion. It will furnish occasion for further thinking.

To-day, the 3rd of March, the sky is covered with clouds, and a sirocco is blowing. For post-day, good weather.

A very strange medley of men, beautiful houses, and most singular fishes are here to be seen in abundance.

Of the situation of the city, and of its glories, which have been so often described and commended, not a word from me. "*Vede Napoli e poi muori*," is the cry here. "See Naples, and die."

Naples, March 5, 1787.

That no Neapolitan will allow the merits of his city to be questioned, that their poets should sing in extravagant hyperbole of the blessings of its site, are not matters to quarrel about, even though a pair of Vesuviuses stood in its neighbourhood. Here one can almost cast aside all remembrances, even of Rome. As compared with this free open situation, the capital of the world, in the basin of the Tiber, looks like a cloister built on a bad site.

The sea, with its vessels, and their destinations, presents wholly new matters for reflection. The frigate for Palermo

started yesterday, with a strong, direct, north wind. This time it certainly will not be more than six-and-thirty hours on the passage. With what longing did I not watch the full sails as the vessel passed between Capri and Cape Minerva, until at last it disappeared. Who could see one's beloved thus sailing away and survive? The sirocco (south wind) is now blowing; if the wind becomes stronger, the breakers over the Mole will be glorious.

To-day being Friday, is the grand promenade of the nobility, when every one displays his equipages, and especially his stud. It is almost impossible to see finer horses anywhere than in Naples. For the first time in my life I have felt an interest in these animals.

Naples, March 3, 1787.

Here you have a few leaves, as reporters of the entertainment I have met with in this place; also a corner of the cover of your letter, stained with smoke, in testimony of its having been with me on Vesuvius. You must not, however, fancy, either in your waking thoughts or in your dreams, that I am surrounded by perils; be assured that wherever I venture, there is no more danger than on the road to Belvedere. The earth is everywhere the Lord's; may be well said in reference to such objects. I never seek adventure out of a mere rage for singularity; but even because I am most cool, and can catch at a glance, the peculiarities of any object, I may well do and venture more than many others. The passage to Sicily is anything but dangerous. A few days ago, the frigate sailed for Palermo with a favorable breeze from the north, and, leaving Capri on the right, has, no doubt, accomplished the voyage in six-and-thirty hours. In all such expeditions, one finds the danger to be far less in reality than, at a distance, one is apt to imagine.

Of earthquakes, there is not at present a vestige in Lower Italy; in the upper provinces Rimini and its neighbourhood has lately suffered. Thus the earth has strange humours, and people talk of earthquakes here just as we do of wind and weather, and as in Thuringia they talk of conflagrations.

I am delighted to find that you are now familiar with the two editions of my "Iphigenia," but still more pleased should I be had you been more sensible of the difference between them.

I know what I have done for it, and may well speak thereof, since I feel that I could make still further improvements. If it be a bliss to enjoy the good, it is still greater happiness to discern the better: for in art the best only is good enough.

Naples, March 5, 1787.

We spent the second Sunday of Lent in visiting church after church. As in Rome all is highly solemn; so here every hour is merry and cheerful. The Neapolitan school of painting, too, can only be understood in Naples. One is astonished to see the whole front of a church painted from top to bottom. Over the door of one, Christ is driving out of the temple the buyers and sellers, who, terribly frightened, are nimbly huddling up their wares, and hurrying down the steps on both sides. In another church, there is a room over the entrance, which is richly ornamented with frescoes representing the deprivation of Heliodorus.* Luca Giordano must indeed have painted rapidly, to fill such large areas in a lifetime. The pulpit, too, is here not always a mere cathedra, as it is in other places,—a place where one only may teach at a time; but a gallery. Along one of these I once saw a Capuchin walking backwards and forwards, and, now from one end, now from another, reproaching the people with their sins. What had he not to tell them!

But neither to be told nor to be described is the glory of a night of the full moon such as we have enjoyed here, wandering through the streets and squares and on the quay, with its long promenade, and then backwards and forwards on the beach; one felt really possessed with the feeling of the infinity of space. So to dream is really worth all trouble.

Naples, March 5, 1787.

I made to-day the acquaintance of an excellent individual, and I must briefly give you a general description of him. It is the Chevalier Filangieri, famous for his work on legislation. He belongs to those noble young men who wish to promote the happiness and the moderate liberty of mankind. In his bearing

* Heliodorus, Bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, in the fourth century, author of the "Œthiopics, or, the Amours of Theagenes and Chariclea," was, it is said, deprived of his bishopric for writing this work.—A. W. M.

you recognise at once the soldier, the chevalier, and the man of the world; but this appearance is softened by an expression of tender moral sensibility, which is diffused over his whole countenance, and shines forth most agreeably in his character and conversation; he is, moreover, heartily attached to his sovereign and country, even though he cannot approve of all that goes on. He is also oppressed with a fear of Joseph II. The idea of a despot, even though it only floats as a phantom in the air, excites the apprehensions of every noble-minded man. He spoke to me without reserve, of what Naples had to fear from him; but in particular he was delighted to speak of Montesquieu, Beccaria, and of some of his own writings—all in the same spirit of the best will, and of a heart full of youthful enthusiasm to do good. And yet he may one day be classed with the Thirty. He has also made me acquainted with an old writer, from whose inexhaustible depths these new Italian friends of legislation derive intense encouragement and edification. He is called Giambattista Vico, and is preferred even to Montesquieu. After a hasty perusal of his book, which was lent to me as a sacred deposit, I laid it down, saying to myself, Here are sybilline anticipations of good and right, which once must, or ought to be, realised, drawn apparently from a serious contemplation both of the past and of the present. It is well when a nation possesses such a forefather: the Germans will one day receive a similar codex from *Hamann*.

Naples, March 6, 1787.

Most reluctantly, yet, for the sake of good-fellowship, Tischbein accompanied me to-day to Vesuvius. To him—the artist of form, who concerns himself with none but the most beautiful of human and animal shapes, and one also whose taste and judgment lead to humanise even the formless rock and landscape,—such a frightful and shapeless conglomeration of matter, which, moreover, is continually preying on itself, and proclaiming war against every idea of the beautiful, must have appeared utterly abominable.

We started in two caleches, as we did not trust ourselves to drive through the crowd and whirl of the city. The drivers kept up an incessant shouting at the top of their voice whenever donkeys with their loads of wood or rubbish, or rolling caleches

met us, or else warning the porters with their burdens, or other pedestrians, whether children or old people to get out of the way. All the while, however, they drove at a sharp trot, without the least stop or check.

As you get into the remoter suburbs and gardens, the road soon begins to show signs of a Plutonic action. For as we had not had rain for a long time, the naturally evergreen leaves were covered with a thick gray and ashy dust; so that the glorious blue sky, and the scorching sun which shone down upon us, were the only signs that we were still among the living.

At the foot of the steep ascent, we were received by two guides, one old, the other young, but both active fellows. The first pulled me up the path, the other Tischbein,—pulled I say, for these guides are girded round the waist with a leathern belt, which the traveller takes hold of, and being drawn up by his guide, makes his way the easier with foot and staff. In this manner we reached the flat from which the cone rises: towards the north lay the ruins of the Somma.

A glance westwards over the country beneath us, removed, as well as a bath could, all feeling of exhaustion and fatigue, and we now went round the ever-smoking cone, as it threw out its stones and ashes. Wherever the space allowed of our viewing it at a sufficient distance, it appeared a grand and elevating spectacle. In the first place, a violent thundering toned forth from its deepest abyss, then stones of larger and smaller sizes were showered into the air by thousands, and enveloped by clouds of ashes. The greatest part fell again into the gorge; the rest of the fragments, receiving a lateral inclination, and falling on the outside of the crater, made a marvellous rumbling noise. First of all the larger masses plumped against the side, and rebounded with a dull heavy sound; then the smaller came rattling down; and last of all, drizzled a shower of ashes. All this took place at regular intervals, which by slowly counting, we were able to measure pretty accurately.

Between the *Somma*, however, and the cone the space is narrow enough; moreover, several stones fell around us, and made the circuit anything but agreeable. Tischbein now felt more disgusted than ever with Vesuvius, as the monster, not content with being hateful, showed an inclination to become mischievous also.

As, however, the presence of danger generally exercises on man a kind of attraction, and calls forth a spirit of opposition in the human breast to defy it, I bethought myself that, in the interval of the eruptions, it would be possible to climb up the cone to the crater, and to get back before it broke out again. I held a council on this point with our guides under one of the overhanging rocks of the Somma, where, encamped in safety, we refreshed ourselves with the provisions we had brought with us. The younger guide was willing to run the risk with me; we stuffed our hats full of linen and silk handkerchiefs, and, staff in hand, we prepared to start, I holding on to his girdle.

The little stones were yet rattling around us, and the ashes still drizzling, as the stalwart youth hurried forth with me across the hot glowing rubble. We soon stood on the brink of the vast chasm, the smoke of which, although a gentle air was bearing it away from us, unfortunately veiled the interior of the crater, which smoked all round from a thousand crannies. At intervals, however, we caught sight through the smoke of the cracked walls of the rock. The view was neither instructive nor delightful; but for the very reason that one saw nothing, one lingered in the hope of catching a glimpse of something more; and so we forgot our slow counting. We were standing on a narrow ridge of the vast abyss: of a sudden the thunder pealed aloud; we ducked our heads involuntarily, as if that would have rescued us from the precipitated masses. The smaller stones soon rattled, and without considering that we had again an interval of cessation before us, and only too much rejoiced to have outstood the danger, we rushed down and reached the foot of the hill, together with the drizzling ashes, which pretty thickly covered our heads and shoulders.

Tischbein was heartily glad to see me again. After a little scolding and a little refreshment, I was able to give my especial attention to the old and new lava. And here the elder of the guides was able to instruct me accurately in the signs by which the age of the several strata was indicated. The older were already covered with ashes, and rendered quite smooth; the newer, especially those which had cooled slowly, presented a singular appearance. As, sliding along, they carried away with them the solid objects which lay on

the surface, it necessarily happened that from time to time several would come into contact with each other, and these again being swept still further by the molten stream, and pushed one over the other, would eventually form a solid mass with wonderful jags and corners, still more strange even than the somewhat similarly formed piles of the icebergs. Among this fused and waste matter I found many great rocks, which, being struck with a hammer, present on the broken face a perfect resemblance to the primeval rock formation. The guides maintained that these were old lava from the lowest depths of the mountain, which are very often thrown up by the volcano.

Upon our return to Naples, we noticed some small houses of only one story, and of a remarkable appearance and singular build, without windows, and receiving all their light from the doors, which opened on the road. The inhabitants sit before them at the door from the morning to the night, when they at last retire to their holes.

The city, which in the evening is all of a tumult, though of a different kind from the day, extorted from me the wish that I might be able to stay here for some time, in order to sketch to the best of my powers the moving scene. It will not, however, be possible.

Naples, Wednesday, March 7, 1787.

This week Tischbein has shown to me, and without reserve commented upon, the greater part of the artistic treasures of Naples. An excellent judge and drawer of animals, he had long before called my attention to a horse's head in brass in the Palace Columbrano: we went there to-day. This relic of art is placed in the court right opposite the gateway, in a niche over a well, and really excites one's astonishment. What must have been the effect of the whole head and body together? The perfect horse must have been far larger than those at S. Mark's: moreover, the head alone, when closely viewed, enables you distinctly to recognise and admire the character and spirit of the animal. The splendid frontal

bones, the snorting nostrils, the pricked ears, the stiff mane, —a strong, excited, and spirited creature!

We turned round to notice a female statue which stands in a niche over the gateway. It has been already described by Winckelmann as an imitation of a dancing girl, with the remark, that such *artistes* represent to us in living movement, and under the greatest variety, that beauty of form which the masters of statuary exhibit in the (as it were) petrified nymphs and goddesses. It is very light and beautiful; the head, which had been broken off, has been skilfully set on again: otherwise it is nowise injured, and most assuredly deserves a better place.

Naples.

To-day I received your dear letter of the 16th February; only, keep on writing. I have made arrangements for the forwarding of my letters, and I shall continue to do so, if I move further. Quite strange does it seem to me to read that my friends do not often see each other; and yet perhaps nothing is more common than for men not to meet who are living close together.

The weather here has become dull: a change is at hand. Spring is commencing, and we shall soon have some rainy days. The summit of Vesuvius has not been clear since I paid it a visit. These few last nights flames have been seen to issue from it; to-day it is keeping itself quiet, and therefore more violent eruptions are expected.

The storms of these last few days have shown to us a glorious sea; it is at such times that the waves may be studied in their worthiest style and shape. Nature, indeed, is the only book which presents important matter on all its pages. On the other hand, the theatres have ceased to furnish any amusement. During Lent nothing but operas, which differ in no respect from more profane ones but by the absence of ballets between the acts; in all other respects they are as gay as possible. In the theatre of S. Carlo they are representing the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar: to me it is only a great raree-show; my taste is quite spoilt for such things.

To-day we were with the Prince von Waldeck at Capo di

Monte, where there is a great collection of paintings, coins, &c. It is not well arranged, but the things themselves are above praise: we can now correct and confirm many traditional ideas. Those coins, gems, and vases which, like the stunted citron-trees, come to us in the north one by one, have quite a different look here in the mass, and, so to speak, in their own home and native soil. For where works of art are rare, their very rarity gives them a value; here we learn to treasure none but the intrinsically valuable.

A very high price is at present given for Etruscan vases, and certainly beautiful and excellent pieces are to be found among them. Not a traveller but wishes to possess some specimen or other of them; one does not seem to value money here at the same rate as at home: I fear that I myself shall yet be tempted.

Naples, Friday, March 9, 1787.

This is the pleasant part of travelling, that even ordinary matters, by their novelty and unexpectedness, often acquire the appearance of an adventure. As I came back from Capo di Monte, I paid an evening visit to Filangieri, and saw sitting on the sofa, by the side of the mistress of the house, a lady whose external appearance seemed to agree but little with the familiarity and easy manner she indulged in. In a light, striped, silk gown of very ordinary texture, and a most singular cap, by way of head-dress, but of a pretty figure, she looked like some poor dressmaker who, taken up with the care of adorning the persons of others, had little time to bestow on her own external appearance; such people are so accustomed to expect their labours to be remunerated, that they seem to have no idea of working gratis for themselves. She did not allow her gossip to be at all checked by my arrival, but went on talking of a number of ridiculous adventures which had happened to her that day, or which had been occasioned by her own *brusquerie* and impetuosity.

The lady of the house wished to help me to get in a word or two, and spoke of the beautiful site of Capo di Monte, and of the treasures there. Upon this the lively lady sprang up with a good high jump from the sofa, and as she stood on her feet seemed still prettier than before. She took leave, and

running to the door, said, as she passed me, "The Filangieri are coming one of these days to dine with me—I hope to see you also." She was gone before I could say yes. I now learnt that she was the Princess ——, a near relative to the master of the house.* The Filangieri were not rich, and lived in a becoming but moderate style; and such I presumed was the case with my little Princess, especially as such titles are anything but rare in Naples. I set down the name, and the day and hour, and left them, without any doubt but that I should be found at the right place in due time.

Naples, Sunday, March 11, 1787.

As my stay in Naples cannot be long, I take the most remote points first of all—the near throw themselves, as it were, in one's way. I have been with Tischbein to Pompeii, and on our road all those glorious prospects which were already well known to us from many a landscape drawing, lay right and left, dazzling us by their number and unbroken succession.

Pompeii amazes one by its narrowness and littleness; confined streets, but perfectly straight, and furnished on both sides with a foot pavement; little houses without windows, the rooms being lit only by the doors, which opened on the atrium and the galleries. Even the public edifices, the tomb at the gate, a temple, and also a villa in its neighbourhood, are like models and dolls' houses, rather than real buildings. The rooms, corridors, galleries and all, are painted with bright and cheerful colours, the wall surfaces uniform; in the middle some elaborate painting (most of these have been removed); on the borders and at the corners, light tasteful arabesques, terminating in the pretty figures of nymphs or children; while in others, from out of garlands of flowers, beasts, wild and tame, are issuing. Thus does the city, which first of all the hot shower of stones and ashes overwhelmed, and afterwards the excavators plundered, still bear witness, even in its present utterly desolate state, to a taste for painting and the arts common to the whole people, of which the most enthusiastic *dilettante* of the present day has neither idea nor feeling, and so misses not

* Filangieri's sister.

When one considers the distance of this town from Vesuvius, it is clear that the volcanic matter which overwhelmed it could not have been carried hither either by any sudden impetus of the mountain, or by the wind. We must rather suppose that these stones and ashes had been floating for a time in the air, like clouds, until at last they fell upon the doomed city,

In order to form a clear and precise idea of this event, one has only to think of a mountain village buried in snow. The spaces between the houses, and indeed the crushed houses themselves, were filled up; however, it is not improbable that some of the mason-work may, at different points, have peeped above the surface, and in this way have excited the notice of those by whom the hill was broken up for vineyards and gardens. And, no doubt, many an owner, on digging up his own portion, must have made valuable gleanings. Several rooms were found quite empty, and in the corner of one a heap of ashes was observed, under which a quantity of household articles and works of art was concealed.

The strange, and in some degree unpleasant impressior which this mummied city leaves on the mind, we got rid of, as, sitting in the arbour of a little inn close to the sea (where we dispatched a frugal meal), we revelled in the blue sky, the glaring ripple of the sea, and the bright sunshine; and cherished a hope that, when the vine-leaf should again cover the hill, we might all be able to pay it a second visit, and once more enjoy ourselves together on the same spot.

As we approached the city, we again came upon the little cottages, which now appeared to us perfectly to resemble those in Pompeii. We obtained permission to enter one, and found it extremely clean—neatly-platted rush-bottomed chairs, a buffet, covered all over with gilding, or painted with variegated flowers, and highly varnished. Thus, after so many centuries, and such numberless changes, this country instils into its inhabitants the same customs and habits of life, the same inclinations and tastes.

Naples, Monday, March 12, 1787.

To-day, according to my custom I have gone slowly through the city, noting several points, for a future description of it, of which unfortunately I cannot communicate anything to-

day. All tends to this one conclusion: that a highly-favored land, which furnishes in abundance the chief necessaries of existence, produces men also of a happy disposition, who, without trouble or anxiety, trust to to-morrow to bring them what to-day has been wanting, and consequently live on in a light-hearted careless sort of life. Momentary gratification, moderate enjoyments, a passing sorrow, and a cheerful resignation!

The morning has been cold and damp, with a little rain. In my walk I came upon a spot where the great slabs of the pavement appeared swept quite clean. To my great surprise I saw, on this smooth and even spot, a number of ragged boys squatting in a circle, and spreading out their hands over the ground, as if to warm them. At first I took it to be some game that they were playing; when, however, I noticed the perfect seriousness and composure of their countenances, with an expression on it of a gratified want, I therefore put my brains to the utmost stretch, but they refused to enlighten me as I desired. I was, therefore, obliged to ask what it could be that had induced these little imps to take up this strange position, and had collected them in so regular a circle.

Upon this I was informed that a neighbouring smith had been heating the tire of a wheel, and that this is done in the following manner:—The iron tire is laid on the pavement, and around is as much oak chips as is considered sufficient to soften the iron to the required degree. The lighted wood burns away, the tire is riveted to the wheel, and the ashes carefully swept up. The little vagabonds take advantage of the heat communicated to the pavement, and do not leave the spot till they have drawn from it the last radiation of warmth. Similar instances of contentedness, and sharp-witted profiting by what otherwise would be wasted, occur here in great number. I notice in this people the most shrewd and active industry, not to make riches, but to live free from care.

Evening.

In order that I might not make any mistake yesterday, as to the house of my odd little princess, and might be there in time, I called a hackney carriage. It stopped before the grand entrance of a spacious palace. As I had no idea of coming to so splendid a dwelling, I repeated to him most distinctly

the name; he assured me it was quite right. I soon found myself in a spacious court, still and lonesome, empty and clean, enclosed by the principal edifice and side buildings. The architecture was the well-known light Neapolitan style, as was also the colouring. Right before me was a grand porch, and a broad but not very high flight of steps. On both sides of it stood a line of servants, in splendid liveries, who, as I passed them, bowed very low. I thought myself the Sultan in Wieland's fairy tale, and after his example, took courage. Next I was received by the upper domestics, till at last the most courtly of them opened a door, and introduced me into a spacious apartment, which was as splendid, but also as empty of people as all before. In passing backwards and forwards I observed, in a side-room, a table laid out for about forty persons, with a splendour corresponding with all around. A secular priest now entered, and without asking who I was, or whence I came, approached me as if I were already known to him, and conversed on the most common-place topics.

A pair of folding doors were now thrown open and immediately closed again, as a gentleman rather advanced in years entered. The priest immediately proceeded towards him, as I also did; we greeted him with a few words of courtesy, which he returned in a barking stuttering tone, so that I could scarcely make out a syllable of his Hottentot dialect. When he had taken his place by the stove, the priest moved away, and I accompanied him. A portly Benedictine entered, accompanied by a younger member of his order. He went to salute the host, and after being also barked at, retired to a window. The *regular* clergy, especially those whose dress is becoming, have great advantage in society; their costume is a mark of humility and renunciation of self, while, at the same time it lends to its wearers a decidedly dignified appearance. In their behaviour they may easily, without degrading themselves, appear submissive and complying; and then again, when they stand upon their own dignity, their self-respect sits well upon them, although in others it would not be so readily allowed to pass. This was the case with this person. When I asked him about Monte Cassino, he immediately gave me an invitation thither, and promised me the best of welcomes. In the meanwhile the room had become full of people; officers, people of the court,

more regulars, and even some Capuchins, had arrived. Once more a set of folding-doors opened and shut; an aged lady, somewhat older than my host, had entered; and now the presence of what I took to be the lady of the house, made me feel perfectly confident that I was in a strange mansion, where I was wholly unknown to its owners. Dinner was now served, and I was keeping close to the side of my friends the monks, in order to slip with them into the paradise of the dining-room, when all at once I saw Filangieri, with his wife, enter and make his excuses for being so late. Shortly after this my little princess came into the room, and with nods, and winks, and bows to all as she passed, came straight to me.—"It is very good of you to keep your word," she exclaimed; "mind you sit by me,—you shall have the best bits,—wait a minute though; I must find out which is my proper place, then mind and take your place by me." Thus commanded, I followed the various windings she made; and at last we reached our seats, having the Benedictine right opposite and Filangieri on my other side. "The dishes are all good," she observed,—"all lenten fare, but choice: I'll point out to you the best. But now I must rally the priests,—the churls! I can't bear them; every day they are cutting a fresh slice off our estate. What we have, we should like to spend on ourselves and our friends." The soup was now handed round,—the Benedictine was sipping his very deliberately. "Pray don't put yourself out of your way,—the spoon is too small, I fear; I will bid them bring you a larger one. Your reverences are used to a good mouthful." The good father replied,—"In your house, lady, every thing is so excellent, and so well arranged, that much more distinguished guests than your humble servant would find everything to their heart's content."

Of the pasties the Benedictine took only one; she called out to him,—"Pray take half a dozen; pastry, your reverence surely knows, is easy of digestion." With good sense he took another pasty, thanking the princess for her attention, just as if he had not seen through her malicious raillery. And so, also, some solid paste-work furnished her with occasion for venting her spite; for, as the monk helped himself to a piece, a second rolled off the dish towards his plate,—'A third! your reverence· you seem anxious to lay a

foundation!"—"When such excellent materials are furnished to his hand, the architect's labours are easy," rejoined his reverence. Thus she went on continually, only pausing awhile to keep her promise of pointing out to me the best dishes.

All this while I was conversing with my neighbour on the gravest topics. Absolutely, I never heard Filangieri utter an unmeaning sentence. In this respect, and indeed in many others, he resembles our worthy friend, George Schlosser, with this difference, that the former, as a Neapolitan, and a man of the world, had a softer nature and an easier manner.

During the whole of this time my roguish neighbour allowed the clerical gentry not a moment's truce. Above all, the fish at this lenten meal, dished up in imitation of flesh of all kinds, furnished her with inexhaustible opportunities for all manner of irreverent and ill-natured observations; especially in justification and defence of a taste for flesh, she observed that people would have the form to give a relish, even when the essence was prohibited.

Many more such jokes were noticed by me at the time, but I am not in the humour to repeat them. Jokes of this kind, fresh spoken, and falling from beautiful lips, may be tolerable, not to say amusing, but set down in black and white, they lose all charm, for me at least. Then again, the boldly hazarded stroke of wit has this peculiarity, that at the moment it pleases us while it astonishes us by its boldness, but when told afterwards, it sounds offensive, and disgusts us.

The dessert was brought in, and I was afraid that the cross-fire would still be kept up, when suddenly my fair neighbour turned quite composedly to me and said,—"The priests may gulp their Syracusan wine in peace, for I cannot succeed in worrying a single one to death,—no, not even in spoiling their appetites. Now, let me have some rational talk with you; for what a heavy sort of thing must a conversation with Filangieri be! The good creature; he gives himself a great deal of trouble for nothing. I often say to him, if you make new laws, we must give ourselves fresh pains to find out how we can forthwith transgress them, just as we have already set at naught the old. Only look now, how beautiful Naples is! For these many years the people have lived free from care and contented, and if now and then

some poor wretch is hanged, all the rest still pursue their own merry course." She then proposed that I should pay a visit to Sorrento, where she had a large estate; her steward would feast me with the best of fish, and the delicious *mungana*, (flesh of a sucking calf). The mountain air, and the unequalled prospect, would be sure to cure me of all philosophy, —then she would come herself, and not a trace should remain of all my wrinkles, which, by the bye, I had allowed to grow before their time, and together we would have a right merry time of it.

Naples, March 13, 1787.

To-day also I write you a few lines, in order that letter may provoke letter. Things go well with me—however, I see less than I ought. The place induces an indolent and easy sort of life; nevertheless, my idea of it is gradually becoming more and more complete.

On Sunday we were in Pompeii. Many a calamity has happened in the world, but never one that has caused so much entertainment to posterity as this one. I scarcely know of anything that is more interesting. The houses are small and close together, but within they are all most exquisitely painted. The gate of the city is remarkable, with the tombs close to it. The tomb of a priestess, a semicircular bench, with a stone back, on which was the inscription cut in large characters. Over the back you have a sight of the sea and the setting sun —a glorious spot, worthy of the beautiful idea.

We found there good and merry company from Naples; the men are perfectly natural and light-hearted. We took our dinner at the "Torre del' Annunziata," with our table placed close to the sea. The day was extremely fine. The view towards Castell a Mare and Sorrento, near and incomparable. My companions were quite rapturous in praise of their native place; some asserted that without a sight of the sea it was impossible to live. To me it is quite enough that I have its image in my soul, and so, when the time comes, may safely return to my mountain home.

Fortunately, there is here a very honest painter of landscapes, who imparts to his pieces the very impression of the

rich and open country around. He has already executed some sketches for me.

The Vesuvian productions I have now pretty well studied; things, however, assume a different signification when one sees them in connection. Properly, I ought to devote the rest of my life to observation: I should discover much that would enlarge man's knowledge. Pray tell Herder that my botanical discoveries are continually advancing; it is still the same principle, but it requires a whole life to work it out. Perhaps I am already in a situation to draw the leading lines of it.

I can now enjoy myself at the museum of Portici. Usually people make it the first object,—we mean to make it our last. As yet I do not know whether I shall be able to extend my tour; all things tend to drive me back to Rome at Easter. I shall let things take their course.

Angelica has undertaken to paint a scene out of my "Iphigenia." The thought is a very happy subject for a picture, and she will delineate it excellently. It is the moment when Orestes finds himself again in the presence of his sister and his friend. What the three characters are saying to each other she has indicated by the grouping, and given theis words in the expressions of their countenances. From thir description you may judge how keenly sensitive she is, and how quick she is to seize whatever is adapted to her nature. And it is really the turning point of the whole drama.

Fare you well, and love me! Here the people are all very good, even though they do not know what to make of me. Tischbein, on the other hand, pleases them far better. This evening he hastily painted some heads of the size of life, and about which they disported themselves as strangely as the New Zealanders at the sight of a ship of war. Of this an amusing anecdote.

Tischbein has a great knack of etching with a pen the shapes of gods and heroes, of the size of life, and even more. He uses very few lines, but cleverly puts in the shades with a broad pencil, so that the heads stand out roundly and nobly. The bystanders looked on with amazement, and were highly delighted. At last an itching seized their fingers to try and paint; they snatched the brushes and painted—one another's beards, daubing each other's faces. Was not this an

original trait of human nature? And this was done in an elegant circle, in the house of one who was himself a clever draughtsman and painter! It is impossible to form an idea of this race without having seen it.

Caserta, Wednesday, March 14, 1787.

I am here on a visit to Hackert, in his highly agreeable apartments, which have been assigned him in the ancient castle. The new palace, somewhat huge and Escurial-like, of a quadrangular plan, with many courts, is royal enough. The site is uncommonly fine, on one of the most fertile plains in the world, and yet the gardens trench on the mountains. From these an aqueduct brings down an entire river, to supply water to the palace and the district; and the whole can, on occasion, be thrown on some artificially-arranged rocks, to form a most glorious cascade. The gardens are beautifully laid out, and suit well with a district which itself is thought a garden.

The castle is truly kingly. It appears to me, however, particularly gloomy; and no one of us could bring himself to think the vast and empty rooms comfortable. The King probably is of the same opinion, for he has caused a house to be built on the mountains, which, smaller and more proportioned to man's littleness, is intended for a hunting-box and country-seat.

Caserta, Thursday, March 15, 1787.

Hackert is lodged very comfortably in the old castle—it is quite roomy enough for all his guests. Constantly busy with drawing and painting, he nevertheless is very social, and easily draws men around him, as in the end he generally makes every one become his scholar; he has also quite won me by putting up patiently with my weaknesses, and insists, above all things, on distinctness of drawing, and marked and clear keeping. When he paints, he has three colours always ready; and as he works on and uses one after another, a picture is produced, one knows not how or whence. I wish the execution were as easy as it looks. With his usual blunt honesty he said to ——, "You have capacity, but you are

unable to accomplish anything; stay with me a year and a half, and you shall be able to produce works which shall be a delight to yourself and to others." Is not this a text on which one might preach eternally to dilettanti:—We would like to see what sort of a pupil we can make of you.

The special confidence with which the queen honors him is evinced not merely by the fact that he gives lessons in practice to the princesses, but still more so by his being frequently summoned on an evening to talk with and instruct them on art and kindred subjects. He makes Sulzer's book the basis of such lectures, selecting the articles, as entertainment or conviction may be his object.

I was obliged to approve of this, and, in consequence, to laugh at myself. What a difference is there between him who wishes to investigate principles, and one whose highest object is to work on the world and to teach them for their mere private amusement. Sulzer's theory was always odious to me on account of the falseness of its fundamental maxim, but now I saw that the book contained much more than the multitude require. The varied information which is here communicated, the mode of thinking with which alone so active a mind as Sulzer's could be satisfied, must have been quite sufficient for the ordinary run of people.

Many happy and profitable hours have I spent with the picture-restorer Anders, who has been summoned hither from Rome, and resides in the Castle, and industriously pursues his work, in which the king takes a great interest. Of his skill in restoring old paintings, I dare not begin to speak, since it would be necessary to describe the whole process of this yet difficult craft,—and wherein consists the difficulty of the problem, and the merit of success.

Caserta, March 16, 1787.

Your dear letter of the 19th February reached me to-day, and I must forthwith dispatch a word or two in reply. How glad should I be to come to my senses again, by thinking of my friends!

Naples is a paradise: in it every one lives in a sort of intoxicated self-forgetfulness. It is even so with me; I scarcely know myself—I seem quite an altered man. Yesterday I

said to myself: either you have always been mad, or you are so now.

I have paid a visit to the ruins of ancient Capua, and all that is connected with it.

In this country one first begins to have a true idea of what vegetation is, and why man tills the fields. The flax here is already near to blossoming, and the wheat a span and a-half high. Around Caserta the land is perfectly level, the fields worked as clean and as fine as the beds of a garden. All of them are planted with poplars, and from tree to tree the vine spreads; and yet, notwithstanding this shade, the soil below produces the finest and most abundant crops possible. What will they be when the spring shall come in power! Hitherto we have had very cold winds, and there has been snow on the mountains.

Within fourteen days I must decide whether to go to Sicily or not. Never before have I been so tossed backwards and forwards in coming to a resolution: every day something will occur to recommend the trip; the next morning—some circumstance will be against it. Two spirits are contending for me.

I say this in confidence, and for my female friends alone: speak not a word of it to my male friends. I am well aware that my "Iphigenia" has fared strangely. The public were so accustomed to the old form, expressions which it had adopted from frequent hearing and reading, were familiar to it; and now quite a different tone is sounding in its ears; and I clearly see that no one, in fact, thanks me for the endless pains I have been at. Such a work is never finished: it must, however, pass for such, as soon as the author has done his utmost, considering time and circumstances.

All this, however, will not be able to deter me from trying a similar operation with "Tasso." Perhaps it would be better to throw it into the fire; however, I shall adhere to my resolution, and since it must be what it is, I shall make a wonderful work of it. On this account, I am pleased to find that the printing of my works goes on so slowly; and then, again, it is well to be at a distance from the murmurs of the compositor. Strange enough that even in one's most independent actions, one expects, nay, requires a stimulus.

Caserta, March 16, 1787.

If in Rome one can readily set oneself to study, here one can do nothing but live. You forget yourself and the world; and to me it is a strange feeling to go about with people who think of nothing but enjoying themselves. Sir William Hamilton, who still resides here as ambassador from England, has at length, after his long love of art, and long study, discovered the most perfect of admirers of nature and art in a beautiful young woman. She lives with him: an English woman of about twenty years old. She is very handsome, and of a beautiful figure. The old knight has had made for her a Greek costume, which becomes her extremely. Dressed in this, and letting her hair loose, and taking a couple of shawls, she exhibits every possible variety of posture, expression, and look, so that at the last the spectator almost fancies it is a dream. One beholds here in perfection, in movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest of artists have rejoiced to be able to produce. Standing, kneeling, sitting, lying down, grave or sad, playful, exulting, repentant, wanton, menacing, anxious—all mental states follow rapidly one after another. With wonderful taste she suits the folding of her veil to each expression, and with the same handkerchief makes every kind of head-dress. The old knight holds the light for her, and enters into the exhibition with his whole soul. He thinks he can discern in her a resemblance to all the most famous antiques, all the beautiful profiles on the Sicilian coins—aye, of the Apollo Belvedere itself. This much at any rate is certain—the entertainment is unique. We spent two evenings on it with thorough enjoyment. To-day Tischbein is engaged in painting her.

What I have seen and inferred of the *personnel* of the Court requires to be further tested, before I set it down. To-day the king is gone hunting the wolves: they hope to kill at least five.

Naples, March 17, 1787.

When I would write words, images only start before my eyes,—the beautiful land, the free sea; the hazy

islands, the roaring mountain;—powers to delineate all this fail me.

Here in this country one at last understands how it ever came into the head of man to till the ground—here where it produces everything, and where one may look for as many as from three to five crops in the year.

I have seen much, and reflected still more. The world opens itself to me more and more—all even that I have long known is at last becoming my own. How quick to know, but how slow to put in practice, is the human creature!

The only pity is, that I cannot at each moment communicate to others my observations. But, both as man and artist, one is here driven backwards and forwards by a hundred ideas of his own, while his services are put in requisition by hundreds of persons. His situation is peculiar and strange; he cannot freely sympathize with another's being, because he finds his own exertions so put to the stretch.

And after all, the world is nothing but a wheel; in its whole periphery it is every where similar, but, nevertheless, it appears to us so strange, because we ourselves are carried round with it.

What I always said has actually come to pass: in this land alone do I begin to understand and to unravel many a phenomenon of nature, and complication of opinion. I am gathering from every quarter, and shall bring back with me a great deal,—certainly much love of my own native land, and joy to live with a few dear friends.

With regard to my Sicilian tour, the gods still hold the scales in their hands: the index still wavers.

Who can the friend be who has thus mysteriously announced? Only, may I not neglect him in my pilgrimage and tour in the island!

The frigate from Palermo has returned: in eight days she sets sail again. Whether I shall sail with it, and be back at Rome by Passion Week, I have not as yet determined. Never in my life have I been so undecided: a trifle will turn the scale.

With men I get on rather better: for I feel that one must weigh them by avoirdupois weight, and not by the jeweller's scales; as, unfortunately, friends too often weigh one another in their hypochondriacal humours and in an over-exacting spirit.

Here men know nothing of one another; they scarcely observe that others are also going on their way, side by side with them. They run all day backwards and forwards in a Paradise, without looking around them; and if the neighbouring jaws of hell begin to open and to rage, they have recourse to S. Januarius.

To pass through such a countless multitude, with its restless excitement, is strange, but salutary. Here they are all crossing and recrossing one another, and yet every one finds his way and his object. In so great a crowd and bustle I feel myself perfectly calm and solitary; the more bustling the streets become, the more quietly I move.

Often do I think of Rousseau and his hypochondriacal discontent; and I can thoroughly understand how so fine an organization may have been deranged. Did I not myself feel such sympathy with natural objects; and did I not see that, in the apparent perplexity, a hundred seemingly contrary observations admit of being reconciled, and arranged side by side, just as the geometer by a cross line tests many measurements, I should often think myself mad.

Naples, March 18, 1787.

We must not any longer put off our visit to Herculaneum, and the Museum of Portici, where the curiosities which have been dug out of it are collected and preserved. That ancient city, lying at the foot of Vesuvius, was entirely covered with lava, which subsequent eruptions succesively raised so high, that the buildings are at present sixty feet below the surface. The city was discovered by some men coming upon a marble pavement, as they were digging a well. It is a great pity that the excavation was not executed systematically by German miners; for it is admitted that the work, which was carried on at random, and with the hope of plunder, has spoilt many a noble monument of ancient art. After descending sixty steps into a pit, by torch-light you gaze in admiration at the theatre which once stood beneath the open sky, and listen to the guide recounting all that was found there, and carried off.

We entered the museum well recommended, and were well received; nevertheless we were not allowed to take any drawings. Perhaps on this account we paid the more attention to what we saw, and the more vividly transported ourselves into those long-passed times, when all these things surrounded their living owners, and ministered to the use and enjoyment of life. The little houses and rooms of Pompeii now appeared to me at once more spacious and more confined—more confined, because I fancied them to myself crammed full of so many precious objects: more spacious, because these very objects could not have been furnished merely as necessaries, but, being decorated with the most graceful and ingenious devices of the imitative arts, while they delighted the taste, must also have enlarged the mind far beyond what the amplest house-room could ever have done.

One sees here, for instance, a nobly-shaped pail, mounted at the top with a highly-ornamented edge. When you examine it more closely, you find that this rim rises on two sides, and so furnishes convenient handles by which the vessel may be lifted. The lamps, according to the number of their wicks, are ornamented with masks and mountings, so that each burner illuminates a genuine figure of art. We also saw some high and gracefully slender stands of iron for holding

lamps, the pendant burners being suspended with figures of all kinds, which display a wonderful fertility of invention; and as, in order to please and delight the eye, they sway and oscillate, the effect surpasses all description.

In the hope of being able to pay a second visit, we followed the usher from room to room, and snatched all the delight and instruction that was possible from a cursory view.

Naples, Monday, March 19, 1787.

Within these last few days I have formed a new connexion. Tischbein for three or four weeks has faithfully lent me all the assistance in his power, and diligently explained to me the works both of nature and art. Yesterday, however, after being at the Museum of Portici, we had some conversation together, and we came to the conclusion that, considering his own artistic objects, he could not perform, with credit to himself, the works which, in the hope of some future appointment in Naples, he has undertaken for the Court and for several persons in the city, nor do justice to my views, wishes, and fancies. With sincere good wishes for my success, he has therefore recommended to me for my constant companion a young man whom, since I arrived here, I have often seen, not without feeling some inclination and liking for him. His name is Kniep, who, after a long stay at Rome, has come to Naples as the true field and element of the landscape-painter. Even in Rome I had heard him highly spoken of as a clever draughtsman—only his industry was not much commended. I have tolerably studied his character, and think the ground of this censure arises rather from a want of a decision, which certainly may be overcome, if we are long together A favourable beginning confirms me in this hope; and if he continues to go on thus, we shall continue good companions for some time.

Naples, March 19, 1787.

One needs only to walk along the streets, and keep one's eyes well open, and one is sure to see the most unequalled of scenes. At the Mole, one of the noisiest quarters of the city, I saw yesterday a Pulcinello, who on a temporary stage

of planks was quarrelling with an ape, while from a balcony above a right pretty maiden was exposing her charms to every eye. Not far from the ape and his stage a quack doctor was recommending to the credulous crowd his nostrums for every evil. Such a scene painted by a Gerard Dow would not fail to charm contemporaries and posterity.

To-day, moreover, was the festival of S. Joseph. He is the patron of all Fritaruoli—that is, pastry-cooks, and understands baking in a very extensive sense. Because beneath the black and seething oil hot flames will, of course, rage,—therefore, every kind of torture by fire falls within his province. Accordingly, yesterday evening, being the eve of the Saint's day, the fronts of the houses were adorned with pictures, to the best of the inmates' skill, representing souls in Purgatory, or the Last Judgment, with plenty of fire and flame. Before the doors frying-pans were hissing on hastily-constructed hearths. One partner was working the dough, another shaped it into twists, and threw it into the boiling lard; a third stood by the frying-pan, holding a short skewer, with which he drew out the twists as soon as they were done, and shoved them off on another skewer to a fourth party, who offered them to the bystanders. The two last were generally young apprentices, and wore white curly wigs,—this head-dress being the Neapolitan symbol of an angel. Other figures besides completed the group; and these were busy in presenting wine to the busy cooks, or in drinking themselves, crying, and puffing the article all the while; the angels, too, and cooks were all clamouring. The people crowded to buy—for all pastry is sold cheap on this evening, and a part of the profits given to the poor.

Scenes of this kind may be witnessed without end. Thus fares it every day; always something new—some fresh absurdity. The variety of costume, too, that meets you in the streets; the multitude, too, of passages in the Toledo street alone!

Thus there is plenty of most original entertainment, if only one will live with the people; it is so natural, that one almost becomes natural oneself. For this is the original birth-place of Pulcinello, the true national mask—the Harlequin of Pergamo, and the Hanswurth of the Tyrol. This Pulcinello

now is a thoroughly easy, sedate, somewhat indifferent, perhaps lazy, and yet humorous fellow. And so one meets everywhere with a "Kellner" and a "Hausknecht." With ours I had special fun yesterday, and yet there was nothing more than my sending him to fetch some paper and pens. A half misunderstanding, a little loitering, good humour and roguery, produced a most amusing scene, which might be very successfully brought out on any stage.

Naples, Tuesday, March 20, 1787.

The news that an eruption of lava had just commenced, which, taking the direction of Ottajano, was invisible at Naples, tempted me to visit Vesuvius for the third time. Scarcely had I jumped out of my cabriolet (zweirädrigen einpferdigen Fuhrwerk), at the foot of the mountain, when immediately appeared the two guides who had accompanied us on our previous ascent. I had no wish to do without either, but took one out of gratitude and custom, the other for reliance on his judgment,—and the two for the greater convenience. Having ascended the summit, the older guide remained with our cloaks and refreshment, while the younger followed me, and we boldly went straight towards a dense volume of smoke, which broke forth from the bottom of the funnel; then we quickly went downwards by the side of it, till at last, under the clear heaven, we distinctly saw the lava emitted from the rolling clouds of smoke.

We may hear an object spoken of a thousand times, but its peculiar features will never be caught till we see it with our own eyes. The stream of lava was small, not broader perhaps than ten feet, but the way in which it flowed down a gentle and tolerably smooth plain was remarkable. As it flowed along, it cooled both on the sides and on the surface, so that it formed a sort of canal, the bed of which was continually raised in consequence of the molten mass congealing even beneath the fiery stream, which, with uniform action precipitated right and left the scoria which were floating on its surface. In this way a regular dam was at length thrown up, in which the glowing stream flowed on as quietly as any mill-stream. We passed along the tolerably high dam,

while the scoria rolled regularly off the sides at our feet. Some cracks in the canal afforded opportunity of looking at the living stream from below, and as it rushed onwards, we observed it from above.

A very bright sun made the glowing lava look dull; but a moderate steam rose from it into the pure air. I felt a great desire to go nearer to the point where it broke out from the mountain; there my guide averred, it at once formed vaults and roofs above itself, on which he had often stood. To see and experience this phenomenon, we again ascended the hill, in order to come from behind to this point. Fortunately at this moment the place was cleared by a pretty strong wind, but not entirely, for all round it the smoke eddied from a thousand crannies; and now at last we stood on the top of the solid roof, (which looked like a hardened mass of twisted dough), but which, however, projected so far outwards, that it was impossible to see the welling lava.

We ventured about twenty steps further, but the ground on which we stepped became hotter and hotter, while around us rolled an oppressive steam, which obscured and hid the sun; the guide, who was a few steps in advance of me, presently turned back, and seizing hold of me, hurried out of this Stygian exhalation.

After we had refreshed our eyes with the clear prospect, and washed our gums and throat with wine, we went round again to notice any other peculiarities which might characterise this peak of hell, thus rearing itself in the midst of a Paradise. I again observed attentively some chasms, in appearance like so many Vulcanic forges, which emitted no smoke, but continually shot out a steam of hot glowing air. They were all tapestried, as it were, with a kind of stalactite, which covered the funnel to the top, with its knobs and chintz-like variation of colours. In consequence of the irregularity of the forges, I found many specimens of this sublimation hanging within reach, so that, with our staves and a little contrivance, we were able to hack off a few, and to secure them. I saw in the shops of the dealers in lava similar specimens, labelled simply "Lava;" and I was delighted to have discovered that it was volcanic soot precipitated from the hot vapour, and distinctly exhibiting the sublimated mineral particles which it contained.

The most glorious of sunsets, a heavenly evening, refreshed me on my return; still I felt how all great contrasts confound the mind and senses. From the terrible to the beautiful—from the beautiful to the terrible; each destroys the other, and produces a feeling of indifference. Assuredly, the Neapolitan would be quite a different creature, did he not feel himself thus hemmed in between Elysium and Tartarus.

Naples, March 22, 1787.

Were I not impelled by the German spirit, and desire to learn and to do rather than to enjoy, I should tarry a little longer in this school of a light-hearted and happy life, and try to profit by it still more. Here it is enough for contentment, if a man has ever so little an income. The situation of the city, the mildness of the climate, can never be sufficiently extolled; but it is almost exclusively to these that the stranger is referred.

No doubt, one who has abundance of time, tact, and means, might remain here for a long time, with profit to himself. Thus Sir William Hamilton has contrived highly to enjoy a long residence in this city, and now, in the evening of his life, is reaping the fruits of it. The rooms which he has had furnished in the English style, are most delightful, and the view from the corner room, perhaps, unique. Below you is the sea, with a view of Capri, Posilippo on the right, with the promenade of Villa Real between you and the grotto; on the left an ancient building belonging to the Jesuits, and beyond it the coast stretching from Sorrento to Cape Minerva. Another prospect equal to this is scarcely to be found in Europe,—at least, not in the centre of a great and populous city.

Hamilton is a person of universal taste, and after having wandered through the whole realm of creation, has found rest at last in a most beautiful wife, a masterpiece of the great artist—Nature.

And now after all this, and a hundred-fold more of enjoyment, the sirens from over the sea are beckoning me; and if the wind is favorable, I shall start at the same time with this letter,—it for the north, I for the south. The human mind will not be confined to any limits—I especially require breadth and extent in an eminent degree; however, I must content

myself on this occasion with a rapid survey, and must not think of a long fixed look. If by hearing and thinking, I can only attain to as much of any object as a finger's tip, I shall be able to make out the whole hand.

Singularly enough, within these few days, a friend has spoken to me of *Wilhelm Meister*, and urged me to continue it. In this climate, I don't think it possible; however, something of the air of this heaven may, perhaps, be imparted to the closing books. May my existence only unfold itself sufficiently to lengthen the stem, and to produce richer and finer flowers; certainly it were better for me never to have come here at all, than to go away unregenerated.

Naples, March 22, 1787.

Yesterday we saw a picture of Correggio's, which is for sale. It is not, indeed, in very good preservation; however, it still retains the happiest stamp possible of all the peculiar charms of this painter. It represents a Madonna, with the infant, hesitating between the breast and some pears which an angel is offering it; the subject, therefore, is the weaning of Christ. To me the idea appears extremely tender; the composition easy and natural, and happily and charmingly executed. It immediately reminded me of the Vow of S. Catherine, and, in my opinion, the painting is unquestionably from the hand of Correggio.

Naples, Friday, March 23, 1787.

The terms of my engagement with Kniep are now settled, and it has commenced in a right practical way. We went together to Pæstum, where, and also on our journey thither and back, he showed the greatest industry with his pencil. He has taken some of the most glorious outlines possible. He seems to relish this moving but busy sort of life, which has called for a talent which he was scarcely conscious of. This comes of being resolute: but it is exactly here that his accurate and nice skill shows itself. He never stops to surround the paper on which he is about to draw with the usual rectangular lines; however, he seems to take as much pleasure in cutting points to his pencil, which is of the best English lead, as in drawing

itself. Thus his outlines are just what one would wish them to be.

Now we have come to the following arrangement:—From this day forward, we are to live and travel together; while he is to have nothing to trouble himself about but drawing, as he has done for the last few days.

All the sketches are to be mine; but in order to a further profit, after our return, from our connexion, he is to finish for a certain sum a number of them, which I am to select; and then, remuneration for the others is to be settled according to the dexterity he evinces in them, and the importance of the views taken, and other considerations. This arrangement has made me quite happy, and now at last I can give you an account of our journey.

Sitting in a light two-wheeled carriage, and driving in turn, with a rough good-natured boy behind, we rolled through the glorious country, which Kniep greeted with a true artistic eye. We now reached the mountain stream, which, running along a smooth artificial channel, skirts most delightful rocks and woods. At last, in the district of *Alla Cava*, Kniep could not contain himself, but set to work to fix on paper a splendid mountain, which right before us stood out boldly against the blue sky, and with a clever and characteristic touch drew the outlines of the summit, with the sides also, down to its very base. We both made merry with it, as the earnest of our contract.

A similar sketch was taken in the evening from the window, of a singularly lovely and rich country, which passes all my powers of description. Who would not have been disposed to study at such a spot, in those bright times, when a high school of art was flourishing? Very early in the morning we set off by an untrodden path, coming occasionally on marshy spots towards two beautifully shaped hills. We crossed brooks and pools, where the wild bulls, like hippopotamuses, were wallowing, and looking upon us with their wild red eyes.

The country grew flatter and more desolate; the scarcity of the buildings bespoke a sparing cultivation. At last, when we were doubting whether we were passing through rocks or ruins, some great oblong masses enabled us to distinguish the remains of temples and other monuments of a once splendid

city. Kniep, who had already sketched on the way the two picturesque limestone hills, suddenly stopped to find a spot from which to seize and exhibit the peculiarity of this most unpicturesque region.

A countryman, whom I took for my guide, led me the meanwhile through the buildings. The first sight of them excited nothing but astonishment. I found myself in a perfectly strange world; for, as centuries pass from the severe to the pleasing, they form man's taste at the same time—indeed, create him after the same law. But now our eyes, and through them our whole inner being, has been used to, and decidedly prepossessed in favor of, a lighter style of architecture; so that these crowded masses of stumpy conical pillars appear heavy, not to say frightful. But I soon recollected myself, called to mind the history of art, thought of the times when the spirit of the age was in unison with this style of architecture, and realised the severe style of sculpture; and in less than an hour found myself reconciled to it,—nay, I went so far as to thank my genius for permitting me to see with my own eyes such well-preserved remains, since drawings give us no true idea of them; for, in architectural sketches, they seem more elegant, and in perspective views even more stumpy than they actually are. It is only by going round them, and passing through them, that you can impart to them their real character; you evoke for them, not to say infuse into them, the very feeling which the architect had in contemplation. And thus I spent the whole day, Kneip the while working away most diligently in taking very accurate sketches. How delighted was I to be exempt from that care, and yet to acquire such unfailing tokens for the aid of memory! Unfortunately, there was no accommodation for spending the night here. We returned to Sorrento, and started early next morning for Naples. Vesuvius, seen from the back, is a rich country; poplars, with their colossal pyramids, on the road-side, in the foreground; these, too, formed an agreeable feature, which we halted a moment to take.

We now reached an eminence. The most extensive area in the world opened before us. Naples, in all its splendour: its mile-long line of houses on the flat shore of the bay, the promontories, tongues of land and walls of rock; then the islands, and, behind all, the sea,—the whole was a ravishing sight.

A most hideous singing, or rather exulting cry and howl of joy, from the boy behind, frightened and disturbed us. Somewhat angrily, I called out to him; he had never had any harsh words from us,—he had been a very good boy.

For a while he did not move; then he patted me lightly on the shoulder, and pushing between us both his right arm, with the fore-finger stretched out, exclaimed, "*Signor, perdonate! questa è la mia patria!*"—which, being interpreted, runs, "Forgive me, Sir, for that is my native land!" And so I was ravished a second time. Something like a tear stood in the eyes of the phlegmatic child of the north.

Naples, March 25, 1787.

Although I saw that Kniep was delighted to go with me to the festival of the Annunciation, still I could not fail to observe that there was a something he was sorry to part from. His candour could not let him long conceal from me the fact, that he had formed here a close and faithful attachment. It was a pretty tale to listen to, the story of their first meeting, and the description of the fair one's behaviour up to this time told in her favour; Kniep, moreover, insisted on my going and seeing for myself how pretty she really was. Accordingly, an opportunity was contrived, and so as to afford me the enjoyment of one of the most agreeable views over Naples. He took me to the flat roof of a house, which commanded a survey of the lower town, near the Mole, the bay, and the shore of Sorrento; all that lay beyond on the left, became fore-shortened in the strangest way possible, and which, except from this particular spot, was never witnessed. Naples is, every where, beautiful and glorious.

While we were admiring the country around, suddenly, (although expected), a very beautiful face presented itself above the roof—for the entrance to these flat roofs is generally an oblong opening in the roof, which can be covered, when not used, by a trap-door. While, then, the little angel appeared in full figure above the opening, it occurred to me that ancient painters usually represent the Annunciation by making the angel ascend by a similar trap-door. But the angel on this occasion was really of a very fine form, of a very pretty face, and a good natural carriage. It was a real joy to me, under

the free heaven, and in presence of the finest prospect in the world, to see my new friend so happy. After her departure, he confessed to me that he had hitherto voluntarily endured poverty, as by that means he had enjoyed her love; and at the same time, had learned to appreciate her contented disposition: and now his better prospects, and improved condition, were chiefly prized, because they procured him the means of making her days more comfortable.

Naples, March 25, 1787.

After this pleasant little incident I walked on the shore, calm and happy. There a good insight into botanical matters opened on me. Tell Herder that I am very near finding the primal vegetable type; only I fear that no one will be able to trace in it the rest of the vegetable kingdom. My famous theory of the Cotyledons is so refined, that perhaps it is impossible to go further with it.

Naples, March 26, 1787.

To-morrow this letter will leave this for you. On Thursday, the 29th, I go to Palermo in the corvette, which formerly, in my ignorance of sea matters, I promoted to the rank of a frigate. The doubt whether I should go or remain made me unsettled even in the use of my stay here; now I have made up my mind, things go on better. For my mental state this journey is salutary—indeed necessary. I see Sicily pointing to Africa, and to Asia, and to the wonderful, whither so many rays of the world's history are directed: even to stand still is no trifle!

I have treated Naples quite in its own style. I have been anything but industrious. And yet I have seen a great deal, and formed a pretty general idea of the land, its inhabitants, and condition. On my return there is much that I shall have to go over again; indeed, only "go over," for by the 29th of June I must be in Rome again. As I have missed the Holy Week, I must not fail to be present at the festivities of St. Peter's Day. My Sicilian expedition must not altogether draw me off from my original plans.

The day before yesterday we had a violent storm, with thunder, lightning, and rain. Now it is again clear; a glo-

rious Tramontane is blowing; if it lasts, we shall have a rapid passage.

Yesterday I went with my fellow-traveller to see the vessel, and to take our cabin. A sea voyage is utterly out of the pale of my ideas; this short trip, which will probably be a mere coasting one, will help my imagination, and enlarge my world. The captain is a young lively fellow; the ship trim and clean, built in America, and a good sailer.

Here every spot begins to look green; Sicily, they tell me, I shall find still more so. By the time you get this letter I shall be on my return, leaving Trinacria behind me. Such is man; he is always either anticipating or recalling; I have not yet been there; and yet I now am, in thought, back again with you! However, for the confusion of this letter I am not to blame. Every moment I am interrupted, and yet I would, if possible, fill this sheet to the very corner.

Just now I have had a visit from a Marchese Berio, a young man who appears to be well informed. He was anxious to make the acquaintance of the author of "Werther." Generally, indeed, the people here evince a great desire for, and delight in, learning and accomplishments. Only they are too happy to go the right way to acquire them. Had I more time, I would willingly devote it to observing the Neapolitans. These four weeks—what are they, compared with the endless variety of life?

Now, fare you well. On these travels I have learnt one thing at least—how to travel well; whether I am learning to live, I know not. The men who pretend to understand that art, are, in nature and manner, too widely different from me, for setting up any claim to such a talent.

Farewell, and love me as sincerely as I from my heart remember you.

Naples, March 28, 1787.

These few days have been entirely passed in packing and leave-taking; with making all necessary arrangements, and paying bills; looking for missing articles, and with preparations of all kinds. I set the time down as lost.

The Prince of Walbeck has, just at my departure, unsettled me again. For he has been talking of nothing less than that I should arrange, on my return, to go with him to Greece and

Dalmatia. When one enters once into the world, and gives way to it, it is necessary to be very cautious, lest one should be carried away, not to say driven mad by it. I am utterly incapable of adding another syllable.

Naples, March 29, 1787.

For some days the weather has been very unsettled; to-day, (the appointed time for our sailing), it is again as fine as possible. A favourable north wind, a bright sunny sky, beneath which one wishes oneself in the wide world! Now I bid an affectionate farewell to all my friends in Weimar and Gotha. Your love accompanies me; for wherever I am I feel my need of you. Last night I dreamt I was again among old familiar faces. It seems as if I could not unload my boat of pheasants' feathers any where but among you. May it be well loaded.

SICILY.

At Sea, Thursday, March 29, 1787.

A fresh and favourable breeze from the north-east is not blowing this time, as it did at the last sailing of the packet. But, unfortunately, a direct head-wind comes from the opposite quarter, the south-west—and so we are experiencing to our cost how much the traveller by sea depends upon the caprice of the wind and weather. Out of all patience, we whiled away the morning either on the shore or in the coffee-house; at last, at noon we went on board, and the weather being extremely fine, we enjoyed the most glorious of views. The corvette lay at anchor near to the Mole. With an unclouded sun the atmosphere was hazy, giving to the rocky walls of Sorrento, which were in the shade, a tint of most beautiful blue. Naples, with its living multitudes, lay in the full sunshine, and glittered brilliantly with countless tints. It was not until sunset that the vessel began slowly to move from her moorings; then the wind which was contrary drove us over to Posilippo, and its promontory. All night long the ship went quietly on its way. She is a swift sailer, and was built in

America, and is well fitted with cabins and berths. The passengers cheerful, but not boisterous. Opera-singers and dancers, consigned to Palermo.

Friday, March 30, 1787.

By day-break we found ourselves between Ischia and Capri —perhaps not more than a mile from the latter. The sun rose from behind the mountains of Capri and Cape Minerva. Kniep diligently sketched the outlines of the coasts and the islands, and took several beautiful views. The slowness of the passage was favourable to his labours. We were making our way but slowly under a light side-wind. We lost sight of Vesuvius about four, just as we came in view of Cape Minerva and Ischia. These, too, disappeared about evening. The sun set in the sea, attended with clouds, and a long streak of light, reaching for miles, all of a brilliant purple. This phenomenon was also sketched by Kniep. At last we lost sight altogether of the land, and the watery horizon surrounded us, the night being clear, with lovely moonlight.

These beautiful sights, however, I could only enjoy for a few moments, for I was soon attacked with sea-sickness. I betook myself to my cabin, chose an horizontal position, and abstaining from all meat or drink, except white bread and red wine, soon found myself pretty comfortable again. Shut out from the external world, I let the internal have full sway; and, as a tedious voyage was to be anticipated, I immediately set myself a heavy task in order to while away the time profitably. Of all my papers I had only brought with me the first two acts of "Tasso," written in poetic prose. These two acts, as regards their plan and evolution, were nearly similar to the present ones, but, written full ten years ago, had a somewhat soft and misty tone, which soon disappeared, while, in accordance with my later notions, I made form more predominant, and introduced more of rhythm.

Saturday, March 31, 1787.

The sun rose this morning from the water quite clear. About seven we overtook a French vessel, which had left Naples two days before us, so much the better sailer was our vessel; still we had no prospect as yet of the end of our passage. We were somewhat cheered by the sight of Ustica, but, un-

fortunately, on our left, when we ought to have had it, like Capri, on our right. Towards noon the wind became directly contrary, and we did not make the least way. The sea began to get rough, and every one in the ship was sick.

I kept in my usual position, and the whole piece was thought over and over, and through and through again. The hours passed away, and I should not have noticed how they went, but for the roguish Kniep, on whose appetite the waves had no influence. When, from time to time, he brought me some wine and some bread, he took a mischievous delight in expatiating on the excellent dinner in the cabin, the cheerfulness and good nature of our young but clever captain, and on his regrets that I was unable to enjoy my share of it. So, likewise, the transition from joke and merriment to qualmishness and sickness, and the various ways in which the latter manifested themselves in the different passengers, afforded him rich materials for humorous description.

At four in the afternoon the captain altered the course of our vessel. The mainsails were again set, and we steered direct for Ustica, behind which, to our great joy, we discerned the mountains of Sicily. The wind improved, and we bore rapidly towards Sicily, and a few little islands appeared in view. The sunset was murky, the light of heaven being veiled beneath a mist. The wind was pretty fair for the whole of the evening; towards midnight the sea became very rough.

Sunday, April 1, 1787.

About 3 in the morning a violent storm. Half asleep and dreaming, I went on with the plan of my drama; in the mean time there was great commotion on deck; the sails were all taken in, and the vessel pitched on the top of the waves. As day broke the storm abated, and the sky cleared up. Now Ustica lay right on our left. They pointed out to me a large turtle swimming a great distance off; by my telescope I could easily discern it, as a living point. Towards noon we were clearly able to distinguish the coast of Sicily with its headlands and bays, but we had got very far to the leeward, and tacked on and off. Towards mid-day we came nearer to the shore. The weather being clear, and the sun shining bright, we saw quite distinctly the western coast from the promontory of Lilybæum to Cape Gallo.

A shoal of dolphins attended our ship on both bows, and continually shot a-head. It was amusing to watch them as they swam along, covered by the clear transparent waves at one time, and at another springing above the water, showing their fins and spine-ridged back, with their sides playing in the light from gold to green, and from green to gold.

As the land was direct on our lee, the captain lay to in a bay behind Cape Gallo. Kniep failed not to seize the opportunity to sketch the many beautiful scenes somewhat in detail. Towards sunset the captain made again for the open sea, steering north-east, in order to make the heights of Palermo. I ventured several times on deck, but never intermitted for a moment my poetical labours; and thus I became pretty well master of the whole piece. With a cloudy sky, a bright but broken moonlight, the reflection on the sea was infinitely beautiful. Paintings, in order to heighten the effect, generally lead us to believe, that the reflection from the heavenly luminaries on the water has its greatest breadth nearest to the spectator, where it also possesses its greatest brilliancy. On this occasion, however, the reflection was broadest at the horizon, and, like a sharp pyramid, ended with sparkling waves close to the ship. During the night our captain again frequently changed the tack.

Monday, April 2, 1787.

This morning, about 8 o'clock, we found ourselves over against Palermo. The morning seemed to me highly delightful. During the days that I had been shut up in my cabin, I had got on pretty well with the plan of my drama. I felt quite well now, and was able to stay on deck, and observe attentively the Sicilian coast. Kniep went on sketching away, and by his accurate, but rapid pencil, many a sheet of paper was converted into highly valuable mementoes of our landing, which, however, we still had to wait for.

PALERMO.

Monday, April 2, 1787.

By 3 o'clock P.M., we at last, after much trouble and difficulty, got into horbour, where a most glorious view lay

before us. Perfectly recovered from my sea-sickness, I enjoyed it highly. The town facing north, lay at the foot of a high hill, with the sun (at this time of day) shining above it. The sides of the buildings which looked towards us, lay in a deep shade, which, however, was clear, and lit up by the reflection from the water. On our right Monte Pellegrino, with its many elegant outlines, in full light; on the left the coast, with its bays, isthmuses, and headlands, stretching far away into the distance; and the most agreeable effect was produced by the fresh green of some fine trees, whose crowns, lit up from behind, swayed backwards and forwards before the dark buildings, like great masses of glow-worms. A brilliant haze gave a blueish tint to all the shades.

Instead of hurrying impatiently on shore, we remained on deck till we were actually forced to land; for where could we hope soon to find a position equal to this, or so favourable a point of view?

Through the singular gateway, which consists of two vast pillars, which are left unconnected above, in order that the tower-high car of S. Rosalia may be able to pass through, on her famous festival, we were driven into the city, and alighted, almost immediately, at a large hotel on our left. The host, an old, decent person, long accustomed to see strangers of every nation and tongue, conducted us into a large room, the balcony of which commanded a view of the sea, with the roadstead, where we recognised our ship, Monte Rosalia, and the beach, and were enabled to form an idea of our whereabouts. Highly satisfied with the position of our room, we did not for some time observe that, at the farther end of it, was an alcove, slightly raised, and concealed by curtains, in which was a most spacious bed, with a magnificent canopy and curtains of silk, in perfect keeping with the other stately, but old fashioned, furniture of our apartment. This display of splendour made me uneasy; so, as my custom was, I wished to make an agreement with my host. To this the old man replied that conditions were unnecessary, and he trusted I should have nothing to complain of in him. We were also at liberty to make use of the ante-room, which was next to our apartment, and cool, airy, and agreeable from its many balconies.

We amused ourselves with the endless variety of views,

and endeavoured to sketch them one by one in pencil, or in colours, for here the eye fell upon a plentiful harvest for the artist.

In the evening the lovely moonlight attracted us once more to the roadstead, and even after our return riveted us for some time on the balcony. The light was peculiar,—the repose and loveliness of the scene were extreme.

Palermo, Tuesday, April 3, 1787.

Our first business was to examine the city, which is easy enough to survey, but difficult to know; easy, because a street a mile long, from the lower to the upper gate, from the sea to the mountain, intersects it, and is itself again crossed, nearly in its middle, by another. Whatever lies on these two great lines is easily found; but in the inner streets a stranger soon loses himself, and without a guide will never extricate himself from their labyrinths.

Towards evening our attention was directed to the long line of carriages, (of the well-known build,) in which the principal persons of the neighbourhood were taking their evening drive from the city to the beach, for the sake of the fresh air, amusement, and perhaps also for intrigue.

It was full moon about two hours before midnight, and the evening was in consequence indescribably glorious. The northerly position of Palermo produces a very strange effect; as the city and shore come between the sun and the harbour, its reflection is never observed on the waves. On this account, though it was one of the very brightest of days yesterday, I found the sea of a deep blue colour, solemn, and oppressive; whereas, at Naples, after noon-day, it gets brighter and brighter, and glitters with more airy lightness, and to a greater distance.

Kniep has to-day left me to make my pilgimages and observations by myself, in order that he might accurately sketch the outline of Monte Pellegrino, the most beautiful headland in the whole world.

Palermo, April 3, 1787.

Here again I must put a few things together, something in the way of an appendix, and with the carelessness of familiarity.

At sunset of the 29th of March we set sail for Naples, and at last, after a passage of four days and three hours, cast anchor in the harbour of Palermo. The little diary which I enclose, will give an account of ourselves and our fortunes. I never entered upon a journey so calmly as I did this, and never have I had a quieter time of it than during our passage, which a constant headwind has unusually prolonged, even though I passed the time chiefly on my bed, in a close little berth, to which I was obliged to keep during the first day, in consequence of a violent attack of sea-sickness. Now my thoughts pass over towards you; for if ever anything has exercised a decided influence on my mind, this voyage has certainly done so.

He who has never seen himself surrounded on all sides by the sea. can never possess an idea of the world, and of his own relation to it. As a landscape painter, this great simple line has given me entirely new ideas.

During our voyage we had, as the diary records, many changes, and, on a small scale, experienced all a sailor's fortunes. However, the safety and convenience of the packet-boat cannot be sufficiently commended. Our captain is a very brave and an extremely handsome man. My fellow-passengers consisted of a whole theatrical troop, well mannered, tolerable, and agreeable. My artist, who accompanies me, is a merry true-hearted fellow. In order to shorten the weary hours of the passage, he has explained to me all the mechanical part of *aquarell*, or painting in water colours.—an art which has been carried to a great height of perfection in Italy. He thoroughly understands the effect of particular colours in effecting certain tones, to produce which, without knowing the secret, one might go on mixing for ever. I had, it is true, learned a good deal of it in Rome. but never before so systematically. The artists must have studied and perfected the art in a country like Italy or this. No words can express the hazy brilliancy which hung around the coasts, as on a most beautiful noon we neared Palermo. He who has once seen it will never forget it. Now, at last, I can understand Claude Lorraine, and can cherish a hope that hereafter, in the north, I shall be able to produce, from my soul, at least a faint idea of these glorious abodes. Oh! that only all littleness had departed from it as entirely as the little charm of

thatched roofs has vanished from among my ideas of what a drawing should be. We shall see what this "Queen of Islands" can do.

No words can express the welcome—with its fresh green mulberry trees, evergreen oleanders, and hedges of citron, &c. In the open gardens you see large beds of ranunculuses and anemones. The air is mild, warm, and fragrant; the wind refreshing. The full moon, too, rose from behind a promontory, and shone upon the sea;—and this joyous scene after being tossed about four days and nights on the waves!

Forgive me if, with a stump of a pen and the Indian-ink my fellow-traveller uses for his sketches, I scribble down these remarks. I send them to you as a faint lisping murmur; since I am preparing for all that love me another record of these, my happy hours. What it is to be I say not; and when you will receive it, that also it is out of my power to tell.

Palermo, Tuesday, April 3.

This letter must, as far as possible, impart to you, my dearest friends, a high treat; it is intended to convey to you a description of an unrivalled bay, embracing a vast mass of waters. Beginning from the east, where a flattish headland runs far out into the sea, it is dotted with many rugged, beautifully-shaped, wood-crowned rocks, until it reaches the fishing-huts of the suburbs; then the town itself, whose foremost houses (and among them our own hotel) all look towards the harbour and to the great gate by which we entered.

Then it stretches westwards, and passing the usual landing-place, where vessels of smaller burden can lie to, comes next to what is properly the harbour, near the Mole, which is the station of all larger vessels; and then, at the western point, to protect the shipping, rises Monte Pellegrino, with its beatiful contour, after leaving between it and the mainland a lovely fertile valley, which at its other end again reaches the sea.

Kniep sketched away. I took, with my mind's eye, the plan of the country—(*ich schematisirte*)—with great delight; and now, glad to have reached home again, we feel neither

strength nor energy to tell a long story, and to go into particulars. Our endeavours must, therefore, be reserved for a future occasion; and this sheet must serve to convince you of our inability adequately to seize these objects, or rather of our presumption in thinking to grasp and master them in so short a time.

Palermo, Wednesday April 4, 1787.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to the fertile and delightful valley at the foot of the Southern Mountains, running by Palermo, and through which the Oreto meanders. Here, too, is a call for the painter's eye, and a practised hand to convey an idea of it. Kniep, however, hastily seized an excellent point of view at a spot where the pent-up water was dashing down from a half-broken weir, and was shaded by a lovely group of trees, behind which an uninterrupted prospect opened up the valley, affording a view of several farm buildings.

Beautiful spring weather, and a budding luxuriance, diffused over the whole valley a refreshing feeling of peace, which our stupid guide marred by his ill-timed erudition, telling us that in former days, Hannibal had fought a battle here, and circumstantially detailing all the dreadful feats of war which had been perpetrated on the spot. In no friendly mood I reproved him for thus fatally calling up again such departed spectres. It was bad enough, I said, that from time to time the crops should be trodden down, if not by elephants, yet by men and horses. At any rate, it was not right to scare away the peaceful dreams of imagination by reviving such tumults and horrors.

The guide was greatly surprised that I could, on such a spot, despise classical reminiscences; and I, too, could not make him understand how greatly such a mingling of the past with the present displeased me.

Still more singular did our guide deem me, when at all the shallow places, of which many were left quite dry by the stream, I searched for pebbles, and carried off with me specimens of each sort. I again found it difficult to make him understand that there was no readier way of forming an idea of a mountainous district like that before us, than by examining the nature of the stones which are washed down by the streams,

and that in so doing, the purpose was to acquire a right notion of those eternally classic heights of the ancient world.

And, indeed, my gains from this stream were large enough: I carried away nearly forty specimens, which, however, may be comprised under a few classes. Most of these were of a species of rock, which, in one respect, might be regarded as a sort of jasper or hornblende; in another, looked like clay-slate. I found some pebbles rounded, others of a rhomboidal shape, others of irregular forms, and of various colours. Moreover, many varieties of the primeval limestone, not a few specimens of breccia, of which the substratum was lime, and holding jasper, or modifications of limestone. Rubbles of muschelkalk also were not wanting.

The horses here are fed on barley, chaff, (*hackerling*) and clover. In spring they give them the green barley, in order to refresh them—*per rinfrescar* is the phrase. As there are no meadows here, they have no hay. On the hill-sides there are some pasture-lands, and also in the corn-fields, as a third is always left fallow. They keep but few sheep, and these are of a breed from Barbary. On the whole they have more mules than horses, because the hot food suits the former better than the latter.

The plain on which Palermo lies, as well as the districts of Ai Colli, which lie without the city, and a part also of Baggaria, have for their basis the muschelkalk, of which the city is built. There are, for this purpose, extensive quarries of it in the neighbourhood. In one place, near Monte Pellegrino, they are more than fifty feet deep, The lower layers are of a whiter hue. In it are found many petrified corals and other shell-fish, but principally great scallops. The upper stratum is mixed with red marl, and contains but few, if any, fossils. Right above it lies the red marl, of which, however, the layer is not very stiff.

Monte Pellegrino, however, rises out of all this; it is a primary limestone, has many hollows and fissures, which, although very irregular, when closely observed are found to follow the order of the strata. The stone is close, and rings when struck.

Palermo, Thursday, April 5, 1787.

We have gone carefully through the city. The style of architecture resembles for the most part that of Naples; but the public buildings, for instance the fountains, are still further removed from good taste. Here there is no artistic mind to regulate the public works; the edifices owe both their shape and existence to chance accidents. A fountain, which is the admiration of the whole island, would, perhaps, never have existed, had not Sicily furnished a beautiful variegated marble, and had not a sculptor, well practised in animal shapes happened to be in favour precisely at the time. It would be a difficult matter to describe this fountain. In a moderately-sized site stands a round piece of masonry, not quite a staff high (*Stock hoch*). The socle, the wall, and the cornice are of variegated marble. In the wall are several niches in a row, from which animals of all kinds in white marble, are looking with stretched-out necks. Horses, lions, camels, and elephants, are interchanged one with another; and one scarcely expects to find, within the circle of this menagerie, a fountain, to which, through four openings, marble steps lead you down to draw from the water, which flows in rich abundance.

The same nearly may be said of the churches, in which even the Jesuits' love of show and finery is surpassed—but not from design or plan, but by accident—just as artist after artist, whether sculptor or carver, gilder, lackerer, or worker in marble chose, without taste or rule, to display on each vacant spot his own abilities.

Amidst all this, however, one cannot fail to recognize a certain talent in imitating natural objects; for instance, the heads of the animals around the fountains are very well executed. By this means it is, in truth, that the admiration of the multitude is excited, whose artistic gratification consists chiefly in comparing the imitation with its living prototype.

Towards evening I made a merry acquaintance, as I entered the house of a small dealer in the Long Street, in order to purchase some trifles. As I stood before the window to look at the wares, a slight breeze arose, which eddying along the whole street, at last distributed through all the windows and doors the immense cloud of dust which it had raised. "By all the saints," I cried, "whence comes all the dust of your town—is there no helping it? In its

length and beauty, this street vies with any in the Corso in Rome. On both sides a fine pavement, which each stall and shop-holder keeps clean by interminable sweeping, but brushes everything into the middle of the street, which is, in consequence, so much the dirtier, and with every breath of wind sends back to you the filth which has just before been swept into the roadway. In Naples busy donkeys carry off day by day the rubbish to the gardens and farms. Why should you not here contrive and establish some similar regulation?"

"Things with us are as they are," he replied; "we throw everything out of the house, and it rots before the door; you see here horse-dung and filth of all kinds—it lies there and dries, and returns to us again in the shape of dust. Against it we are taking precautions all day long. But look, our pretty little and ever-busy brooms, worn out at last, only go to increase the heap of filth before our doors."

And oddly enough it was actually so. They had nothing but very little besoms of palm-branches, which, slightly altered, might have been really useful; but as it was, they broke off easily, and the stumps were lying by thousands in the streets. To my repeated questioning, whether there was no board or regulations to prevent all this; he replied, "A story is current among the people that those whose duty it was to provide for the cleansing of our streets, being men of great power and influence, could not be compelled to disburse the money on its lawful objects; and besides that there was also the strange fact that certain parties feared that if the dirty straw and dung were swept away, every one would see how badly the pavement beneath was laid down. And so the dishonesty of a second body would be thereby exposed. "All this, however," he remarked, with a most humorous expression, "is merely the interpretation which the ill-disposed put upon it." For his part, he was of the opinion of those who maintained that the nobles preserved this soft litter for their carriages, in order that, when they take their drive for amusement in the evening, they might ride at ease over the elastic ground. And as the man was now in the humour, he joked away at many of the abuses of the police,—a consolatory proof to me that man has always humour enough to make merry with what he cannot help.

S. Rosalia, the patron saint of Palermo, is so universally known, from the description which Brydone has given of her festival, that it must assuredly be agreeable to my friends to read some account of the place and the spot where she is most particularly worshipped.

Monte Pellegrino, a vast mass of rocks, of which the breadth is greater than the height, lies on the north-west extremity of the Bay of Palermo. Its beautiful form admits not of being described by words; a most excellent view of it may be seen in the *Voyage Pittoresque de la Sicile.* It consists of a gray limestone of the earlier epoch. The rocks are quite barren, not a tree nor a bush will grow on them; even the more smooth and level portions are but barely covered with grasses or mosses.

In a cavern of this mountain, the bones of the saint were discovered, at the beginning of the last century, and brought to Palermo. The presence of them delivered the city from a pestilence, and ever since S. Rosalia has been the Patron Saint of the people. Chapels have been built in her honour, splendid festivals have been instituted.

The pious and devout frequently made pilgrimages to the mountain; and in consequence a road has been made to it, which, like an ancient aqueduct, rests on arches and columns, and ascends zigzag between the rocks.

The place of worship is far more suitable to the humility of the saint who retired thither, than are the splendid festivities which have been instituted in honour of her total renunciation of the world. And perhaps the whole of Christendom, which now, for eighteen hundred years, has based its riches, pomps, and festival amusements, on the memory of its first founders and most zealous confessors, cannot point out a holy spot which has been adorned and rendered venerable in so eminent and delightful a way.

When you have ascended the mountain, you proceed to the corner of a rock, over against which there rises a high wall of stone. On this the Church and the monastery are very finely situated.

The exterior of the church has nothing promising or inviting; you open its door without any high expectation, but on entering are ravished with wonder. You find yourself in a vast vestibule, which extends to the whole breadth of the

church, and is open towards the nave. You see here the usual vessel of holy water and some confessionals. The nave is an open space, which on the right is bounded by the native rock, and on the left by the continuation of the vestibule. It is paved with flat stones on a slight inclination, in order that the rain water may run off. A small well stands nearly in the centre.

The cave itself has been transformed into the choir, without, however, any of its rough natural shape being altered. Descending a few steps, close upon them stands the choristers' desk with the choir books, and on each side are the seats of the choristers. The whole is lighted by the daylight, which is admitted from the court or nave. Deep within, in the dark recesses of the cave, stands the high-altar.

As already stated, no change has been made in the cave; only, as the rocks drop incessantly with water, it was necessary to keep the place dry. This has been effected by means of tin tubes, which are fastened to every projection of the rock, and are in various ways connected together. As they are broad above and come to a narrow edge below, and are painted of a dull green colour, they give to the rock an appearance of being overgrown with a species of cactus. The water is conducted into a clear reservoir, out of which it is taken by the faithful as a remedy and preventative for every kind of ill.

As I was narrowly observing all this, an ecclesiastic came up to me and asked whether I was a Genoese, and wished a mass or so to be said? I replied upon this that I had come to Palermo with a Genoese, who would to-morrow, as it was a festival, come up to the shrine; but, as one of us must always be at home, I had come up to day in order to look about me. Upon this he observed, I was at perfect liberty to look at everything at my leisure, and to perform my devotions. In particular he pointed out to me a little altar which stood on the left as especially holy, and then left me.

Through the openings of a large trelliss work of lattice, lamps appeared burning before an altar. I knelt down close to the gratings and peeped through. Further in, however, another lattice of brass wire was drawn across, so that one looked as it were through gauze at the objects within. By the light of some dull lamps I caught sight of a lovely female form.

She lay seemingly in a state of ecstacy—the eyes half-closed, the head leaning carelessly on her right hand, which was adorned with many rings. I could not sufficiently discern her face, but it seemed to be peculiarly charming. Her robe was made of gilded metal, which imitated excellently a texture wrought with gold. The head and hands were of white marble. I cannot say that the whole was in the lofty style, still it was executed so naturally and so pleasingly that one almost fancied it must breathe and move. A little angel stands near her, and with a bunch of lilies in his hand appears to be fanning her.

In the meanwhile the clergy had come into the cave, taken their places, and began to chant the Vespers.

I took my seat right before the altar, and listened to them for a while; then I again approached the altar, knelt down and attempted to obtain a still more distinct view of the beautiful image. I resigned myself without reserve to the charming illusion of the statue and the locality.

The chant of the priests now resounded through the cave; the water was trickling into the reservoir near the altar; while the over-hanging rocks of the vestibule—the proper nave of the church—shut in the scene. There was a deep stillness in this waste spot, whose inhabitants seemed to be all dead—a singular neatness in a wild cave: the tinsel and tawdry pomp of the Roman Catholic ceremonial, especially as it is vividly decked out in Sicily, had here reverted to its original simplicity. The illusion produced by the statue of the fair sleeper—which had a charm even for the most practised eye:—enough, it was with the greatest difficulty that I tore myself from the spot, and it was late at night before I got back to Palermo.

Palermo, Saturday, April 7, 1787.

In the public gardens, which are close to the roadstead, I have passed some most delightful hours. It is the most wonderful place in the world. Regularly laid out by art, it still looks a fairy spot; planted but a short time ago, it yet transports you into ancient times. Green edgings surround beds of the choicest exotics; citron-espaliers arch over low-arboured walks; high walls of the oleander, decked with thousands of its red carnation-like blossoms, dazzle the eye.

Trees wholly strange and unknown to me, as yet without leaf, and probably, therefore, natives of a still warmer climate, spread out their strange looking branches. A raised seat at the end of the level space gives you a survey of these curiously mixed rarities, and leads the eye at last to great basins in which gold and silver fish swim about with their pretty movements; now hiding themselves beneath moss-covered reeds; now darting in troops to catch the bit of bread which has tempted them from their hiding place. All the plants exhibit tints of green which I am not used to; yellower and bluer than are found with us. What however lent to every object the rarest of charms was a strong halo which hung around everything alike, and produced the following singular effect: objects which were only distant a few steps from others, were distinguished from them by a decided tint of light blue, so that at last the distinctive colours of the most remote were almost merged in it, or at least assumed to the eye a decidedly strong blue tint.

The very singular effect which such a halo imparts to distinct objects, vessels, and headlands, is remarkable enough to an artistic eye; it assists it accurately to distinguish, and, indeed, to measure distances. It makes, too, a walk on the heights extremely charming. One sees Nature no more; nothing but pictures; just as if a painter of exquisite taste had arranged them in a gallery.

But these wonderful gardens have made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. The black waves on the northern horizon, as they broke on the irregular points of the bay—and even the smell of the sea—all seemed to recall to my imagination, as well as my memory, the happy island of the Phœacians. I hastened to purchase a *Homer*, and began to read this book with the highest delight, making an impromptu translation of it for the benefit of Kniep, who had well deserved by his diligent exertions this day some agreeable refreshment over a glass of wine.

Palermo, April 8, 1787.
(*Easter Day.*)

The morning rejoicings in the blissful Resurrection of the Lord commenced with break of day. Crackers, wild-fires,

rockets, serpents, &c., were let off by wholesale in front of the churches, as the worshippers crowded in at the open doors. The chiming of bells, the pealing of organs, the chanting of processions, and of the choirs of priests who came to meet them, were enough to stun the ears of all who had not been used to such noisy worship.

The early mass was scarcely ended, when two well-dressed couriers of the Viceroy visited our hotel, with the double object of offering to all strangers his Highness's congratulations on the festival, and to exact a douceur in return. As I was specially honoured with an invitation to dinner, my gift was, of course, expected to be considerable.

After spending the morning in visiting the different churches, I proceeded to the Viceroy's palace, which is situated at the upper end of the city. As I arrived rather early, I found the grand saloon still empty; there was only a little lively man, who came up to me, and whom I soon discovered to be a Maltese.

When he had learnt that I was a German, he asked if I could give him any account of Erfurt, where he had spent a very pleasant time on a short visit.

As he asked me about the family of the Däckerödes, and about the Coadjutor von Dalberg, I was able to give some account of them, at which he seemed much delighted, and inquired after other people of Thuringia. With considerable interest he then inquired about Weimar. "And how," he asked, "is the person, who, full of youth and vivacity when I was there, was the life of society? I have forgotten his name, but he is the author of 'Werther.'"

After a little pause, as if for the sake of tasking my memory, I answered, "I am the person whom you are inquiring about." With the most visible signs of astonishment, he sprung back, exclaiming, "There must have been a great change then!" "O yes," I rejoined, "between Palermo and Weimar I have gone through many a change."

At this moment the Viceroy and suite entered the apartment. His carriage evinced that graceful freedom which became so distinguished a personage. He could not refrain from laughing at the Maltese, as he went on expressing his astonishment to see me here. At table I sat by the side of the Viceroy, who inquired into the objects of my journey, and

assured me that he would give orders that everything in Palermo should be open to my inspection, and that every possible facility should be given me during my tour through Sicily

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Palermo, Monday, April 9, 1787.

This whole day has been taken up with the stupidities of the Prince Pallagonia, whose follies are thoroughly different from what one would form an idea of either by reading or hearing of them. For, with the slightest love of truth, he who wishes to furnish an account of the absurd, gets into a dilemma; he is anxious to give an idea of it, and so makes it something, whereas, in reality, it is a nothing which seeks to pass for something. And here I must premise another general reflection, viz., that neither the most tasteless, nor the most excellent production comes entirely and immediately from a single individual or a single age, but that with a little attention any one may trace its pedigree and descent.

The fountain already described in Palermo belongs to the forefathers of the Pallagonian follies, only that the latter, in their own soil and domain, develope themselves with the greatest freedom, and on the largest scale.

When in these parts a country seat is built, it is usually placed in the middle of a whole property, and therefore, in order to reach the princely mansion you have to pass through cultivated fields, kitchen gardens, and similar rural conveniences, for these southerns show far more of economy than we northmen, who often waste a good strip of rich land on a park, which, with its barren shrubs, can only charm the eye. But here it is the fashion to build two walls, between which you pass to the castle, without knowing in the least what is doing on your right and left. This passage begins generally with a grand portico, and sometimes with a vaulted hall, and ends with the mansion itself. But, in order that the eye may not be entirely without relief between these bye walls, they are generally arched over, and ornamented with scrolls, and also with pedestals, on which, here and there, a vase is placed. The flat surfaces are plastered, divided into compartments, and painted. The court is formed by a circle of one-storied cabins, in which work-people of all sorts reside, while the quadrangular castle towers over all.

This is the sort of building which is here traditionally adopted, and which probably was the old form, when the father of the present prince rebuilt the castle, not in the best, but still in tolerable taste. But the present possessor, without abandoning the general features of this style, gave free course to his humour and passion for the most ill-shapen and tasteless of erections. One would do him too much honour by giving him credit for even one spark of taste.

We entered, therefore, the great hall, which stands at the beginning of the property, and found ourselves in an octagonal room, of a breadth altogether disproportioned to its height. Four vast giants with modern spatterdashes, which had just been *buttoned* on, support the cornice, on which, directly meeting the eye as you enter, is a representation of the Holy Trinity.

The passage to the castle is broader than usual, the wall being converted into one continuous high socle; from which basement the strangest groups possible reach to the top, while in the spaces between them several vases are placed. The ugliness of these unshapely figures, (the bungling work of the most ordinary mason,) is increased by their having been cut out of a very crumbly muscheltufa, although, perhaps, a better material would have made the badness of the form still more striking to the eye. I used the word "groups" a moment ago, but I have employed a false term, and most inappropriate one for anything here. For they are mere juxtapositions, determined by no thought, but by mere arbitrary caprice. In each case three form the ornament of a square pedestal, their bases being so arranged as to fill up the space by their various postures. The principal groups have generally two figures which occupy the chief face of the pedestal, and then two are yet wanting to fill up the back part of the pedestal; one of a moderate size generally represents a shepherd or shepherdess—a cavalier or a lady—a dancing ape or a hound. Still there is a vacant spot on the pedestal; this is generally held by a dwarf—as, indeed, in dull jokes, this sort of gentry usually play a conspicuous part.

That we may not omit any of the elements of Prince Pallagonia's folly, we give you the accompanying catalogue. Men: Beggars, male and female, Spanish men and women, Moors, Turks, hunchbacks, cripples of all sorts, strolling musicians, pulcinellos, soldiers in ancient uniforms, gods,

goddesses, gentlemen in old French costumes, soldiers with cartouche boxes and gaiters, mythological personages (with most ridiculous companions, Achilles and Charon, for instance, with Punch). Animals (merely parts of them): Heads of horses on human bodies, mis-shapen apes, lots of dragons and serpents, all sorts of feet under figures of all kinds, double-headed monsters, and creatures with heads that do not belong to them. Vases: All sorts of monsters and scrolls, which below end in the hollows and bases of vases.

Just let any one think of such figures furnished by wholesale, produced without thought or sense, and arranged without choice or purpose—only let him conceive to himself this socle, these pedestals and unshapely objects in an endless series, and he will be able to sympathize with the disagreeable feelings which must seize every one whose miserable fate condemns him to run the gauntlet of such absurdities.

We now approach the castle, and are received into a semicircular fore-court. The chief wall before us, through which is the entrance-door, is in the castle style. Here we find an Egyptian figure, built into the wall, a fountain without water, a monument, vases stuck around in no sort of order, statues designedly laid on their noses. Next we came to the castle court, and found the usual round area, enclosed with little cottages, distorted into small semicircles, in order, forsooth, that there might be no want of variety.

The ground is, for the most part, overgrown with grass. Here, as in the neighbourhood of a church in ruins, are marble urns with strange scrolls and foliations, collected by his father; dwarfs and other abortions of the later epoch, for which, as yet fitting places have not been found; one even comes upon an arbour, propped up with ancient vases, and stone scrolls of various shapes.

The absurdities produced by such want of judgment and taste, however, are strikingly instanced by the fact, that the window sills in these cottages are, without exception, oblique, and lean to one side or the other, so as to offend and violate all sense of the level and perpendicular, which are so indispensable in the human mind, and form the foundation of all architectural propriety. And then, again, the edges of all the roofs are *embellished* with hydras and little busts, with choirs of monkeys playing music, and similar conceits. Dragons alternate with

deities: an Atlas, who sustains not the mundane sphere, but an empty wine-barrel!

One hopes to escape from all this by entering the castle, which, having been built by the father, presents relatively a more rational appearance when viewed from the exterior. But in vain, for at no great distance from the door, one stumbles upon the laurel-crowned head of a Roman emperor on the body of a dwarf, who is sitting astride on a dolphin.

Now, in the castle itself, of which the exterior gives hope of, at least, a tolerable interior, the madness of the Prince begins again to rave. Many of the seats have lost their legs, so that no one can sit upon them; and if some appear to promise a resting-place, the Chamberlain warns you against them, as having sharp prickles beneath their satin-covered cushions. In all the corners are candelabras of porcelain china, which, on a nearer view, you discover to be cemented together out of different bowls, cups, saucers, &c., &c. Not a corner but some whim peeps out of it. Even the unequalled prospect over the promontory into the sea is spoiled by coloured glass, which, by its false lights, gives either a cold or a fiery tint to the neighbouring scenes. I must, also, mention a cabinet, which is inlaid with old gold frames, cut in pieces. All the hundred-fold carvings, all the endless varieties of ancient and modern, more or less dust-stained and time-injured, gilding, closely huddled together, cover all the walls, and give you the idea of a miniature lumber-room.

To describe the chapel alone, would require a volume. Here one finds the solution of the whole folly, which could never have reached such a pitch in any but a bigoted mind. How many monstrous creations of a false and misled devotion are here to be found, I must leave you to guess for yourself. However, I cannot refrain from mentioning the most outrageous: a carved crucifix is fastened flat to the roof, painted after nature, lackered, and gilded; into the navel of the figure, attached to the cross, a hook is screwed, and from the latter hangs a chain, which is fastened to the head of a man who, in a kneeling and praying posture, is suspended in the air, and, like all the other figures in the church, is painted and lackered. In all probability it is intended to serve as a type of the owner's unceasing devotion.

Moreover, the house is not finished internally. A saloon, built by the father, and intended to be decorated with rich and varied ornaments, but not tricked out in a false and offensive taste, is still incomplete: so that, it would seem, even the boundless madness of the possessor is at a stand still.

Kniep's artistic feeling was almost driven to desperation in this mad-house; and, for the first time in my life, I found him quite impatient. He hurried me away, when I wished to take a note of, and to perpetuate the memory of these monstrous absurdities, one by one. Good-naturedly enough, he at last took a sketch of one of these compositions, which did, at least, form a kind of group. It represents a woman with a horse's head, sitting on a stool, and playing at cards, with a cavalier, dressed, as to his lower extremities, in the old fashion, while his gray head is ornamented with a large wig and a crown. The statue reminded me of the arms of the house of Pallagonia,—a satyr, holding up a mirror *before* a woman with a horse's head, which, even after all the strange follies of its present head, seems to me highly singular.

Palermo, Tuesday, April 10, 1787.

To-day we took a drive up the mountains to Monreale,—along a glorious road, which was laid down by an abbot of this cloister, in the times of its opulence and wealth: broad, of easy ascent, trees here and there, springs, and dripping wells, decked out with ornaments and scrolls,—somewhat Pallagonian in style—but still, in spite of all that, refreshing to both man and beast.

The monastery of S. Martin, which lies on the height, is a respectable building. One bachelor alone, as we see in the case of Prince Pallagonia, has seldom produced any thing rational; but several together, on the other hand, have effected the greatest works, such as churches and monasteries. But perhaps these spiritual fraternities produced so much, simply because, beyond most fathers of a family, they could reckon with certainty on a numerous posterity.

The monks readily permitted us to view their collection of antiques and natural objects. They contained many excellent specimens of both. Our attention was particularly fixed by a medallion, with the *figure* of a young goddess, which must,

excite the rapture of every beholder. The good monks would willingly have given us a copy, but there was nothing within reach which would do to make a mould.

After they had exhibited to us all their treasures,—not without entering on an unfavorable comparison of their present with their former condition,—they led us into a small but pleasant saloon, from the balcony of which one enjoyed a lovely prospect. Here covers were laid for us alone, and we had a very excellent dinner to ourselves. When the dessert was served, the abbot and the senior monks entered, and took their seats. They remained nearly half an hour, during which time we had to answer many questions. We took a most friendly farewell of them; the younger brethren accompanied us once more to the rooms where the collections were kept, and at last to our carriage.

We drove home with very different feelings from what we did yesterday. To-day we had to regret a noble institution, which was falling with time; while, on the other hand, a most tasteless undertaking had a constant supply of wealth for its support.

The road to S. Martin ascends a hill of the earlier limestone formation. The rock is quarried and broken, and burnt into lime, which is very white. For burning the stone they make use of a long coarse sort of grass, which is dried in bundles. Here too it is that the calorex is produced. Even on the most precipitous heights lies a red clay of alluvial origin, which serve the purposes of our dam-earth,—the higher it lies the redder it is, and is but little blackened by vegetation. I saw, at a distance, a ravine, where it was red as cinnabar.

The monastery stands in the middle of the limestone hill, which is very rich in springs.

Palermo, Wednesday, April 11, 1787.

Having explored the two principal objects without the city, we betook ourselves to the palace, where a busy courier showed us the rooms, and their contents. To our great horror, the saloon in which the antiques are generally placed was in the greatest disorder, in consequence of the walls being under the process of decoration. The statues were removed from their usual places, covered with cloth, and pro-

tected by wooden frames ; so that in spite of the good will of our guide, and some trouble on the part of the work-people, we could only gain a very imperfect idea of them. My attention was chiefly occupied with two rams, in bronze, which, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, highly delighted our artistic taste. They are represented in a recumbent posture, with one foot stretched out before them, with the heads (in order to form a pair) turned on different sides. Powerful forms, belonging to the mythological family, and well worthy to carry Phrixus and Helle. The wool, not short and crisp, but long and flowing, with a slight wave, and shape most true to nature, and extremely elegant—they evidently belonged to the best period of Grecian art. They are said to have stood originally in the harbour of Syracuse.

The courier now took us out of the city to the catacombs, which, laid out on a regular architectural plan, are anything but quarries converted into burial places. In a rock of Tufa, of tolerable hardness, the side of which has been worked level and perpendicular, vaulted openings have been cut, and in these again are hewn several tiers of sarcophagi, one above the other :—all of the natural material without masonry of any kind. The upper tiers are smaller, and in the spaces over the pillars are tombs for children.

Palermo, Thursday, April 12.

To day we have been shown Prince Torremuzza's cabinet of medals. I went there in a certain degree against my will. I am too little versed in these matters, and a mere curiosity-mongering traveller is thoroughly detested by all true connoisseurs and scholars. But as one must in every case make a beginning, I made myself easy on this head, and have derived both gratification and profit from my visit. What a satisfaction, even cursorily, to glance at the fact that the old world was thickly sown with cities; the very meanest of which has bequeathed to us in its precious coins, if not a complete series, yet at least some epochs, of its history of art. Out of these cabinets, there smiles upon us an eternal spring of the blossoms and flowers of art—of a busy life, ennobled with high tastes, and of much more besides. Out of these form-endowed pieces of metal the glory of the Sicilian cities, now obscured, still shines forth fresh before us.

Unfortunately, we in our youth had seen none but family coins, which say nothing, and the coins of the Cæsars, which repeat to satiety the same profile—portraits of rulers, who are to be regarded as any thing but models of humanity. How sadly had our youth been confined to a shapeless Palestine, and to a shape perplexing Rome! Sicily and Nova Grecia give me hopes again of a fresh existence.

That on these subjects I should enter into general reflections, is a proof that as yet I do not understand much about them: yet that, with all the rest, will in degrees be improved.

Palermo, Thursday, April 12, 1787.

Yesterday evening, a wish of mine was gratified, and that in a very singular fashion. I was standing on the pavement of the principal street, joking at the window with the shop-keeper, I formerly mentioned, when suddenly, a courier, tall and well-dressed, came up to me, and quickly poked a silver salver before me, on which were several copper coins, and a few pieces of silver. As I could not make out what it all meant, I shook my head, and shrugged my shoulders, the usual token by which in this country you get rid of those whose address or question you either cannot, or do not wish, to understand.

"What does all this mean?" I asked of my friend the shop-keeper, who, with a very significant mien, and somewhat stealthily, pointed to a lank and haggard gentleman, who, elegantly dressed, was walking with great dignity and indifference, through the dung and dirt. Frizzled and powdered, with his hat under his arm, in a silken vest, with his sword by his side, and having a neat shoe ornamented with a jewelled buckle—the old man walked on calmly and sorrowfully. All eyes were directed towards him.

"It is the Prince Pallagonia," said the dealer, "who, from time to time, goes through the city collecting money to ransom the slaves in Barbary. It is true, he does not get much by his collection, but the object is kept in memory; and so it often happens that those who, in their life-time, were backward in giving, leave large legacies at their death. The prince has for many years been at the head of this society, and has done a great deal of good."

"Instead of wasting so much on the follies of his country

house," I cried, "he might have spent the same large sum on this object. Then no prince in the world would have accomplished more."

To this the shopkeeper rejoined: "But is not that the way with us all? We are ready enough to pay for our own follies. Our virtues for their support must look to the purses of others."

Palermo, April 13, 1787.

Count Borch has very diligently worked before us in the mineralogy of Sicily, and whoever of the same mind visits the island after him, must willingly acknowledge his obligations to him. I feel it a pleasure, no less than a duty, to celebrate the memory of my predecessor. And what am I more than a forerunner of others yet to be, both in my travels and life.

However, the industry of the Count seems to me to have been greater than his knowledge. He appears to have gone to work with a certain reserve, which is altogether opposed to that stern earnestness with which grand objects should be treated.

Nevertheless, his essay in quarto, which is exclusively devoted to the mineralogy of Sicily, has been of great use to me; and, prepared by it, I was able to profit by my visit to the Quarries which formerly, when it was the custom to case the churches and altars with marbleand agate, were more busily worked, though even now they are not idle. I purchased at them specimens of the hard and soft stones: for it is thus that they usually designate the marble and agate, chiefly because a difference of price mainly depends on this difference of quality. But, besides these, they have still another for a material which is the produce of the fire of their kilns. In these, after each burning, they find a sort of glassy flux, which in colour varies from the lightest to the darkest, and even blackest blue. These lumps are, like other stones, cut into thin lamina, and then pierced according to the height of their colour and their purity, and are successfully employed in the place of lapis lazuli, in the decoration of churches, altars, and sepulchral monuments.

A complete collection, such as I wished, is not to be had at present; it is to be sent after me to Naples. The agates are of the greatest beauty; especially such as are variegated with

irregular pieces of yellow or red jasper, and with white, and as it were frozen quartz, which produce the most beautiful effect.

A very accurate imitation of these agates, produced by lake colouring on the back of thin plates of glass, is the only rational thing that I observed the other day among the Pallagonian follies. Such imitations are far better for decorations than the real agate, since the latter are only found in very small pieces, whereas the size of the former depends on nothing but the size of the artist's plate. This contrivance of art well deserves to be imitated.

Palermo, April 13, 1787.

Italy without Sicily leaves no image on the soul: here is the key to all.

Of the climate, it is impossible to say enough. It is now rainy weather, but not uninterruptedly wet: yesterday it thundered and lightened, and to day all is intensely green. The flax has in places already put forth joints—in others it is bolling. Looking down from the hills, one fancies one sees in the plain below little ponds; so beautifully blue-green are the flax fields here and there. Living objects without number surround you. And my companion is an excellent fellow, the true *Hoffegut* (Hopeful) and I honestly sustain the part of the *True friend.* He has already made some beautiful sketches, and will take still more before we go. What a prospect—to return home some day, happy, and with all these treasures!

Of the meat and drink here, in the country, I have said nothing as yet; however, it is by no means an indifferent matter. The garden stuffs are excellent, especially the lettuce; which is particulary tender, with a milky taste: it makes one understand at once why the ancients termed it *lactuca.* The oil and wine of all kinds very good; and it might be still better if more care were bestowed on its preparation:—Fish of the very best and tenderest. We have had, too, very good beef, though generally people do not praise it.

Now, after dinner, to the window!—to the streets! A malefactor has just been pardoned—an event which takes place every year in honour of the festival of Easter. The brethren of some order or other led him to the foot of a gallows, which had been erected for sake of the ceremony: then the criminal at the foot of the ladder offers up a prayer or

two; and having kissed the scaffold, is led away again. He was a good-looking fellow of the middle age, in a white coat, white hat, and all else white. He carried his hat in his hand; at different points they attached variegated ribbons to him, so that at last he was quite in tune to go to any masquerade in the character of a shepherd.

Palermo, April 13 *and* 14, 1787.

So then, before my departure, I was to meet with a strange adventure, of which I must forthwith give you a circumstantial account.

The whole time of my residence here, I have heard scarcely any topic of conversation at the ordinary, but Cagliostro, his origin and adventures. The people of Palermo are all unanimous in asserting that a certain Joseph Balsamo was born in their city, and having rendered himself infamous by many disgraceful acts, was banished. But whether this person is identical with the Count Cagliostro, was a point on which opinions were divided. Some who knew Balsamo personally asserted they recognized his features in the engraving, which is well known in Germany, and which has also travelled as far as Palermo.

In one of these conversations, one of the guests referred to the trouble which a Palermitan lawyer had taken in examining this matter.. He seems to have been commissioned by the French Ministry to trace the origin of an individual, who, in the face of France, and, indeed, of the whole world, had had the temerity to utter the silliest of idle tales in the midst of a legal process which involved the most important interests and the reputation of the highest personages.

This lawyer, it was asserted, had prepared the pedigree of Giuseppe Balsamo, together with an explanatory memoir and documentary proofs. It has been forwarded to France, where in all probability public use will be made of it.

As I expressed a wish to form the acquaintance of this lawyer, of whom besides people spoke very highly, the person who had recounted these facts offered to mention me to him and to introduce me.

After a few days we paid him a visit, and found him busily engaged with his clients. When he had dismissed them and we had taken a luncheon, he produced a manuscript which

contained a transcript of Cagliostro's pedigree, and the rough draught of the memoir which had been sent to France.

He laid the genealogy before me, and gave me the necessary explanations, of which I shall here give you as much as is necessary to facilitate the understanding of the whole business.

Giuseppe Balsamo's great-grandfather on his mother's side was Mattéo Martello. The maiden name of his great-grandmother is unknown. The issue of this marriage was two daughters; Maria, who married Giuseppe Bracconerie, and the grandmother of Giuseppe Balsamo—and Vincenza, married to Giuseppe Cagliostro, who was born in a little village called La Noava, about eight miles from Messina. (I must note here that there are at this moment living at Messina two bellfounders of this name.) This great aunt was subsequently godmother of Giuseppe Balsamo, who was named after his great uncle, and at last in foreign countries assumed also the surname of this relation.

The Bracconerie had three children,—Felicitá, Mattéo, and Antonia.

Felicitá was married to Piedro Balsamo, who was the son of Antonia Balsamo, ribbon dealer in Palermo, and probably of Jewish descent. Piedro Balsamo, the father of the notorious Giuseppe, became bankrupt, and died in his five-and-fortieth year. His widow, who is still living, had born him, besides the above-named Giuseppe Giovanna—Giuseppe Maria, who married Giovanna Battista Capitummino, who begot three children of her body, and died.

The memoir, which was read to us by its obliging author, and was at my request lent to me for a few days, was founded on baptismal and marriage certificates and other instruments which he had with great diligence collected. It contains pretty nearly (as I conclude from a comparison with a summary which I then made) all the circumstances which have lately been made better known to the world by the acts of the legal process at Rome, viz., that Giuseppe Balsamo was born at Palermo, in the beginning of June, 1743, and that at his baptism he was received back from the priest's arms by Vincenza Cagliostro (whose maiden name was Martello); that in his youth he took the habit of an order of the Brothers of Mercy, which paid particular attention to the sick; that he soon showed great talent and skill for medicine, but that

for his disorderly practices he was expelled the order, and thereupon set up in Palermo as a dealer in magic, and treasure finder.

His great dexterity in imitating every kind of handwriting was not allowed by him to lie idle. He falsified or rather forged altogether an ancient document, by which the possession of some lands was brought into litigation. He was soon an object of suspicion, and cast into prison; but made his escape, and was cited to appear under penalty of outlawry. He passed through Calabria towards Rome, where he married the daughter of a belt-maker. From Rome he came back tc Naples, under the name of the Marchese Pellegrini. He even ventured to pay a visit to Palermo, was recognized, and taken prisoner, and made his escape in a manner that well deserves being circumstantially detailed.

One of the principal nobles of Sicily, who possessed very large property, and held several important posts at the Neapolitan court, had a son, who to a frame of unusual strength and an uncontrollable temper united all the wanton excesses which the rich and great, without education, can think themselves privileged to indulge in.

Donna Lorenza had managed to attract him, and on him the pretended Marchese Pellegrini relied for impunity. The Prince avowed openly his patronage of this couple of new comers, and set no bounds to his rage when Giuseppe Balsamo, at the instance of the party whom he had injured, was a second time cast into prison. He had recourse to various means to obtain his liberation; and, when these were unsuccessful, in the very ante-room of the President's court, he threatened the advocate of the opposite party with the most dreadful consequences if he did not consent to the release of Balsamo. As the opposing advocate refused his consent, he rushed upon him, struck him, knocked him down and kicked him, and was only with difficulty restrained from further violence when the judge, hearing the noise, rushed in and commanded peace.

The latter, a weak and cringing character, had not the courage to punish the wrong-doer; the opposite party, advocate and all, were men of little minds; and so Balsamo was set at liberty, without, however, any record of his liberation being found among the proceedings—neither by whose orders or in what manner it was effected.

Shortly after this he left Palermo, and travelled in different countries; of which travels, however, the author of the memoir had been only able to collect very imperfect information.

The memoir ended with an acute argument to prove the identity of Balsamo and Cagliostro,—a position which was at this time more difficult to prove than at present, now that the whole history of this individual has been made public.

Had I not been led to form a conjecture that a public use would have been made in France of this essay, and that on my return I should find it already in print, I doubt not but I should have been permitted to take a transcript of it, and to give my friends and the public an early account of many interesting circumstances.

However, we have received the fullest account, (and even more particulars than this memoir contains,) from a quarter which usually is the source of nothing but errors. Who would have believed that Rome would ever have done so much for the enlightening of the world, and for the utter exposure of an impostor, as she has done by publishing the summary of the proceedings in this case? For although this work ought and might be much more interesting, it is nevertheless an excellent document in the hands of every rational mind, who cannot but feel deep regret to see the deceived, and those who were not more deceived than deceivers, going on for years admiring this man and his mummeries; feeling themselves by fellowship with him raised above the common mass, and from the heights of their credulous vanity pitying if not despising the sound common sense of mankind in general.

Who was not willingly silent all the while? And even now at last, when the whole affair is ended and placed beyond dispute, it is only with difficulty that I can bring myself, in order to complete the official account, to communicate some particulars which have here become known to me.

When I found in the genealogy so many persons (especially his mother and sisters) mentioned as still living, I expressed to the author of the memoir a wish to see them, and to form the acquaintance of the other relatives of so notorious an individual. He remarked that it would be difficult to bring it about, since these persons, poor but respectable, and living very retired, were not accustomed to receive visitors, and that

their natural suspicion would be roused by any attempt of the kind. However, he was ready to send to me his copying clerk, who had access to the family, and by whose means he had procured the information and documents out of which the pedigree had been compiled.

The next day his amanuensis made his appearance, and expressed several scruples upon the matter. "I have, hitherto," he said, "carefully avoided coming within sight of these persons. For, in order to get into my hands the certificates of baptism and marriage, so as to be able to take legally authenticated copies of them, I was obliged to have recourse to a little trick. I took occasion to speak of some little family property that was somehow or other unclaimed; made it appear probable to them that the young Capitummino was entitled to it; but I told them that first of all it was necessary to make out a pedigree, in order to see how far the youth could establish his claim: that, however, his success must eventually depend upon law proceedings, which I would willingly undertake on condition of receiving for my trouble a fair proportion of the amount recovered. The good people readily assented to everything. I got possession of the papers I wanted, took copies of them, and finished the pedigree; since then, however, I have cautiously kept out of their sight. A few weeks ago old Capitummino met me, and it was only by pleading the tardiness with which such matters usually proceed that I managed to excuse myself."

Thus spoke the copyist. As, however, I stuck to my purpose, after some consideration he consented to take me to their house, and suggested that it would be best for me to give myself out to be an Englishman, who had brought to the family tidings of Cagliostro, who, immediately after his release from the Bastile, had proceeded to London.

At the appointed hour—about two o'clock in the afternoon—we set out on our expedition. The house was situated in the corner of a narrow lane, not far from the great street, "Il Casaro." We ascended a few wretched steps, and entered at once upon the kitchen. A woman of the middle size, strong and broad, without being fat, was busy washing up the cooking utensils. She was neatly and cleanly clad, and as we entered, turned up the corner of her apron, in order to conceal from us its dirty front. She seemed glad to see my guide,

and exclaimed, "Do you bring us good news, Signor Giovanni? Have you obtained a decree?"

He replied, "No! I have not as yet been able to do anything in our matter. However, here is a foreigner who brings you a greeting from your brother, and who can give you an account of his present state and abode."

The greeting that I was to bring did not exactly stand in our bond. However, the introduction was now made. "You know my brother?" she asked me. "All Europe knows him," I replied, "and I am sure you will be glad to hear that he is at present safe and well; for assuredly you must have been in great anxiety about him." "Walk in," she said, "I will follow you immediately;" and so, with the copying-clerk, I entered the sitting-room.

It was spacious and lofty, and would pass with us for a saloon. It seemed, however, to form the whole dwelling of the family. A single window lighted the large walls, which were once coloured, and around which figures of the Saints—taken in black—hung in gilt frames. Two large beds, without curtains, stood against one wall, while a brown press, which had the shape of an escritoire, was placed against the opposite one. Old chairs, with rush bottoms, the backs of which seemed once to have been gilded, stood on each side of it; while the bricks of the floors were in many places sunk deep below the level. In other respects, everything was clean and tidy, and we made our way towards the family, who were gathered around the only large window at the other end of the room.

While my guide was explaining to the old widow Balsamo, who sat in the corner, the cause of our visit, and in consequence of the deafness of the good old woman, had frequently to repeat his words, I had time to observe the room and the rest of its occupants. A young girl, of about sixteen years of age, well grown, whose features, however, the small-pox had robbed of all expression, was standing at the window; by her side a young man, whose unpleasant countenance, sadly disfigured by the small-pox, also struck me. In an arm-chair, opposite the window, sat, or rather reclined, a sick and sadly deformed person, who seemed to be afflicted with a sort of torpor.

When my guide had made himself understood, they compelled us to sit down. The old woman put some questions to

me, which I required to have interpreted before I could answer them, as I was not very familiar with the Sicilian dialect.

I was pleased with the examination, which, during this conversation, I made of the old woman. She was of middle size, but of a good figure; over her regular features an expression of calmness was diffused, which people usually enjoy who are deprived of hearing; the tone of her voice was soft and agreeable.

I answered her questions, and my answers had, in their turn, to be interpreted to her.

The slowness of such a dialogue gave me an opportunity of weighing my words I told her that her son having been acquitted in France, was at present in London, where he had been well received. The joy which she expressed at this news was accompanied with exclamations of a heartfelt piety, and now as she spoke louder and slower I could understand her better.

In the meanwhile her daughter had come in, and had seated herself by the side of my guide, who faithfully repeated to her what I had been saying. She had tied on a clean apron, and arranged her hair under a net. The more I looked at her, and compared her with her mother, the more surprised was I at the difference of their persons. A lively, healthy sensibility spoke in every feature of the daughter; she was, in all probability, about forty years old. With lovely blue eyes, she looked cautiously around, without, however, my being able to trace the least symptom of suspicion. As she sat, her figure seemed to promise greater height than it showed when she stood up; her posture bespoke determination; she sat with her body bent forwards, and her hands resting on her knees. Moreover, her full, rather than sharp profile, reminded me of the portraits of her brother, which I had seen in engravings. She asked me several questions about my travels: about my purpose in visiting Sicily, and would persuade herself that I should most assuredly come back again, and keep with them the Festival of S. Rosalie.

The grandmother having, in the mean time, put some questions to me, while I was busied in answering them, the daughter was speaking in a half whisper to my guide; so that my curiosity was stimulated to ask what they were talking about. Upon this he said, Donna Capitummino was just telling him that her brother owed her fourteen oncie. In order

to facilitate his rapid departure from Palermo, she had redeemed some of his things which were in pawn; but since then she had not heard a word from him, nor received any money, nor help of any kind, although, as she had heard, he possessed great wealth, and kept a princely establishment. Would I not engage on my return, at the first favourable moment to remind him of this debt, and to get him to make them an allowance—nay, would I not take a letter to him, or at least frank one to him? I offered to do so. She asked me where I lived? and where she could send me the letter. I avoided giving her my address, and engaged to call myself for the letter on the evening of the next day.

She then recounted to me her pitiable situation: she was a widow, with three children: one girl was being educated in a nunnery, the other was here at home; and her son was gone to school. Besides these three children she had her mother on her hands, for whose support she must provide, and besides all this, out of christian love she had taken into her house the unfortunate sick person—and thus augmented her miseries—all her industry scarcely sufficed to furnish herself and children with the very barest necessaries. She well knew that God would reward all such good works; still she could not help sighing beneath the heavy burthen she had so long borne.

The young people joined in the conversation, and the dialogue became livelier. While I was speaking to the others I heard the old woman ask her daughter if I belonged to their holy religion. I was able to observe that the daughter skilfully parried the question by asssuring her mother (as well as I could make out her words) that the stranger appeared well disposed towards them; and that it was not proper to question any one all at once on this point.

When they heard that I was soon to depart from Palermo, they became still more urgent, and entreated me to come back again at all events; especially they praised the heavenly day of S. Rosalie's festival, the like of which was not to be seen or enjoyed in the world.

My guide, who for a long while had been wishing to get away, at last by his signs put an end to our talk, and I promised to come on the evening of the next day, and fetch the letter. My guide expressed his satisfaction that all had gone off so well, and we parted, well satisfied with each other.

You may imagine what impression this poor, pious, and well-

disposed family made upon me. My curiosity was satisfied; but their natural and pleasing behaviour had excited my sympathy, and reflection only confirmed my good will in their favour.

But then some anxiety soon arose in my mind about to-morrow. It was only natural that my visit, which at first had so charmed them, would, after my departure, be talked and thought over by them. From the pedigree I was aware that others of the family were still living. Nothing could be more natural than that they should call in their friends to consult them on all that they had been so astonished to hear from me the day before. I had gained my object, and now it only remained for me to contrive to bring this adventure to a favourable issue. I therefore, set off the next day, and arrived at their house just after their dinner. They were surprised to see me so early. The letter, they told me, was not yet ready; and some of their relatives wished to make my acquaintance, and they would be there towards evening.

I replied that I was to depart early in the morning; that I had yet some visits to make, and had also to pack up, and that I had determined to come earlier than I had promised rather than not come at all.

During this conversation the son entered, whom I had not seen the day before. In form and countenance he resembled his sister. He had brought with him the letter which I was to take. As usual in these parts, it had been written by one of the public notaries. The youth who was of a quiet, sad, and modest disposition, inquired about his uncle, asked about his riches and expenditure, and added, "How could he forget his family so long? It would be the greatest happiness to us," he continued, "if he would only come back and help us;" but he further asked, "How came he to tell you that he had relations in Palermo? It is said that he everywhere disowns us, and gives himself out to be of high birth." These questions, which my guide's want of foresight on our first visit had given rise to, I contrived to satisfy, by making it appear possible that, although his uncle might have many reasons for concealing his origin from the public, he would, nevertheless make no secret of it to his friends and familiar acquaintances.

His sister, who had stepped forward during this conversation, and who had taken courage from the presence of her brother, and probably, also, from the absence of yesterday's

friend, began now to speak. Her manner was very pretty and lively. She earnestly begged me, when I wrote to her uncle, to commend her to him; and not less earnestly, also, to come back when I had finished my tour through the kingdom of Sicily, and to attend with them the festivities of S. Rosalie.

The mother joined her voice to that of her children. "Signor," she exclaimed, "although it does not in propriety become me, who have a grown-up daughter, to invite strange men to my house,—and one ought to guard not only against the danger itself, but even against evil tongues,—still you, I can assure you, will be heartily welcome, whenever you return to our city."

"Yes! yes!" cried the children, "we will guide the Signor throughout the festival; we will show him every thing; we will place him on the scaffolding from which you have the best view of the festivities. How delighted will he be with the great car, and especially with the splendid illuminations!"

In the mean while, the grandmother had read the letter over and over again. When she was told that I wished to take my leave, she stood up and delivered to me the folded paper. "Say to my son," she said, with a noble vivacity, not to say enthusiasm, "tell my son how happy the news you have brought me of him has made us. Say to my son, that I thus fold him to my heart," (here she stretched out her arms and again closed them over her bosom)—"that every day in prayer I supplicate God and our blessed Lady for him; that I give my blessing to him and to his wife, and that I have no wish but, before I die, to see him once again, with these eyes, which have shed so many tears on his account."

The peculiar elegance of the Italian favoured the choice and the noble arrangement of her words, which, moreover, were accompanied with those very lively gestures, by which this people usually give an incredible charm to every-thing they say. Not unmoved, I took my leave; they all held out their hands to me: the children even accompanied me to the door, and while I descended the steps, ran to the bal-cony of the window which opened from the kitchen into the street, called after me, nodded their adieus, and repeatedly cried out to me not to forget to come again and see them. They were still standing on the balcony, when I turned the corner.

I need not say that the interest I took in this family excited in me the liveliest desire to be useful to them, and to help them

in their great need. Through me they were now a second time deceived, and hopes of assistance, which they had no previous expectation of, had been again raised, through the curiosity of a son of the north, only to be disappointed.

My first intention was to pay them before my departure these fourteen oncie, which, at his departure, the fugitive was indebted to them, and by expressing a hope that he would repay me, to conceal from them the fact of its being a gift from myself. When, however, I got home, and cast up my accounts, and looked over my cash and bills, I found that, in a country where, from the want of communication, distance is infinitely magnified, I should perhaps place myself in a strait if I attempted to make amends for the dishonesty of a rogue, by an act of mere good nature.

The subsequent issue of this affair may as well be here introduced.

I set off from Palermo, and never came back to it; but notwithstanding the great distance of my Sicilian and Italian travels, my soul never lost the impression which the interview with this family had left upon it.

I returned to my native land, and the letter of the old widow, turning up among the many other papers, which had come with it from Naples by sea, gave me occasion to speak of this and other adventures.

Below is a translation of this letter, in which I have purposely allowed the peculiarities of the original to appear.

"My Dearest Son,

"On the 16th April, 1787, I received tidings of you through Mr. Wilton, and I cannot express to you how consoling it was to me; for ever since you removed from France, I have been unable to hear any tidings of you.

"My dear Son,—I entreat you not to forget me, for I am very poor, and deserted by all my relations but my daughter, and your sister Maria Giovanna, in whose house I am living. She cannot afford to supply all my wants, but she does what she can. She is a widow, with three children: one daughter is in the nunnery of S. Catherine, the other two children are at home with her.

"I repeat, my dear son, my entreaty. Send me just enough to provide for my necessities: for I have not even the neces-

sary articles of clothing to discharge the duties of a Catholic, for my mantle and outer garments are perfectly in rags.

"If you send me anything, or even write me merely a letter, do not send it by post, but by sea; for Don Mattéo, my brother (Bracconeri), is the postmaster.

"My dear Son, I entreat you to provide me with a tari a-day, in order that your sister may, in some measure, be relieved of the burthen I am at present to her, and that I may not perish from want. Remember the divine command, and help a poor mother, who is reduced to the utmost extremity. I give you my blessing, and press to my heart both thee and Donna Lorenza, thy wife.

"Your sister embraces you from her heart, and her children kiss your hands.

"Your mother, who dearly loves you, and presses you to her heart.

"FELICE BALSAMO.

"*Palermo, April* 18, 1787."

Some worthy and exalted persons, before whom I laid this document, together with the whole story, shared my emotions, and enabled me to discharge my debt to this unhappy family, and to remit them a sum which they received towards the end of the year 1787. Of the effect it had, the following letter is evidence.

"*Palermo, December* 25, 1787.

"DEAR AND FAITHFUL BROTHER,

"DEAREST SON,

"The joy which we have had in hearing that you are in good health and circumstances, we cannot express by any writing. By sending them this little assistance, you have filled with the greatest joy and delight a mother and a sister who are abandoned by all, and have to provide for two daughters and a son: for, after that Mr. Jacob Joff, an English merchant had taken great pains to find out the Donna Giuseppe Maria Capitummino (by birth Balsamo), in consequence of my being commonly known, merely as Marana Capitummino, he found us at last in a little tenement, where we live on a corresponding scale. He informed us that you had ordered a sum of money to be paid us, and that he had a receipt, which I, your sister, must sign—which was accordingly done; for he immediately put the money in our hands, and the favorable rate of the exchange has brought us a little further gain.

"Now, think with what delight we must have received this sum, at a time when Christmas Day was just at hand, and we had no hope of being helped to spend it with its usual festivity.

"The Incarnate Saviour has moved your heart to send us this money, which has served not only to appease our hunger, but actually to clothe us, when we were in want of everything.

"It would give us the greatest gratification possible if you would gratify our wish to see you once more—especially mine, your mother, who never cease to bewail my separation from an only son, whom I would much wish to see again before I die.

"But if, owing to circumstances, this cannot be, still do not neglect to come to the aid of my misery, especially as you have discovered so excellent a channel of communication, and so honest and exact a merchant, who, when we knew nothing about it, and when he had the money entirely in his own power, has honestly sought us out and faithfully paid over to us the sum you remitted.

"With you that perhaps will not signify much. To us, however, every help is a treasure. Your sister has two grown up daughters, and her son also requires a little help. You know that she has nothing in the world; and what a good act will you not perform by sending her enough to furnish them all with a suitable outfit.

"May God preserve you in health! We invoke Him in gratitude, and pray that He may still continue the prosperity you have hitherto enjoyed, and that He may move your heart to keep us in remembrance. In His name I bless you and your wife, as a most affectionate mother—and I your sister, embrace you: and so does your nephew, Giuseppe (Bracc neri), who wrote this letter. We all pray for your prosperity, as do also my two sisters, Antonia and Theresa.

"We embrace you, and are,

"Your sister,	"Your mother,
who loves you,	who loves and blesses you,
GIUSEPPE-MARIA,	who blesses you every hour,
CAPITUMMINO,	FELICE BALSAMO,
and BALSAMO.	and BRACCONERI."

The signatures to the letter are in their own handwriting. I had caused the money to be paid to them without sending any letter, or intimation whence it came; this makes their mistake the more natural, and their future hopes the more probable.

Now, that they have been informed of the arrest and imprisonment of their relative, I feel myself at liberty to explain matters to them, and to do something for their consolation. I have still a small sum for them in my hands, which I shall remit to them, and profit by the opportunity to explain the true state of the matter. Should any of my friends, should any of my rich and noble countrymen, be disposed to enlarge, by their contributions, the sum I have already in my hands, I would exhort them in that case to forward their kind gifts to me before Michaelmas-day, in order to share the gratitude, and to be rewarded with the happiness of a deserving family, out of which has proceeded one of the most singular monsters that has appeared in this century.

I shall not fail to make known the further course of this story, and to give an account of the state in which my next remittance finds the family; and perhaps also I shall add some remarks which this matter induced me to make, but which, however, I withhold at present in order not to disturb my reader's first impressions.

Palermo, April 14, 1787.

Towards evening I paid a visit to my friend the shopkeeper, to ask him how he thought the festival was likely to pass off; for to-morrow there is to be a solemn procession through the city, and the Viceroy is to accompany the host on foot. The least wind will envelop both man and the sacred symbols in a thick cloud of dust.

With much humour he replied: In Palermo, the people look for nothing more confidently than for a miracle. Often before now on such occasions, a violent passing shower had fallen and cleansed the streets partially at least, so as to make a clean road for the procession. On this occasion a similar hope was entertained, and not without cause, for the sky was overcast, and promised rain during the night.

Palermo, Sunday, April 15, 1787.

And so it has actually turned out! During the night the most violent of showers have fallen. In the morning I set out very early in order to be an eye-witness of the marvel. The stream of rain-water pent up between the two raised pavements had carried the lightest of the rubbish down the inclined street, either into the sea or into such of the sewers as were not

stopped up, while the grosser and heavier dung was driven from spot to spot. In this a singular meandering line of cleanliness was marked out along the streets. On the morning hundreds and hundreds of men were to be seen with brooms and shovels, busily enlarging this clear space, and in order to connect it where it was interrupted by the mire; and throwing the still remaining impurities now to this side, now to that. By this means when the procession started, it found a clear serpentine walk prepared for it through the mud, and so both the long robed priests and the neat-booted nobles, with the Viceroy at their head, were able to proceed on their way unhindered and unsplashed.

I thought of the children of Israel passing through the waters by the dry path prepared for them by the hand of the Angel, and this remembrance served to ennoble what otherwise would have been a revolting sight—to see these devout and noble peers parading their devotions along an alley, flanked on each side by heaps of mud.

On the pavement there was now, as always, clean walking; but in the more retired parts of the city whither we were this day carried in pursuance of our intention of visiting the quarters which we had hitherto neglected, it was almost impossible to get along, although even here the sweeping and piling of the filth was by no means neglected.

The festival gave occasion to our visiting the principal church of the city and observing its curiosities. Being once on the move, we took a round of all the other public edifices. We were much pleased with a Moorish building, which is in excellent preservation—not very large, but the rooms beautiful, broad, and well proportioned, and in excellent keeping with the whole pile. It is not perhaps suited for a northern climate, but in a southern land a most agreeable residence. Architects may perhaps some day furnish us with a plan and elevation of it.

We also saw in most unsuitable situations various remains of ancient marble statues, which, however, we had not patience to try to make out.

Palermo, April 16, 1787.

As we are obliged to anticipate our speedy departure from this paradise, I hoped to-day to spend a thorough holiday by sitting in the public gardens; and after studying the task I had set myself out of the Odyssey, taking a walk through the valley, and at the foot of the hill of S. Rosalie, thinking over again my

sketch of Nausicaa, and there trying whether this subject is susceptible of a dramatic form. All this I have managed, if not with perfect success, yet certainly much to my satisfaction. I made out the plan, and could not abstain from sketching some portions of it which appeared to me most interesting, and tried to work them out.

Palermo, Tuesday, April 17, 1787.

It is a real misery to be pursued and hunted by many spirits! Yesterday I set out early for the public gardens, with a firm and calm resolve to realize some of my poetical dreams; but before I had become aware of it, another spectre got hold of me which has been following me these last few days. Many plants which hitherto I had been used to see only in pots and tubs, or under glass-frames, stand here fresh and joyous beneath the open heaven, and as they here completely fulfil their destination, their natures and characters became more plain and evident to me. In presence of so many new and renovated forms, my old fancy occurred again to me: Might I not discover the primordial plant among all these numerous specimens? Some such there must be! For, otherwise, how am I able at once to determine that this or that form is a plant unless they are all formed after one original type? I busied myself, therefore, with examining wherein the many varying shapes differed from each other. And in every case I found them all to be more similar than dissimilar, and attempted to apply my botanical terminology. That went on well enough; still I was not satisfied; I rather felt annoyed that it did not lead further. My pet poetical purpose was obstructed; the gardens of Alcinous all vanished—a real garden of the world had taken their place. Why is it that we moderns have so little concentration of mind? Why is it that we are thus tempted to make requisitions which we can neither exact nor fulfil?

Alcamo, Wedesday, April 18, 1787.

At an early hour, we rode out of Palermo. Kniep and the Vetturino showed their skill in packing the carriage inside and out. We drove slowly along the excellent road, with which we had previously become acquainted during our visit to San Martino, and wondered a second time at the false taste displayed in the fountains on the way. At one of the

our driver stopped to supply himself with water according to the temperate habits of this country. He had at starting, hung to the traces a small wine-cask, such as our market-women use, and it seemed to us to hold wine enough for several days. We were, therefore, not a little surprised when he made for one of the many conduitpipes, took out the plug of his cask, and let the water run into it. With true German amazement, we asked him what ever he was about? was not the cask full of wine? To all which, he replied with great nonchalance: he had left a third of it empty, and as no one in this country drank unmixed wine, it was better to mix it at once in a large quantity, as then the liquids combined better together, and besides you were not sure of finding water everywhere. During this conversation the cask was filled, and we had some talk together of this ancient and oriental wedding custom.

And now as we reached the heights beyond Mon Reale, we saw wonderfully beautiful districts, but tilled in traditional rather than in a true economical style. On the right, the eye reached the sea, where, between singular shaped headlands, and beyond a shore here covered with, and there destitute of, trees, it caught a smooth and level horizon, perfectly calm, and forming a glorious contrast with the wild and rugged limestone rocks. Kniep did not fail to take miniature outlines of several of them.

We are at present in Alcamo, a quiet and clean little town, whose well-conducted inn is highly to be commended as an excellent establishment, especially as it is most conveniently situated for visitors to the temple of Segeste, which lies out of the direct road in a very lonely situation.

Alcamo, Thursday, April 19, 1787.

Our agreeable dwelling in this quiet town, among the mountains, has so charmed us that we have determined to pass a whole day here. We may then, before anything else, speak of our adventures yesterday. In one of my earlier letters, I questioned the originality of Prince Pallagonia's bad taste. He has had forerunners and can adduce many a precedent. On the road towards Mon Reale stand two monstrosities, beside a fountain with some vases on a balustrade, so utterly repugnant to good taste that one would suppose they must have been placed there by the Prince himself.

After passing Mon Reale, we left behind us the beautiful road, and got into the rugged mountain country. Here some rocks appeared on the crown of the road, which, judging from their gravity and metallic incrustations, I took to be ironstone. Every level spot is cultivated, and is more or less prolific. The limestone in these parts had a reddish hue, and all the pulverized earth is of the same colour. This red argillaceous and calcareous earth extends over a great space; the subsoil is hard; no sand underneath; but it produces excellent wheat. We noticed old very strong, but stumpy, olive trees.

Under the shelter of an *airy* room, which has been built as an addition to the wretched inn, we refreshed ourselves with a temperate luncheon. Dogs eagerly gobbled up the skins of the sausages we threw away, but a beggar-boy drove them off. He was feasting with a wonderful appetite on the parings of the apples we were devouring, when he in his turn was driven away by an old beggar. Want of work is here felt everywhere. In a ragged toga the old beggar was glad to get a job as house-servant, or waiter. Thus I had formerly observed that whenever a landlord was asked for anything which he had not at the moment in the house, he would send a beggar to the shop for it.

However, we are pretty well provided against all such sorry attendance; for our Vetturino is an excellent fellow—he is ready as ostler, cicerone, guard, courier, cook, and everything.

On the higher hills you find every where the olive, the caruba, and the ash. Their system of farming is also spread over three years. Beans, corn, fallow; in which mode of culture the people say the dung does more marvels than all the Saints. The grape stock is kept down very low.

Alcamo is gloriously situated on a height, at a tolerable distance from a bay of the sea. The magnificence of the country quite enchanted us. Lofty rocks, with deep valleys at their feet, but withal wide open spaces, and great variety. Beyond Mon Reale you look upon a beautiful double valley, in the centre of which a hilly ridge again raises itself. The fruitful fields lie green and quiet, but on the broad road-way the wild bushes and shrubs are brilliant with flowers—the broom one mass of yellow, covered with its pupilionaceous blossoms, and not a single green leaf to be seen; the white-thorn cluster on cluster; the aloes are rising high and promising to flower; a rich tapestry of an amaranthine-red clover, o

orchids and the little Alpine roses, hyacinths, with unopened bells, asphodels, and other wild flowers.

The streams which descend from M. Segeste leave deposits, not only of limestone, but also of pebbles of hornstone. They are very compact, dark blue, yellow, red, and brown, of various shades. I also found complete lodes of horn, or fire-stone, in the limestone rocks, edged with lime. Of such gravel one finds whole hills just before one gets to Alcamo.

Segeste, April 20, 1787.

The temple of Segeste was never finished; the ground around it was never even levelled; the space only being smoothed on which the peristyle was to stand. For, in several places, the steps are from nine to ten feet in the ground, and there is no hill near, from which the stone or mould could have fallen. Besides, the stones lie in their natural position, and no ruins are found near them.

The columns are all standing; two which had fallen, have very recently been raised again. How far the columns rested on a socle is hard to say; and without an engraving it is difficult to give an idea of their present state. At some points it would seem as if the pillars rested on the fourth step. In that case to enter the temple you would have to go down a step. In other places, however, the uppermost step is cut through, and then it looks as if the columns had rested on bases; and then again these spaces have been filled up, and so we have once more the first case. An architect is necessary to determine this point.

The sides have twelve columns, not reckoning the corner ones; the back and front six, including them. The rollers on which the stones were moved along, still lie around you on the steps. They have been left in order to indicate that the temple was unfinished. But the strongest evidence of this fact is the floor. In some spots (along the sides) the pavement is laid down, in the middle, however, the red limestone rock still projects higher than the level of the floor as partially laid; the flooring, therefore, cannot ever have been finished. There is also no trace of an inner temple. Still less can the temple have ever been overlaid with stucco; but that it was intended to do so, we may infer from the fact that the abaci of the capitals have projecting points probably for the purpose of holding the plaster. The whole is built of a limestone, very similar to the travertine; only it is now much fretted. The

restoration which was carried on in 1781, has done much good to the building. The cutting of the stone, with which the parts have been reconnected, is simple, but beautiful. The large blocks standing by themselves, which are mentioned by Riedesel, I could not find; probably they were used for the restoration of the columns.

The site of the temple is singular; at the highest end of a broad and long valley, it stands on an isolated hill. Surrounded, however, on all sides by cliffs, it commands a very distant and extensive view of the land, but takes in only just a corner of the sea. The district reposes in a sort of melancholy fertility—every where well cultivated, but scarce a dwelling to be seen. Flowering thistles were swarming with countless butterflies, wild fennel stood here from eight to nine feet high, dry and withered of the last year's growth, but so rich and in such seeming order that one might almost take it to be an old nursery-ground. A shrill wind whistled through the columns as if through a wood, and screaming birds of prey hovered around the pediments.

The wearisomeness of winding through the insignificant ruins of a theatre took away from us all the pleasures we might otherwise have had in visiting the remains of the ancient city. At the foot of the temple, we found large pieces of the horn stone. Indeed, the road to Alcamo is composed of vast quantities of pebbles of the same formation. From the road a portion of a gravelly earth passes into the soil, by which means it is rendered looser. In some fennel of this year's growth, I observed the difference of the lower and upper leaves; it is still the same organisation that develops multiplicity out of unity. They are most industrious weeders in these parts. Just as beaters go through a wood for game, so here they go through the fields weeding. I have actually seen some insects here. In Palermo, however, I saw nothing but worms, lizards, leeches, and snakes, though not more finely coloured than with us—indeed, they are mostly all gray.

——— *Castel Vetrano,*
Saturday, April 21, 1787.

From Alcamo to Castel Vetrano you come on the lime-stone after crossing some hills of gravel. Between precipitous and barren limestone mountains, lie wide undulating valleys, every where tilled, with scarcely a tree to be seen. The gravel hills are full of large bolders, giving signs of ancient inunda-

tions of the sea. The soil is better mixed and lighter than any we have hitherto seen, in consequence of its containing some sand. Leaving Salemi about fifteen miles to our right, we came upon hills of gypsum, lying on the limestone. The soil appears, as we proceed, to be better and more richly compounded. In the distance you catch a peep of the Western sea. In the foreground the country is everywhere hilly. We found the fig-trees just budding, but what most excited our delight and wonder was endless masses of flowers, which had encroached on the broad road, and flourish in large variegated patches. Closely bordering on each other, the several sorts, nevertheless, keep themselves apart and recur at regular intervals. The most beautiful convolvoluses, hibiscuses, and mallows, various kinds of trefoil, here and there the garlic, and the galega-gestrauche. On horseback you may ride through this varied tapestry, by following the numberless and ever-crossing narrow paths which run through it. Here and there you see feeding fine red-brown cattle, very clean-limbed and with short horns of an extremely elegant form.

The mountains to the north-east stand all in a line. A single peak, Cuniglione, rises boldly from the midst of them. The gravelly hills have but few streams; very little rain seems to fall here; we did not find a single gully giving evidence of having ever overflowed.

In the night I met with a singular incident. Quite worn out, we had thrown ourselves on our beds in anything but a very elegant room. In the middle of the night I saw above me a most agreeable phenomenon—a star brighter, I think, than I ever saw one before. Just, however, as I began to take courage at a sight which was of good omen, my patron star suddenly disappeared, and left me in darkness again. At daybreak, I at last discovered the cause of the marvel: there was a hole in the roof, and at the moment of my vision one of the brightest stars must have been crossing my meridian. This purely natural phenomenon was, however, interpreted by us travellers as highly favourable.

Sciacca, April 22, 1787.

The road hither, which runs over nothing but gravelly hills, has been mineralogically uninteresting. The traveller here reaches the shore from which, at different points, bold limestone

rocks rise suddenly. All the flat land is extremely fertile; barley and oats in the finest condition; the salsola-kali is here cultivated; the aloes since yesterday, and the day before, have shot forth their tall spikes. The same numerous varieties of the trefoil still attended us. At last we came on a little wood, thick with brushwood, the tall trees standing very wide apart;—the cork-tree at last!

Girgenti, April 23, 1787. *Evening.*

From Sciacca to this place is a hard day's ride. We examined the baths at the last named place. A hot stream burst from the rock with a strong smell of sulphur; the water had a strong saline flavour, but it was not at all thick. May not the sulphureous exhalation be formed at the moment of its breaking from the rock? A little higher is a spring, quite cool and without smell; right above is the monastery, where are the vapour baths; a thick mist rises above it into the pure air

The shingles on the shore are nothing but limestone: the quartz and hornstone have wholly disappeared. I have examined all the little streams: the Calta Bellota, and the Maccasoli, carry down with them nothing but limestone; the Platani, a yellow marble and flint, the invariable companion of this nobler calcareous formation. A few pieces of lava excited my attention, but I saw nothing in this country that indicated the presence of volcanic action. I supposed, therefore, they must be fragments of millstones, or of pieces brought from a distance for some such use or other. Near Monte Allegro, the stone is all gypsum and selenite; whole rocks of these occurring before and between the limestone. The wonderful strata of Calta Bellota!

Girgenti, Tuesday, April 24, 1787.

Such a glorious spring view as we enjoyed at sunset to-day will most assuredly never meet our eyes again in one lifetime. Modern Girgenti stands on the lofty site of the ancient fortifications, an extent sufficient for the present population. From our window we looked over the broad but gentle declivity on which stood the ancient town, which is now entirely covered with gardens and vineyards, beneath whose verdure it would be long before one thought of looking for the quarters of an ancient city. However, towards the southern end of this green an

flourishing spot the Temple of Concord rears itself, while on the east are a few remains of the Temple of Juno. Other ruins of some ancient buildings, which lying in a straight line with those already spoken of, are scarcely noticed by the eye from above, while it hurries over them southwards to the shore, or ranges over the level country, which reaches at least seven miles from the sea-mark. To-day we were obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure of a stroll among the trees and the wild rockets and over this region, so green, so flourishing, and so full of promise for the husbandman, because our guide, (a good-natured little parish priest,) begged us before all things to devote this day to the town.

He first showed us the well-built streets; then he took us to the higher points, from which the view, gaining both in extent and breadth, was still more glorious, and lastly, for an artistic treat, conducted us to the principal church. In it there is an ancient sarcophagus in good preservation. The fact of its being used for the altar has rescued from destruction the sculptures on it—Hippolytus attended by his hunting companions and horses, has just been stopped by Phædra's nurse, who wishes to deliver him a letter. As in this piece the principal object was to exhibit beautiful youthful forms, the old woman as a mere subordinate personage, is represented very little and almost dwarfish, in order not to disturb the intended effect. Of all the alto-relivoes I have ever seen, I do not, I think, remember one more glorious, and at the same time, so well preserved as this. Until I meet with a better it must pass with me as a specimen of the most graceful period of Grecian art.

We were carried back to still earlier periods of art by the examination of a costly vase of considerable size, and in excellent condition. Moreover, many relics of ancient architecture appeared worked up here and there in the walls of the modern church.

As there is no inn or hotel in this place, a kind and worthy family made room for us, and gave up for our accommodation an alcove belonging to a large room. A green curtain separated us and our baggage from the members of the family, who, in the more spacious apartment were employed in preparing macaroni, of the whitest and smallest kind. I sat down by the side of the pretty children, and caused the whole process to be ex-

plained to me, and was informed that it is prepared from the finest and hardest wheat, called *Grano forte*. That sort they also told me fetches the highest price, which, after being formed into long pipes, is twisted into coils, and by the tip of the fair artiste's fingers made to assume a serpentine shape. The preparation is chiefly by the hand; machines and moulds are very little used. They also prepared for us a dish of the most excellent macaroni, regretting, however, that at that moment they had not even a single dish of the very best kind, which could not be made out of Girgenti, nor indeed, out of their house. What they did dress for me appeared to me to be unequalled in whiteness and tenderness.

By leading us once more to the heights and to the most glorious points of view, our guide contrived to appease the restlessness which during the evening kept us constantly out of doors. As we took a survey of the whole neighbourhood, he pointed out all the remarkable objects which on the morrow we had proposed to examine more nearly.

Girgenti, Wednesday, April 25, 1787.

With sun rise we took our way towards the plain, while at every step the surrounding scenery assumed a still more picturesque appearance. With the consciousness that it was for our advantage, the little man led us, without stopping, right across the rich vegetation over a thousand little spots, each of which might have furnished the locale for an idyllic scene. To this variety of scene the unevenness of the country greatly contributed, which undulated as it passed over hidden ruins, which probably were very quickly covered with fertile soil, as the ancient buildings consisted of a light muscheltufa. At last we arrived at the eastern end of the city, where are the ruins of the Temple of Juno, of which, every year must have accelerated the decay, as the air and weather are constantly fretting the soft stone of which it is built. To-day we only devoted a cursory examination to it, but Kniep has already chosen the points from which to sketch it to-morrow. The temple stands on a rock which is now much worn by the weather. From this point the city walls stretched in a straight line eastwards, to a bed of limestone, that rises perpendicular from the level strand, which the sea has abandoned, after having shaped these rocks and long washed the foot of them. Hewn partly out of the native rock, and partly built

of it were the walls of ancient Agrigentum, from behind which towered a line of temples. No wonder, then, if from the sea the lower, middle, and upper towns, presented together a most striking aspect.

The Temple of Concord has withstood so many centuries; its light style of architecture closely approximates it to our present standard of the beautiful and tasteful; so that as compared with that of Pæstum, it is, as it were, the shape of a god to that of a gigantic figure. I will not give utterance to my regrets that the recent praiseworthy design of restoring this monument should have been so tastelessly carried out, that the gaps and defects are actually filled up with a dazzling white gypsum. In consequence this monument of ancient art stands before the eye, in a certain sense, dilapidated and disfigured. How easy it would have been to give the gypsum the same tint as the weather-eaten stone of the rest of the building? In truth, when one looks at the muschelkalk of which the walls and columns are composed, and sees how easily it crumbles away, one's only surprise is that they have lasted so long. But the builders reckoning on a posterity of similar religion to themselves, had taken precautions against it. One observes on the pillars the remains of a fine plaster, which would at once please the eye and ensure durability.

Our next halt was at the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. Like the bones of a gigantic skeleton, they are scattered over a large space, having several small cottages interspersed among them, and being intersected by hedgerows, while amidst them plants are growing of different sizes.

From this pile of ruins all the carved stone has disappeared, except an enormous triglyph, and a part of a round pilaster of corresponding proportions. I attempted to span it with outstretched arms, but could not reach round it. Of the fluting of the column, however, some idea may be formed from the fact that, standing in it as in a niche, I just filled it up and touched it on both sides with my shoulders. Two-and-twenty men arranged in a circle would give nearly the periphery of such a column. We went away with the disagreeable feeling that there was nothing here to tempt the draughtsman.

On the other hand, the Temple of Hercules still showed some traces of its former symmetry. The pillars of the peristyles, which ran along the temple on its upper and lower side, lie parallel, as if they had all fallen together, and at once

from north to south—the one row lying up the hill, the other down it. The hill may have possibly been formed by the ruined cells or shrines. The columns, held together in all probability by the architrave, fell all at once, being suddenly thrown down, perhaps by a violent wind, and lie in regular order, only broken into the pieces of which they were originally composed. Kniep was already, in imagination, preparing his pencil for an accurate sketch of this singular phenomenon.

The Temple of Æsculapius, lying beneath the shade of a most beautiful carob-tree, and closely built upon by some mean farm-buildings, presented, to our minds, a most agreeable aspect.

Next we went down to Theron's tomb, and were delighted with the actual sight of this monument, of which we had seen so many models, especially as it served for the foreground of a most rare prospect; for from west to east we looked on the line of rocks on which lay the fragments of the walls, while through the gaps of the latter, and over them, the remains of the temples were visible.

This view has, under Hackert's skilful hand, furnished a most delightful picture. Kniep too, will not omit to make a sketch of it.

Girgenti, April 26, 1787.

When I awoke, Kniep was all ready to start on his artistic journey, with a boy to show him the way, and to carry his portfolio. I enjoyed this most glorious morning at the window, with my secret and silent, but not dumb friend by my side. A devout reverence has hitherto kept me from mentioning the name of the Mentor whom, from time to time, I have looked up and listened to. It is the excellent Von Reidesel, whose little volume I carry about with me in my bosom, like a breviary or talisman. At all times I have had great pleasure in looking up to those whom I know to be possessed of what I am most wanting in myself. And this is exactly the case here. A steady purpose, a fixed object, direct and appropriate means, due preparation and store of knowledge, an intimate connexion with a masterly teacher—he studied under Winckelmann—all these advantages I am devoid of, as well as of all that follows from them. And yet I cannot feel angry with myself that I am obliged to gain by indirect arts and means, and to seize at once what my previous existence has refused to grant me gradually in the ordinary way. Oh that this worthy person could, at this moment, in the

midst of his bustling world, be sensible of the gratitude with which a traveller in his footsteps celebrates his merits, in that beautiful but solitary spot, which had so many charms for him, as to induce the wish that he might end his days there.

Oblitusque *suorum* obliviscendus et illis.

With my guide, the little parson, I now retraced our yesterday's walk, observing the objects from several points, and every now and then taking a peep at my industrious friend.

My guide called my attention to a beautiful institution of the once flourishing city. In the rocks and masses of masonry, which stand for bulwarks of the ancient Agrigentum, are found graves, probably intended for the resting place of the brave and good. Where could they more fitly have been buried, for the sake of their own glory, or for perpetuating a vivid emulation of their great and good deeds!

In the space between the walls and the sea there are still standing the remains of an ancient temple, which are preserved as a Christian chapel. Here also are found round pilasters, worked up with, and beautifully united to the square blocks of the wall, so as to produce an agreeable effect to the eye. One fancies that one here discerns the very spot where the Doric style reached its perfection.

Many an insignificant monument of antiquity was cursorily glanced at; but more attention was paid to the modern way of keeping the corn under the earth in great vaulted chambers. Of the civil and ecclesiastical condition of the city, my guide gave me much information; but I heard of nothing that showed any signs of improvement. The conversation suited well with the ruins, which the elements are still preying upon.

The strata of the shelly limestone all lie towards the sea,—banks of rock strangely eaten away from beneath and behind, while the upper and front portions still remain, looking like pendant fringes.

Great hatred is here felt against the French, because they have made peace with the people of Barbary. They are even charged with betraying the Christians to the infidels.

From the sea there was an ancient gateway, which was cut through the solid rock. The foundation of the walls, which are still standing, rests as it were on steps in the rocks.

Our cicerone is Don Michaele Vella, antiquary, residing at the house of Signore Cerio, near S. Maria's.

In planting the marsh-beans they proceed in the following way:—Holes are made in the earth at a convenient distance from each other, and a handful of dung is thrown in. A shower is then waited for, after which they put in the seed. The people here burn the bean-haulms, and wash their linen with the ashes. They never make use of soap. The outer shells of almonds are likewise burnt and used instead of soda. They first of all wash the clothes with pure water, and then with the ley of these ashes.

The succession of their crops is, beans, wheat, and tumenia. By beans I mean the marsh-bean. Their wheat is wonderfully fine. Tumenia, of which the name is derived from bimenia or trimenia, is a glorious gift of Ceres. It is a species of spring wheat, which is matured within three months. It is sown at different times, from the first of January to June, so that for a certain period there is always a crop ripe. It requires neither much rain nor great warmth. At first it has a very delicate leaf, but in its growth it soon overtakes the wheat, and at last is very strong. Wheat is sown in October and November, and ripens in June. The barley sown in November is ripe by the first of June. Near the coast it ripens sooner, but on the mountains more slowly.

The flax is already ripe. The acanthus has unrolled its splendid leaves. The *Salsala fruticosa* is growing luxuriantly.

On the uncultivated hills grows a rich sanfoin. It is farmed out, and then carried into the town in small bundles. In the same way the oats which are weeded out of the wheat, are done up for sale.

For the sake of irrigation, they make very pretty divisions with edgings in the plots where they plant their cabbages.

The figs have put forth all their leaves, and the fruit is set. They are generally ripe by midsummer, when the tree sets its fruit again. The almond trees are well loaded; a sheltered carob-tree has produced numberless pods. The grapes for the Table are trained on arbours supported by high props. Melons set in March and ripen by June. Among the ruins of Jupiter's temple they thrive vigorously without a trace of moisture.

Our vetturino eats with great zest raw artichokes and the turnip-cabbage. However, it is necessary to add that they are tenderer and more delicate than with us. When you walk through the fields the farmers allow you to take as many of the young beans, or other crops, as you like.

As my attention was caught by some hard black stones, which looked like lava, my antiquary observed that they were from Ætna; and that at the harbour, or rather landing-place, many similar ones were to be found.

Of birds there are not many kinds native here: quails are the most common. The birds of passage are, nightingales, larks, and swallows. The Rinnine—small black birds, which come from the Levant—hatch their young in Sicily, and then go further or retire. The Ridene come in December or January, and after alighting and resting awhile on Acragas, take their flight towards the mountains.

Of the vase in the cathedral one word more. The figures in relief on it are, a hero in full armour, seemingly a stranger, before an old man whom a crown and sceptre, point out to be a king. Behind the latter stands a female figure, with her head slightly inclined, and her hand under her chin—a posture indicating thoughtful attention. Right opposite to her, and behind the hero, is an old man who also wears a crown, and is speaking to a man armed with a spear, probably one of the body-guard of the former royal personage. This old man would appear to have introduced the hero, and to be saying to the guard, "Just let him speak to the king; he is a brave man."

Red seems to be the ground of the vase, the black to be laid on. It is only in the female's robe that red seems to be laid on the black.

Girgenti, Friday, April 27, 1787.

If Kniep is to finish all he proposes, he must sketch away incessantly. In the meantime I walk about with my little antiquary. We took a walk towards the sea, from which Agrigentum must, as the ancients asserted, have looked extremely well. Our view was turned to the billowy expanse, and my guide called my attention to a broad streak of clouds towards the south, which, like a ridge of hills, seemed to rest

on the line of the horizon. "This," he said, "indicated the coast of Africa." About the same time another phenomenon struck me as singular. It was a rainbow in a light cloud, which, resting with one limb on Sicily, threw its arch high against the clear sky, and appeared to rest with the other on the sea. Beautifully tinted by the setting sun, and shewing but little movement, it was to the eye an object as rare as it was agreeable. This bow, I was assured, was exactly in the direction of Malta, and in all probability its other limb rested on that island. The phenomenon, I was told, was of common occurrence. It would be singular if the attractive force of these two islands should thus manifest itself even in the atmosphere.

This conversation excited again the question I had so often asked myself: whether I ought to give up all idea of visiting Malta. The difficulties and dangers, however, which had been already well considered, remained the same; and we, therefore, resolved to engage our vetturino to take us to Messina.

But, in the meantime, a strange and peculiar whim was to determine our future movements. For instance, in my travels through Sicily, I had, as yet seen but few districts rich in corn: moreover, the horizon had everywhere been confined by nearer or remoter lines of hills, so that the island appeared to be utterly devoid of level plains, and I found it impossible to conceive why Ceres had so highly favoured this island. As I sought for information on this point, I was answered that, in order to see this, I ought, instead of going to Syracuse, to travel across the island, in which case I should see corn-fields in abundance. We followed this temptation, of giving up Syracuse, especially as I was well aware that of this once glorious city scarcely anything but its splendid name remained. And, at any rate, it was easy to visit it from Catania.

Caltanisetta, Saturday, April 28, 1787.

At last, we are able to understand how Sicily gained the honourable title of the Granary of Italy. Shortly after leaving Girgenti, the fertile district commenced. It does not consist of a single great plain, but of the sides of mountains and hills, gently inclined towards each other, everywhere planted with wheat, or barley which present to the eye an unbroken mass of vegetation. Every spot of earth suited to these crops is so put to use and so

jealously looked after; that not a tree is anywhere to be seen. Indeed, the little villages and farm-houses all lie on the ridges of the hills, where a row of limestone rocks, which often appear on the surface, renders the ground unfit for tillage. Here the females reside throughout the year, busily employed in spinning and weaving; but the males, while the work in the fields is going on, spend only Saturday and Sunday at home, staying away at their work during the other days, and spending their nights under temporary straw-sheds.

And so our wish was gratified—even to satiety; we almost wished for the winged car of Triptolemus to escape from the monotony of the scene.

After a long drive under the hot sun, through this wilderness of fertility, we were glad enough when, at last, we reached the well-situated and well-built Caltanisetta; where, however, we had again to look in vain for a tolerable inn. The mules are housed in fine vaulted stables; the grooms sleep on the heaps of clover which are intended for the animals' food; but the stranger has to look out for and to prepare his own lodging. If, by chance, he can hire a room, it has first of all to be swept out and cleaned. Stools or chairs, there are none: the only seats to be had are low little forms of hard wood: tables are not to be thought of.

If you wish to convert these forms into a bedstead, you must send to a joiner, and hire as many planks as you want. The large leathern bag, which Hackert lent me, was of good use now, and was, by way of anticipation, filled with chaff.

But, before all things, provisions must be made for your meals. On our road we had bought a fowl; our vetturino ran off to purchase some rice, salt, and spice. As, however, he had never been here before, he was for a long time in a perplexity for a place to cook our meal in, as in the posthouse itself there was no possibility of doing it. At last, an old man of the town agreed for a fair recompence to provide us with a hearth together with fuel, and cooking and table utensils. While our dinner was cooking, he undertook to guide us round the town, and finally to the market-house, where the principal inhabitants, after the ancient fashion, met to talk together, and also to hear what we or other strangers might say.

We were obliged to talk to them of Frederick the Second, and their interest in this great king was such that we thought it advisable to keep back the fact of his death lest our being

the bearers of such untoward news should render us unwelcome to our hosts.

Caltanisetta, Saturday, April 28, 1787.

Geology by way of an appendix! From Girgenti, the muschelkalk rocks; there also appeared a streak of whitish earth, which afterwards we accounted for: the older limestone formation again occurs, with gypsum lying immediately upon it. Broad flat vallies; cultivated almost up to the top of the hill-side, and often quite over it: the older limestone mixed with crumbled gypsum. After this appears a looser, yellowish, easily crumbling, limestone; in the arable fields you distinctly recognize its colour, which often passes into darker, indeed occasionally violet shades. About half-way the gypsum again recurs. On it you see, growing in many places, a beautiful violet, almost rosy red sedum, and on the limestone rocks a beautiful yellow moss.

This very crumbling limestone often shows itself; but most prominently in the neighbourhood of Caltanisetta, where it lies in strata, containing a few fossils; there its appearance is reddish, almost of a vermilion tint, with little of the violet hue, which we formerly observed near San Martino.

Pebbles of quartz I only observed at a spot about half-way on our journey, in a valley which, shut in on three sides, is open towards the east, and consequently also towards the sea.

On the left, the high mountain in the distance, near Camerata, was remarkable, as also was another looking like a propped up cone. For the greatest half of the way not a tree was to be seen. The crops looked glorious, though they were not so high as they were in the neighbourhood of Girgenti and near the coast; however, as clean as possible. In the fields of corn, which stretched further than the eye could reach, no a weed to be seen. At first we saw nothing but green fields, then some ploughed lands, and lastly, in the moister spots, little patches of wheat, close to Girgenti. We saw apples and pears everywhere else; on the heights, and in the vicinity of a few little villages, some fig-trees.

These thirty miles, together with all that I could distinguish, either on the right or left of us, was limestone of earlier or later formations, with gypsum here and there. It is to the crumbling and elaboration of these three together by the atmosphere that this district is indebted for its fertility

It must contain but very little sand, for it scarcely grates between the teeth. A conjecture of mine with regard to the river Achates must wait for the morrow to confirm or not.

The valleys have a pretty form, and although they are not flat, still one does not observe any trace of rain gullies; merely a few brooks, scarcely noticeable, ripple along them for all of them flow direct to the sea. But little of the red clover is to be seen; the dwarf palm also disappears here, as well as all the other flowers and shrubs of the south-western side of the island. The thistles are permitted to take possession of nothing but the way-sides, every other spot is sacred to Ceres. Moreover, this region has a great similarity to the hilly and fertile parts of Germany—for instance, the tract between Erfurt and Gotha, especially when you look out for points of resemblance. Very many things must combine together in order to make Sicily one of the most fertile regions of the world.

On our whole tour, we have seen but few horses; ploughing is carried on with oxen; and a law exists which forbids the killing of cows and calves. Goats, asses, and mules, we met in abundance. The horses are mostly dapple grey, with black feet and manes; the stables are very splendid, with well-paved and vaulted stalls. For beans and flax the land is dressed with dung; the other crops are then grown after this early one has been gathered in. Green barley in the ear, done up in bundles, and red clover, in like fashion, are offered for sale to the traveller as he goes along.

On the hill above Caltanisetta, I found a hard limestone with fossils: the larger shells lay lowermost, the smaller above them. In the pavement of this little town, we noticed a limestone with pectinites.

April 28, 1787.

Behind Caltanisetta, the hill subsided suddenly into many little valleys, all of which pour their streams into the river also. The soil here is reddish and very loamy; much of it unworked; what was in cultivation bore tolerably good crops, though inferior to what we had elsewhere seen.

Castro Giovanni, Sunday, April 29, 1787.

To-day we had to observe still greater fertility and want of population. Heavy rains had fallen, which made travelling

anything but pleasant, as we had to pass through many streams, which were swollen and rapid. At the Salso, where one looks round in vain for a bridge, I was struck with a very singular arrangement for passing the ford. Strong powerful men were waiting at the river-side; of these two placed themselves on each side of a mule, and conducted him, rider, baggage and all, through the deep part of the river, till they reach a great bank of gravel in the middle; when the whole of the travellers have arrived at this spot, they are again conducted in the same manner through the second arm of the stream, while the fellows, by pushing and shoving, keep the animal in the right tract, and support him against the current.

On the water-side I observed bushes, which, however, do not spread far into the land. The Salso washes down rubbles of granite—a transition of the gneiss, and marble, both breccian and also of a single colour.

We now saw before us the isolated mountain ridge on which Castro Giovanni is situate, and which imparts to the country about it a grave and singular character. As we rode up the long road which traverses its side, we found that the rock consisted of muschelkalk; large calcined shells being huddled together in heaps. You do not see Castro Giovanni until you reach the very summit of the ridge, for it lies on the northern declivity of the mountain. The singular little town, with its tower, and the village of Caltaseibetta, at a little distance on the left, stand, as it were, solemnly gazing at each other. In the plains we saw the bean in full blossom; but who is there that could take pleasure in such a sight? The roads here were horrible, and the more so because they once were paved, and it rained incessantly. The ancient *Enna* received us most inhospitably,—a room with a paved floor, with shutters and no window, so that we must either sit in darkness or be again exposed to the beating rain, from which we had thought to escape by putting up here. Some relics of our travelling provisions were greedily devoured; and the night passed most miserably. We made a solemn vow never to direct our course again towards never so mythological a name.

Monday, April 30, 1787.

The road leading from Castro Giovanni was so rough and bad, that we were obliged to lead our horses down it. The sky before us was covered with thick and low clouds, while

high above them a singular phenomenon was observable. It was striped white and grey, and seemed to be something corporeal; but how could aught corporeal get into the sky? Our guide enlightened us. This subject of our amazement was a side of Mount Ætna, which appeared through the opening clouds. Snow alternating with the crags formed the stripes—it was not, however, the highest peak that we saw.

The precipitous rock on which the ancient Enna was situated lay behind us; and we drove through long, long, lonely valleys: there they lay, uncultivated and uninhabited, abandoned to the browsing cattle, which we observed were of a beautiful brown colour, not large, short-horned, clean-limbed, lank and lively as deer. These poor cattle had pasturage enough, but it was greatly encroached upon, and in some parts wholly taken possession of by the thistles. These plants have here the finest opportunities possible to disperse their seed and to propagate their kind; they take up an incredible space, which would make pasture land enough for two large estates. As they are not perennial, they might, if mowed down before flowering, be easily eradicated.

However, after having thus seriously meditated an agricultural campaign against the thistles, I must, to my shame, admit they are not altogether useless. At a lonely farm-house where we pulled up to bait, there were also stopping two Sicilian noblemen, who on account of some process were riding straight across the country to Palermo. With amazement we saw both these grave personages standing before a patch of these thistles, and with their pocket-knives cutting off the tops of the tall shoots. Then holding their prickly booty by the tips of their fingers, they pealed off the rind, and devoured the inner part with great satisfaction. In this way they occupied themselves a considerable time, while we were refreshing ourselves with wine (this time it was unmixed) and bread. The vetturino prepared for us some of this marrow of thistle stalks, and assured us that it was a wholesome, cooling food; it suited our taste, however, as little as the raw cabbage at Segeste.

On the Road, April 30, 1787.

Having reached the valley through which the rivulet of S. Bacio winds its way, we found the district consisting of a reddish, black, and crumbly limestone: many brooks, a very white soil, a beautiful valley, which the rivulet made ex-

tremely agreeable. The well compounded loamy soil is in some places twenty feet deep, and for the most part of similar quality throughout. The crops looked beautiful; but some of them were not very clean, and all of them very backward as compared with those on the southern side. Here there are the same little dwellings—and not a tree, as was the case immediately after leaving Castro Giovanni. On the banks of the river plenty of pasture land, but sadly confined by vast masses of thistles. In the gravel of the river we again found quartz, both simple and breccian.

Molimenti, quite a new village, wisely built in the centre of beautiful fields, and on the banks of the rivulet S. Paolo. The wheat in its neighbourhood was unrivalled: it will be ready to cut as early as by the 20th May. In the whole district I could not discover as yet a trace of volcanic influence: even the stream brings down no pebbles of that character. The soil is well mixed, heavy rather than light, and has on the whole a coffee-brown and slightly violet hue. All the hills on the left, which inclose the stream, are limestone, whose varieties I had no opportunity of observing. They, however, as they crumble under the influence of the weather, are evidently the causes of the great fertility that marks the district throughout.

Tuesday, May 1, 1787.

Through a valley which, although by nature it was throughout alike destined to fertility, was unequally cultivated, we rode along very moodily because among so many prominent and irregular shapes not one appeared to suit our artistic designs. Kniep had sketched a highly interesting outline, but because the foreground and intermediate space was thoroughly revolting, he had with a pleasant joke appended to it a foreground of Poussin's, which cost him nothing. However, they made together a very pretty picture. How many "picturesque tours" in all probability contain half truths of the like kind.

Our courier, with the view of soothing our grumbling humour, promised us a good inn for the evening. And in fact, he brought us to an hotel which had been built but a few years since on the road side, and being at a considerable distance from Catania, cannot but be right welcome to all travellers. For our part, finding ourselves, after twelve days

of discomfort, in a tolerable apartment, we were right glad to be so much at our ease again. But we were surprised at an inscription pencilled on the wall in an English character. The following was its purport:—Traveller, whoever you may be, be on your guard against the inn known in Catania by the sign of the Golden Lion; it is better to fall into the claws of all the Cyclops, Sirens, and Scylla together than to go there." Although we at once supposed that the good-meaning counsellor had no doubt by his mythological figures magnified the danger, we nevertheless determined to keep out of the reach of the "Golden Lion," which was thus proclaimed to us to be so savage a beast. When, therefore, our muleteer demanded of us where we would wish to put up in Catania, we answered anywhere but at the Golden Lion! Whereupon he ventured to recommend us to stop where he put up his beasts, only he said we should have to provide for ourselves just as we had hitherto done.

Towards Hybla Major pebbles of lava present themselves, which the stream brings down from the north. Over the ferry you find limestone, which contains all sorts of rubble, hornstone, lava, and calx; and then hardened volcanic ashes, covered over with calcareous tufa. The hills of mixed gravel continue till you come near to Catania, at and beyond which place you find the lava flux, from Ætna. You leave on the left what looks like a crater. (Just under Molimenti the peasants were pulling up the flax.) Nature loves a motly garb; and here you may see how she contrives gaily to deck out the dark bluish-gray lava of the mountains. A few seasons bring over it a moss of a high yellow colour, upon which a beautiful red sedum grows luxuriantly, and some other lovely violet flowers. The plantations of Cactus and the vine-rows bespeak a careful cultivation. Now immense streams of lava begin to hem us in. Motta is a beautiful and striking rock. The beans are like very high shrubs. The fields vary very much in their geological features; now very gravelly, now better mixed.

The vetturino, who probably had not for a long time seen the vegetation of the south-eastern side of the island, burst into loud exclamations about the beauty of the crops, and with self complaisant patriotism demanded of us, if we ever saw such

in our own country? Here, however, every thing is sacrificed to them; you see few if any trees. But the sight that most pleased us was a young girl, of a splendid but slight form, who, evidently an old acquaintance, kept up with the mule of our vetturino, chatting the while, and spinning away with all the elegance possible.

Now yellow tints begin to predominate in the flowers. Towards Misterbianco the cactuses are again found in the hedges; but hedges entirely of this strangely grown plant become, as you approach Catania, more and more general, and are even still more beautiful.

Catania, May 2, 1787.

In our auberge we found ourselves, we must confess, most uncomfortable. The meal, such as our muleteer could alone furnish, was none of the best. A fowl stewed in rice would have been tolerable, but for an immoderate spice of saffron, which made it not more yellow than disagreeable. The most abominable of bad beds had almost driven me a second time to bring out Hackert's leathern bag, and we therefore next morning spoke on this subject to our obliging host. He expressed his regret that it was not in his power to provide better for us; "but," he said, "there is, above there, a house where strangers are well entertained, and have every reason to be satisfied."

Saying this, he pointed to a large corner house, of which the part that was turned towards us seemed to promise well. We immediately hurried over to it, and found a very testy personage, who declared himself to be a waiter, and who in the absence of the landlord showed us an excellent bedroom with a sitting-room adjoining, and assured us at the same time that we should be well attended to. Without delay we demanded, according to our practice, what was the charge for dinner, for wine, for luncheon, and other particulars. The answers were all fair; and we hastily had our trifles brought over to the house, and arranged them in the spacious and gilded buffets. For the first time since we left Palermo, Kniep found an opportunity to spread out his portfolio, and to arrange his drawings, as I did my notes. Then delighted with our fine room, we stept out on the balcony of the sitting-room to enjoy the view. When we got tired of looking at and extolling the prospect, we turned to enter our apartment, and commence our occupations, when

lo! over our head was a large golden lion, regarding us with a most threatening aspect. Quite serious we looked for a moment in one another's face, then smiled, and laughed outright. From this moment, however, we began to look around us to see whether we could discover any of these Homeric goblins.

Nothing of the kind was to be seen. On the contrary, we found in the sitting-room a pretty young woman, who was playing about with a child from two to three years old, who stood suddenly still on being hastily scolded by the vice-landlord:—"You must take yourself off!" he testily exclaimed; "you have no business here." "It is very hard," she rejoined, "that you drive me away; the child is scarcely to be pacified in the house when you are away, and the signori will allow me, at least while you are present, to keep the child quiet." The husband made no reply, but proceeded to drive her away; the child at the door cried most miserably, and at last we did most heartily wish that the pretty young madam had stayed.

Warned by the Englishman, it was no art to see through the comedy: we played the *Neulinge*, the *Unschuldige*—he, however, with his very loving paternal feelings, prevailed very well. The child in fact was evidently very fond of him—and probably the seeming mother had pinched him at the door to make him cry so.

And so, too, with the greatest innocence possible she came and stayed with him as the man went out to deliver for us a letter of introduction to the Domestic Chaplain of Prince Biscari. She played and toyed with the child till he came back bringing word from the Abbé that he would come himself and talk with us on the matter.

Catania, Thursday, May 3, 1787.

The Abbé, who yesterday evening came and paid his respects to us, appeared this morning in good time, and conducted us to the palace, which is of one story, and built on a tolerably high socle. First of all we visited the museum, where there is a large collection of marble and bronze figures, vases, and all sorts of such like antiques. Here we had once more an opportunity of enlarging our knowledge; and the trunk of a Jupiter, which I was already acquainted with through a cast in Tischbein's studio, particularly ravished me. It

possesses merits far higher than I am able to estimate. An inmate of the house gave us all necessary historical information. After this we passed into a spacious and lofty saloon. The many chairs around and against the walls indicated that a numerous company was often assembled here. We seated ourselves in hope of a favourable reception. Soon afterwards two ladies entered and walked several times up and down the room. From time to time they spoke to each other. When they observed us, the Abbé rose, and I did the same, and we both bowed. I asked, Who are they? and I learned that the younger lady was daughter of the Prince, but the elder a noble lady of Catania. We resumed our seats, while they continued to walk up and down as people do in a market-place.

We were now conducted to the Prince, who (as I had been already given to understand) honoured me with a singular mark of his confidence in showing me his collection of coins, since, by such acts of kindness, both his father and himself had lost many a rare specimen; and so his general good nature, and wish to oblige, had been naturally much contracted. On this occasion I probably appeared a little better informed than formerly, for I had learned something from the examination of Prince Torremuzza's collection. I again contrived to enlarge my knowledge, being greatly helped by Winckelmann's never-failing clues, which safely led the way through all the different epochs of art. The Prince, who was well informed in all these matters, when he saw that he had before him not a connoisseur, but an attentive amateur, willingly informed me of every particular that I found it necessary to ask about.

After having given to these matters, considerable, but still far less time than they deserved, we were on the point of taking our leave, when the Prince conducted us to the Princess, his mother, in whose apartments the smaller works of art are to be seen.

We found a venerable, naturally noble lady, who received us with the words, "Pray look round my room, gentlemen; here you still see all that my dear departed husband collected and arranged for me. This I owe to the affection of my son, who not only allows me still to reside in his best room, but has even forbidden the least thing to be taken away or removed that his late father purchased for me, and chose a place for. Thus I enjoy a double pleasure; not only have I been able these many years to live in my usual ways and habits, but also I have, as formerly, the opportunity to see and

form the acquaintance of those worthy strangers who come hither from widely distant places to examine our treasures."

She thereupon, with her own hands, opened for us the glass-case in which the works in amber were preserved. The Sicilian amber is distinguished from the northern, by its passing from the transparent and non-transparent,—from the wax and the honey-coloured,—through all possible shades of a deep yellow, to the most beautiful hyacinthian red. In the case there were urns, cups, and other things, and for executing which large pieces of a marvellous size must have been necessary; for such objects, and also for cut-shells, such as are executed at Trapani, and also for exquisitely manufactured articles in ivory, the Princess had an especial taste, and about some of them she had amusing stories to tell. The Prince called our attention to those of more solid value among them; and so several hours slipped away—not, however, without either amusement or edification.

In the course of our conversation, the Princess discovered that we were Germans: she therefore asked us after Riedesel, Bartels, and Münter, all of whom she knew, and whose several characters she seemed well able to appreciate, and to discriminate. We parted reluctantly from her, and she seemed also unwilling to bid us farewell. An insular life has in it something very peculiar to be thus excited and refreshed by none but passing sympathies.

From the palace the Abbé led us to the Benedictine Monastery, and took us to the cell of a brother of the order, whose reserved and melancholy expression (though he was not of more than the middle age) promised but little of cheerful conversation. He was, however, the skilful musician who alone could manage the enormous organ in the church of this monastery. As he rather guessed than waited to hear our request, so he complied with it in silence. We proceeded to the very spacious church, where, sitting down at the glorious instrument, he made its softest notes whisper through its remotest corners, or filled the whole of it with the crash of its loudest tones.

If you had not previously seen the organist, you would fancy that none but a giant could exercise such power; as, however, we were already acquainted with his personal appearance, we only wondered that the necessary exertion had not long since worn him out.

Catania, Friday, May 4, 1787.

Soon after dinner our Abbé arrived with a carriage, and proposed to show us a distant part of the city. Upon entering it we had a strange dispute about precedence. Having got up first, I had seated myself on the left-hand side. As he ascended, he begged of me to move, and to take the right-hand seat. I begged him not to stand on such ceremony. "Pardon me," he replied, "and let us sit as I propose; for if I take my place on your right, every one will believe that I am taking a ride with you; but if I sit on your left, it is thereby indicated that you are riding with me, that is, with him who has, in the Prince's name, to show you the city." Against this nothing could, of course, be objected, and it was settled accordingly.

We drove up the streets where the lava, which, in 1699, destroyed a great part of this city, remains visible to this day. The solid lava had been worked like any other rock, —streets had even been marked out on its surface, and partly built. I placed under the seat of the carriage an undoubted specimen of the molten rock, remembering that, just before my departure from Germany, the dispute had arisen about the volcanic origin of basalt. And I did so in many other places, in order to have several varieties.

However, if natives had not proved themselves the friends of their own land, had they not even laboured, either for the sake of profit or of science, to bring together whatever is remarkable in this neighbourhood, the traveller would have had to trouble himself long, and to little purpose. In Naples I had received much information from the dealer in lava, but still more instruction did I get here from the Chevalier Gioeni. In his rich and excellently arranged museum I learned more or less correctly to recognise the various phenomena of the lava of Ætna; the basalt at its foot, stones in a changed state—everything, in fact, was pointed out to me in the most friendly manner possible. What I saw most to be wondered at, was some zeolites from the rugged rocks which rise out of the sea below Jaci.

As we inquired of the Chevalier which was the best course to take in order to ascend Ætna, he would not hear of so dangerous an attempt as trying to reach the summit, especially in the present season of the year. "Generally," he observed, begging my pardon, however, "the strangers who come here think far too lightly of the matter; we, however,

who are neighbours of the mountain, are quite contented if, twice in our life, we hit on a very good opportunity to reach the summit. *Brydone*, who was the first by his description to kindle a desire to see this fiery peak, did not himself ascend it. Count Borch leaves his readers in uncertainty; but, in fact, even he ascended only to a certain height: and the same may be said of many others. At present the snow comes down far too low, and presents insuperable obstacles. If you would take my advice, you will ride very early some morning for Monte Rosso, and be contented with ascending this height. From it you will enjoy a splendid view of Ætna, and at the same time have an opportunity of observing the old lava, which, bursting out from that point in 1697, unhappily poured down upon the city. The view is glorious and distinct; it is best to listen to a description for all the rest."

Catania, Saturday, May 5, 1787.

Following this good counsel, we set out early on a mule; and, continually looking behind us on our way, reached at last the region of the lava, as yet unchanged by time. Jagged lumps and slabs stared us in the face, among which a chance road had been tracked out by the beasts We halted on the first considerable eminence. Kniep sketched with wonderful precision, what lay before us. The masses of lava in the foreground, the double peak of Monte Rosso on the left, right before us the woods of Nicolosi, out of which rose the snow-capped and slightly smoking summit. We drew near to the Red Mountain. I ascended it. It is composed entirely of red volcanic rubbish, ashes, and stones, heaped together. It would have been very easy to go round the mouth of the crater, had not a violent and stormy east wind made my footing unsteady. When I wished to go a little way, I was obliged to take off my cloak, and then my hat was every moment in danger of being blown into the crater, and I after it. On this account I sat down in order to recover myself, and to take a view of the surrounding objects; but even this position did not help me at all. The wind came direct from the east, over the glorious land which, far and near, and reaching to the sea, lay below me. The outstretched strand, from Messina to Syracuse, with its bays and headlands, was before my eyes, either quite open, or else (though only in a few small points) covered with rocks. When I came down quite numbed, Kniep, under the shelter of

the hill, had passed his time well, and with a few light lines on the paper had perpetuated the memory of what the wild storm had allowed me scarcely to see, and still less to fix permanently in my mind.

Returned once more to the jaws of the Golden Lion, we found the waiter. whom we had with difficulty prevented from accompanying us. He praised our prudence in giving up the thought of visiting the summit, but urgently recommended for the next day a walk by the sea to the rocks of Jaci—it was the most delightful pleasure-trip that could be made from Catania: but it would be well to take something to eat and drink with us, and also utensils for warming our viands. His wife offered herself to perform this duty. Moreover, he spoke of the jubilee there was when some Englishmen hired a boat with a band of music to accompany them—which made it more delightful than it was possible to form any idea of.

The rocks of Jaci had a strong attraction for me; I had a strong desire to knock off from them as fine zeolites as I had seen in Gioeni's possession. It was true we might reduce the scale of the affair, and decline the attendance of the wife; but the warning of the Englishman prevailed over every other consideration. We gave up all thoughts of zeolites, and prided ourselves not a little at this act of self-denial.

Catania, Sunday, May 6, 1787.

Our clerical companion has not failed us to-day. He conducted us to some remains of ancient architecture; in examining which, however, the visitor needs to bring with him no ordinary talent of restoration. We saw the remains of the great cisterns of a naumachy, and other similar ruins, which, however, have been filled up and depressed by the many successive destructions of the city by lava, earthquakes, and wars. It is only those who are most accurately acquainted with the architecture of the ancients that can now derive either pleasure or instruction from seeing them.

The kind Abbé engaged to make our excuses for not waiting again on the Prince, and we parted with lively expressions of mutual gratitude and good will.

Taormina, Monday, May 7, 1787.

God be thanked that all that we have here seen this day has been already amply described—but still more, that Kniep

has resolved to spend the whole of to-morrow in the open air, taking sketches. When you have ascended to the top of the wall of rocks, which rise precipitously at no great distance from the sea, you find two peaks, connected by a semicircle. Whatever shape this may have had originally from Nature has been helped by the hand of man, which has formed out of it an amphitheatre for spectators. Walls and other buildings have furnished the necessary passages and rooms. Right across, at the foot of the semicircular range of seats, the scene was built, and by this means the two rocks were joined together, and a most enormous work of nature and art combined.

Now, sitting down at the spot where formerly sat the uppermost spectators, you confess at once that never did any audience, in any theatre, have before it such a spectacle as you there behold. On the right, and on high rocks at the side, castles tower in the air—farther on the city lies below you; and although its buildings are all of modern date, still similar ones, no doubt, stood of old on the same site. After this the eye falls on the whole of the long ridge of Ætna, then on the left it catches a view of the sea-shore, as far as Catania, and even Syracuse, and then the wide and extensive view is closed by the immense smoking volcano, but not horribly, for the atmosphere, with its softening effect, makes it look more distant, and milder than it really is.

If now you turn from this view towards the passage running at the back of the spectators, you have on the left the whole wall of the rocks between which and the sea runs the road to Messina. And then again you behold vast groups of rocky ridges in the sea itself, with the coast of Calabria in the far distance, which only a fixed and attentive gaze can distinguish from the clouds which rise rapidly from it.

We descended towards the theatre, and tarried awhile among its ruins, on which an accomplished architect would do well to employ, at least on paper, his talent of restoration. After this I attempted to make a way for myself through the gardens to the city. But I soon learnt by experience what an impenetrable bulwark is formed by a hedge of agaves planted close together. You can see through their interlacing leaves, and you think, therefore, it will be easy to force a way through them; but the prickles on their leaves are very sensible obstacles. If you step on these colossal leaves, in the hope that they will bear you, they break off suddenly; and so, instead of getting

out, you fall into the arms of the next plant. When, however, at last we had wound our way out of the labyrinth, we found but little to enjoy in the city; though from the neighbouring country we felt it impossible to part before sunset. Infinitely beautiful was it to observe this region, of which every point had its interest, gradually enveloped in darkness.

Below Taormina: on the Sea-shore,
Tuesday, May 8, 1787.

Kniep, whom, by good luck, I brought with me hither, cannot be praised enough for relieving me of a burden which would have been intolerable to me, and which goes directly counter to my nature. He has gone to sketch in detail the objects which yesterday he took a general survey of. He will have to point his pencil many a time, and I know not when he will have finished, I shall have it in my power to see all these sights again. At first I wished to ascend the height with him; but then, again, I was tempted to remain here; I sought a corner like the bird about to build its nest. In a sorry and neglected peasant's garden I have seated myself, on the trunk of an orange-tree, and lost myself in reveries. Orange-branches, on which a traveller can sit, sounds rather strangely; but seems quite natural when one knows that the orange-tree, left to nature, sends out at a little distance from the root, twigs, which, in time, become decided branches.

And so, thinking over again the plan of the "Nausicaa," I formed the idea of a dramatic concentration of the "Odyssey." I think the scheme is not impracticable, only it will be indispensable to keep clearly in view the difference of the Drama and the Epopee

Kniep has come down, quite happy and delighted, and has brought back with him two large sheets of drawing-paper, covered with the clearest outlines. Both will contribute to preserve in my mind a perpetual memory of these glorious days.

It must not be left unrecorded, that on this shore, and beneath the clearest sky, we looked around us, from a little balcony, and saw roses, and heard the nightingales. These we are told sing here during at least six months of the twelve.

From Memory.

The activity of the clever artist who accompanies me, and my own more desultory and feeble efforts, having now assured

me the possession of well-selected sketches of the country and its most remarkable points (which, either in outline, or if I like, in well-finished paintings, will be mine for ever), I have been able to resign myself more entirely to an impulse which has been daily growing in strength. I have felt an irresistible impulse to animate the glorious scenes by which I am surrounded—the sea, the island, the heavens, with appropriate poetical beings, and here, in and out of this locality, to finish a composition in a tone and spirit such as I have not yet produced. The clear sky; the smell of the sea, the halo which merges, as it were, into one the sky, the headlands, and the sea—all these afforded nourishment to my purpose; and whilst I wandered in those beautiful gardens, between blossoming hedges of oleander, and through arbours of fruit-bearing orange, and citron-trees, and between other trees and shrubs, which were unknown to me, I felt the strange influence in the most agreeable way possible.

Convinced that for me there could be no better commentary on the "Odyssey" than even this very neighbourhood, I purchased a copy, and read it, after my own fashion, with incredible interest. But I was also excited by it to produce something of my own, which, strange as it seemed at the first look, became dearer and dearer, and at last took entire possession of me. For I entertained the idea of treating the story of Nausicaa as the subject of a tragedy.

It is impossible for me even to say what I should have been able to make of it, but the plan I had quite settled in my mind. The leading idea was to paint in Nausicaa, an amiable and excellent maiden who, wooed by many suitors, but conscious of no preference, coldly rejected all advances, who, however, falling in love with a remarkable stranger, suddenly alters her own conduct, and by an overhasty avowal of her affection compromises herself; and consequently gives rise to a truly tragic situation. This simple fable might, I thought, be rendered highly interesting by an abundance of subordinate motives, and especially by the naval and insular character of the locality, and of the personages where and among whom the scene was laid, and by the peculiar tone it would thence assume.

The first act began with the game at ball. The unexpected acquaintance is made; the scruple to lead him herself into the city is already the harbinger of her love.

The second act unfolds the characters of the household of Alcinous, and of the suitors, and ends with the arrival of Ulysses.

The third is devoted entirely to exhibiting the greatness and merits of the new comer, and I hoped to be able in the course of the dialogue, (which was to bring out the history of his adventures), to produce a truly artistic and agreeable effect by representing the various ways in which this story was received by his several hearers. During the narrative, the passions were to be heightened, and Nausicaa's lively sympathy with the stranger to be thrown out more and more by conflicting feelings.

In the fourth act, Ulysses, (off the scene,) gives convincing proofs of his valour; while the women remain, and give full scope to their likings, their hopes, and all other tender emotions. The high favour in which the stranger stands with all, makes it impossible for Nausicaa to restrain her own feelings, and so she becomes irreparably compromised with her own people. Ulysses, who, partly innocent, partly to blame, is the cause of all this, now announces his intention to depart; and nothing remains for the unhappy Nausicaa, but in the fifth act to seek for an end of existence.

In this composition, there was nothing which I was not able by experience to paint after nature. Even while travelling—even in peril—to excite favourable feelings which, although they did not end tragically, might yet prove painful enough, and perhaps dangerous, and would, at all events, leave deep wounds behind—even the supposed accidents of describing, in lively colours, for the entertainment of others, objects observed at a great distance from home, travelling adventures and chances of life—to be looked upon by the young as a demigod, but by the more sedate as a talker of rhodomontade, and to meet now with unexpected favour, and now with unexpected rebuffs—all this caused me to feel so great an attachment to this plan, that in thinking of it, I dreamed away all the time of my stay at Palermo, and, indeed, of all the rest of my Sicilian tour. It was this that made me care little for all the inconvenience and discomfort I met with; for, on this classic ground, a poetic vein had taken possession of me, causing all that I saw, experienced, or observed, to be taken and regarded in a joyous mood.

After my usual habit—whether a good or a bad one—I wrote down little or nothing of the piece; but worked in my mind the most of it, with all the minutest detail. And there,

in my mind, pushed out of thought by many subsequent distractions, it has remained until this moment, when, however, I can recollect nothing but a very faint idea of it.

May 8, 1787. *On the road to Messina.*

High limestone rocks on the left. They become more deeply coloured as you advance, and form many beautiful caves. Presently there commences a sort of rock which may be called clay slate, or sand-stone (greywacke). In the brooks you now meet pebbles of granite. The yellow apples of the solanum, the red flowers of the oleander, give beauty to the landscape. The little stream of Nisi brings down with it mica-pebbles, as do also all the streams we afterwards came to.

Wednesday, May 9, 1787.

Beaten by a stormy east wind, we rode between the raging sea on the right, and the wall of rocks, from the top of which we were yesterday looking down; but this day we have been continually at war with the water. We had to cross innumerable brooks, of which the largest bears the honourable title of a river. However, these streams, as well as the gravel which they bring down with them, were easier to buffet with than the sea, which was raging violently, and at many places dashed right over the road against the rocks, which threw back the thick spray on the travellers. It was a glorious sight, and its rarity to us made us quite ready to put up with all its inconvenience.

At the same time there was no lack of objects for the mineralogical observer. Enormous masses of limestone, undermined by the wind and the waves, fall from time to time; the softer particles are worn away by the continual motion of the waves, while the harder substances imbedded in them are left behind; and so the whole strand is strewed with variegated flints verging on the hornstone, of which I selected and carried off many a specimen.

Messina, Thursday, May 10, 1787.

And so at last we arrived in Messina, where, as we knew of no lodging, we made up our minds to pass the first night at the quarters of our vetturino, and then look out in the morning for a more comfortable habitation. In consequence of this resolution, our first entrance gave us the terrible idea of

entering a ruined city. For, during a whole quarter of an hour as we rode along, we passed ruin after ruin, before we reached the auberge, which, being the only new building that has sprung up in this quarter, opens to you from its first story window a view of nothing but a rugged waste of ruins. Beyond the circle of the stable yard not a living being of any kind was to be seen. During the night the stillness was frightful. The doors would neither bolt nor even close; there was no more provision here for the entertainment of human guests than at any other of the similar posting stations. However, we slept away very comfortably on a mattrass which our vetturino took away from beneath the very body of our host.

Friday, May 11, 1787.

To-day we parted from our worthy muleteer, and a good largesse rewarded him for his attentive services. We parted very amicably, after he had first procured us a servant, to take us at once to the best inn in the place, and afterwards to show us whatever was at all remarkable in Messina. Our first host, in order that his wish to get rid of us might be gratified as quickly as possible, helped to carry our boxes and other packages to a pleasant lodging nearer to the inhabited portion of the city—that is to say, beyond the city itself. The following description will give some idea of it. The terrible calamity which visited Messina and swept away twelve thousand of its inhabitants, did not leave behind it a single dwelling for the thirty thousand who survived. Most of the houses were entirely thrown down; the cracked and shaking walls of the others made them quite unsafe to live in. On the extensive meads, therefore, to the north of Messina, a city of planks was hastily erected, of which any one will quickly form an idea who has ever seen the Römerberg at Frankfort during the fair, or has passed through the market-place at Leipzig; for all the retail houses and the workshops are open towards the street, and the chief business is carried on in front of them. Therefore, there are but few of the larger houses even that are particularly well closed against publicity. Thus, then, have they been living for three years, and the habits engendered by such booth-like, hut-like, and, indeed, tent-like dwellings, has had a decided influence on the character of the occupants. The horror caused by this unparalleled event, the dread of its recurrence, impels them with light-

hearted cheerfulness to enjoy to the utmost the passing moment. A dreadful expectation of a fresh calamity was excited on 21st April—only twenty days ago, that is—by an earthquake, which again sensibly shook the ground. We were shown a small church where a multitude of people were crowded together at the very moment, and perceived the trembling. Some persons who were present at the time do not appear even yet to have recovered from their fright.

In seeking out and visiting these spots we were accompanied by a friendly consul, who spontaneously put himself to much trouble on our account—a kindness to be gratefully acknowledged in this wilderness more than in any other place. At the same time, having learned that we were soon about to leave, he informed us that a French merchantman was on the point of sailing for Naples. The news was doubly welcome, as the flag of France is a protection against the pirates.

We made our kind cicerone aware of our desire to examine the inside of one of the larger (though still one storied) huts, and to see their plain and extemporized economy. Just at this moment we were joined by an agreeable person, who presently described himself to be a teacher of French. After finishing our walk, the consul made known to him our wish to look at one of these buildings, and requested him to take us home with him and show us his.

We entered the hut, of which the sides and roof consisted alike of planks. The impression it left on the eye was exactly that of one of the booths in a fair, where wild beasts or other curiosities are exhibited. The timber work of the walls and the roof was quite open. A green curtain divided off the front room, which was not covered with deals, but the natural floor was left just as in a tent. There were some chairs and a table; but no other article of domestic furniture. The space was lighted from above by the openings which had been accidentally left in the roofing. We stood talking together for some time, while I contemplated the green curtain and the roof within, which was visible over it, when all of a sudden from the other side of the curtain two lovely girls' heads, black-eyed, and black-haired, peeped over full of curiosity, but vanished again as soon as they saw they were perceived. However, upon being asked for by the consul, after the lapse of just so much time as was necessary to adorn themselves, they came forward, and with their well dressed and neat little bodies

crept before the green tapestry. From their questions we clearly perceived that they looked upon us as fabulous beings from another world, in which most amiable delusion our answers must have gone far to confirm them. The consul gave a merry description of our singular appearance: the conversation was so very agreeable, that we found it hard to part with them. It was not until we had got out of the door that it occurred to us that we had never seen the inner room, and had forgotten all about the construction of the house, being entirely taken up with its fair inhabitants.

Messina, Saturday, May 12, 1787.

Among other things we were told by the consul, that although it was not indispensably necessary, still it would be as well to pay our respects to the governor, a strange old man, who, by his humours and prejudices, might as readily injure as benefit us: that besides it always told in his (the consul's) favour if he was the means of introducing distinguished personages to the governor; and besides, no stranger arriving here can tell whether some time or other he may not somehow or other require the assistance of this personage. So to please my friend, I went with him.

As we entered the ante-chamber, we heard in the inner room a most horrible hubbub; a footman, with a very punch-like expression of countenance, whispered in the consul's ear:—"An ill day—a dangerous moment!" However we entered, and found the governor, a very old man, sitting at a table near the window, with his back turned towards us. Large piles of old discoloured letters were lying before him, from which, with the greatest sedateness, he went on cutting out the unwritten portion of the paper—thus giving pretty strong proofs of his love of economy. During this peaceful occupation, however, he was fearfully rating and cursing away at a respectable looking personage, who, to judge from his costume, was probably connected with Malta, and who, with great coolness and precision of manner, was defending himself, for which, however, he was afforded but little opportunity. Though thus rated and scolded, he yet with great self-possession endeavoured by appealing to his passport and to his well-known connections in Naples, to remove a suspicion which the governor, as it would appear, had formed against him as

coming backwards and forwards without any apparent business. All this, however, was of no use: the governor went on cutting his old letters, and carefully separating the clean paper, and scolding all the while.

Besides ourselves there were about twelve other persons in the room, spectators of the bull-baiting, standing hovering in a very wide circle, and apparently envying us our proximity to the door, as a desirable position should the passionate old man seize his crutch, and strike away right and left. During this scene our good consul's face had lengthened considerably; for my part, my courage was kept up by the grimaces of a footman, who, though just outside the door, was close to me, and who, as often as I turned round, made the drollest gestures possible to appease my alarm, by indicating that all this did not matter much.

And indeed the awful affair was quickly brought to an end. The old man suddenly closed it with observing that there was nothing to prevent him clapping the Maltese in prison, and letting him cool his heels in a cell—however, he would pass it over this time; he might stay in Messina the few days he had spoken of—but after that he must pack off, and never show his face there again. Very coolly, and without the slightest change of countenance, the object of suspicion took his leave, gracefully saluting the assembly, and ourselves in particular, as he passed through the crowd to get to the door. As the governor turned round fiercely, intending to add yet another menace, he caught sight of us, and immediately recovering himself, nodded to the consul, upon which he stepped forward to introduce me.

The governor was a person of very great age; his head bent forwards on his chest, while from beneath his grey shaggy brows, black sunken eyes cast forth stealthy glances. Now, however, he was quite a different personage, from what we had seen a few moments before. He begged me to be seated; and still uninterruptedly pursuing his occupation, asked me many questions, which I duly answered, and concluded by inviting me to dine with him as long as I should remain here. The consul, satisfied as well as myself, nay, even more satisfied, since he knew better than I did the danger we had escaped, made haste to descend the stairs; and, for my part, I had no desire ever again to approach the lion's den.

Messina, Sunday, May 13, 1787.

Waking this morning, we found ourselves in a much pleasanter apartment, and with the sun shining brightly, but still in poor afflicted Messina. Singularly unpleasant is the view of the so-called Palazzata, a crescent-shaped row of real palaces, which for nearly a quarter of a league encloses and marks out the roadstead. All were built of stone, and four stories high; of several the whole front, up to the cornice of the roof, is still standing, while others have been thrown down as low as the first, or second, or third story. So that this once splendid line of buildings exhibits at present with its many chasms and perforations, a strangely revolting appearance: for the blue heaven may be seen through almost every window. The interior apartments in all are utterly destroyed and fallen.

One cause of this singular phenomenon is the fact that the splendid architectural edifices erected by the rich, tempted their less wealthy neighbours to vie with them, in appearance at least, and to hide behind a new front of cut stone the old houses, which had been built of larger and smaller rubble-stones, kneaded together and consolidated with plenty of mortar. This joining, not much to be trusted at any time, was quickly loosened and dissolved by the terrible earthquake. The whole fell together. Among the many singular instances of wonderful preservation which occurred in this calamity, they tell the following. The owner of one of these houses had, exactly at the awful moment, entered the recess of a window, while the whole house fell together behind him; and there, suspended aloft, but safe, he calmly awaited the moment of his liberation from his airy prison. That this style of building, which was adopted in consequence of having no quarries in the neighbourhood, was the principal cause why the ruin of the city was so total as it was, is proved by the fact that the houses which were of a more solid masonry are still standing. The Jesuits' College and Church, which are solidly built of cut stone, are still standing uninjured, with their original substantial fabric unimpaired. But whatever may be the cause, the appearance of Messina is most oppressive, and reminds one of the times when the Sicani and Siculi abandoned this restless and treacherous district, to occupy the western coast of the island.

After passing the morning in viewing these ruins, we entered our inn to take a frugal meal. We were still sitting at table,

feeling ourselves quite comfortable, when the consul's servant rushed breathless into the room, declaring that the governor had been looking for me all over the city—he had invited me to dinner, and yet I was absent. The consul earnestly intreated me to go immediately, whether I had or not dined—whether I had allowed the hour to pass through forgetfulness or design. I now felt, for the first time, how childish and silly it was to allow my joy at my first escape to banish all further recollection of the Cyclop's invitation. The servant did not allow me to loiter; his representations were most urgent and most direct to the point; if I did not go the consul would be in danger of suffering all that this fiery despot might chose to inflict upon him and his countrymen.

Whilst I was arranging my hair and dress, I took courage, and with a lighter heart followed, invoking Ulysses as my patron saint, and begging him to intercede in my behalf with Pallas Athène.

Arrived at the lion's den, I was conducted by a fine footman into a large dining-room, where about forty people were sitting at an oval table, without, however, a word being spoken. The place on the governor's right was unoccupied, and to it was I accordingly conducted.

Having saluted the host and his guests with a low bow, I took my seat by his side, excused my delay by the vast size of the city, and by the mistakes which the unusual way of reckoning the time had so often caused me to make. With a fiery look, he replied, that if a person visited foreign countries, he ought to make a point to learn its customs, and to guide his movements accordingly. To this I answered that such was invariably my endeavour, only I had found that, in a strange locality, and amidst totally new circumstances, one invariably fell at first, even with the very best intentions, into errors which might appear unpardonable, but for the kindness which readily accepted in excuse for them the plea of the fatigue of travelling, the distraction of new objects, the necessity of providing for one's bodily comforts, and, indeed, of preparing for one's further travels.

Hereupon he asked me how long I thought of remaining. I answered that I should like, if it were possible, to stay here for a considerable period, in order to have the opportunity of attesting, by my close attention to his orders and commands,

my gratitude for the favour he had shewn me. After a pause he inquired what I had seen in Messina? I detailed to him my morning's occupation, with some remarks on what I had seen, adding that what most had struck me was the cleanliness and good order in the streets of this devastated city. And, in fact, it was highly admirable to observe how all the streets had been cleared by throwing the rubbish among the fallen fortifications, and by piling up the stones against the houses, by which means the middle of the streets had been made perfectly free and open for trade and traffic. And this gave me an opportunity to pay a well-deserved compliment to his excellency, by observing that all the Messinese thankfully acknowledged that they owed this convenience entirely to his care and forethought. "They acknowledge it, do they," he growled: "well, every one at first complained loudly enough of the hardship of being compelled to take his share of the necessary labour." I made some general remarks upon the wise intentions and lofty designs of government being only slowly understood and appreciated and on similar topics. He asked if I had seen the Church of the Jesuits, and when I said, No, he rejoined that he would cause it to be shown to me in all its splendour.

During this conversation, which was interrupted with a few pauses, the rest of the company, I observed, maintained a deep silence, scarcely moving except so far as was absolutely necessary in order to place the food in their mouths. And so, too, when the table was removed, and coffee was served, they stood up round the walls like so many wax dolls. I went up to the chaplain, who was to shew me the church, and began to thank him in advance for the trouble. However, he moved off, after humbly assuring me that the command of his excellency was in his eyes all sufficient. Upon this I turned to a young stranger who stood near, who, however, Frenchman as he was, did not seem to be at all at his ease; for he, too, seemed to be struck dumb and petrified, like the rest of the company, among whom I recognized many faces who had been anything but willing witnesses of yesterday's scene.

The governor moved to a distance; and after a little while, the chaplain observed to me that it was time to be going. I followed him; the rest of the company had silently one by one disappeared. He led me to the gate of the Jesuit's church, which rises in the air with all the splendour and really

imposing effect of the architecture of these fathers. A porter came immediately towards us, and invited us to enter; but the priest held me back, observing that we must wait for the governor. The latter presently arrived in his carriage, and, stopping in the piazza, not far from the church, nodded to us to approach, whereupon all three advanced towards him. He gave the porter to understand that it was his command that he should not only shew me the church and all its parts, but should also narrate to me in full the histories of the several altars and chapels; and, moreover, that he should also open to me all the sacrists, and shew me their remarkable contents. I was a person to whom he was to show all honour, and who must have every cause on his return home to speak well and honourably of Messina. "Fail not," he then said, turning to me with as much of a smile as his features were capable of,—"Fail not as long as you are here to be at my dinner-table in good time—you shall always find a hearty welcome." I had scarcely time to make him a most respectful reply before the carriage moved on.

From this moment the chaplain became more cheerful, and we entered the church. The Castellan (for so we may well name him) of this fairy palace, so little suited to the worship of God, set to work to fulfil the duty so sharply enjoined on him, when Kniep and the consul rushed into the empty sanctuary, and gave vent to passionate expressions of their joy at seeing me again and at liberty, who, they had believed, would by this time have been in safe custody. They had sat in agonies until the roguish footman (whom probably the consul had well-feed) came and related with a hundred grimaces the issue of the affair; upon which a cheerful joy took possession of them, and they at once set out to seek me, as their informant had made known to them the governor's kind intentions with regard to the church, and thereby gave them a hope of finding me.

We now stood before the high altar, listening to the enumeration of the ancient rarities with which it was inlaid: pillars of lapis lazuli fluted, as it were, with bronzed and with gilded rods; pilasters and panellings after the Florentine fashion; gorgeous Sicilian agates in abundance, with bronze and gilding perpetually recurring and combining the whole together.

And now commenced a wondrous counterpointed *fugue*, Kniep and the consul dilating on the perplexities of the late incident, and the showman emunerating the costly articles

of the well-preserved splendour, broke in alternately, both fully possessed with their subject. This afforded a twofold gratification; I became sensible how lucky was my escape, and at the same time had the pleasure of seeing the productions of the Sicilian mountains, on which, in their native state, I had already bestowed attention, here worked up and employed for architectural purposes.

My accurate acquaintance with the several elements of which this splendour was composed, helped me to discover that what was called lapis lazuli in these columns was probably nothing but calcara, though calcara of a more beautiful colour than I ever remember to have seen, and withal most incomparably pieced together. But even such as they are, these pillars are still most highly to be prized; for it is evident that an immense quantity of this material must have been collected before so many pieces of such beautiful and similar tints could be selected; and in the next place, considerable pains and labour must have been expended in cutting, splitting, and polishing the stone. But what task was ever too great for the industry of these fathers?

During my inspection of these rarities, the consul never ceased enlightening me on the danger with which I had been menaced. The governor, he said, not at all pleased that, on my very first introduction to him, I should have been a spectator of his violence towards the quasi Maltese, had resolved within himself to pay me especial attention, and with this view he had settled in his own mind a regular plan, which, however, had received a considerable check from my absence at the very moment in which it was first to be carried into effect. After waiting a long while, the despot at last sat down to dinner, without, however, been able to conceal his vexation and annoyance, so that the company were in dread lest they should witness a scene either on my arrival or on our rising from table.

Every now and then the sacristan managed to put in a word, opened the secret chambers, which are built in beautiful proportion, and elegantly not to say splendidly ornamented. In them were to be seen all the moveable furniture and costly utensils of the church still remaining, and these corresponded in shape and decoration with all the rest. Of the precious metals I observed nothing, and just as little of genuine works of art, whether ancient or modern.

Our mixed Italian-German *fugue* (for the good father and the sacristan chaunted in the former tongue, while Kniep and the consul responded in the latter) came to an end just as we were joined by an officer whom I remembered to have seen at the dinner-table. He belonged to the governor's suite. His appearance certainly calculated to excite anxiety, and not the less so as he offered to conduct me to the harbour, where he would take me to certain parts which generally were inaccessible to strangers. My friends looked at one another; however, I did not suffer myself to be deterred by their suspicions from going alone with him. After some talk about indifferent matters, I began to address him more familiarly, and confessed that during the dinner I had observed many of the silent party making friendly signs to me, and giving me to understand that I was not among mere strangers and men of the world, but among friends, and, indeed, brothers: and that I had, therefore, nothing to fear. I felt it a duty to thank him, and to request him to be the bearer of similar expressions of gratitude to the rest of the company. To all this he replied, that they had sought to calm any apprehensions I might have felt; because, well acquainted as they were with the character of their host, they were convinced that there was really no cause for alarm; for explosions like that with the Maltese were but very rare, and when they did happen, the worthy old man always blamed himself afterwards, and would for a long time keep a watch over his temper, and go on for a while in the calm and assured performance of his duty, until at last some unexpected rencontre would surprise and carry him away by a fresh outbreak of passion.

My valiant friend further added, that nothing was more desired by him and his companions than to bind themselves to me by a still closer tie, and therefore he begged that I would have the great kindness of letting them know where it might be done this evening, most conveniently to myself. I courteously declined the proffered honour, and begged him to humour a whim of mine, which made me wish to be looked upon during my travels merely as a man; if as such I could excite the confidence and sympathy of others, it would be most agreeable to me, and what I most wished,—but that many reasons forbade me to enter into other relations or connexions.

Convince him I could not,—for I did not venture to tell him what was really my motive. However, it struck me as

remarkable, that under so despotic a government, these kind-hearted persons should have formed so excellent and so innocent an union for mutual protection, and for the benefit of strangers. I did not conceal from him the fact, that I was well aware of the ties subsisting between them and other German travellers, and expatiated at length on the praiseworthy objects they had in view; and so only caused him to feel still more surprise at my obstinacy. He tried every possible inducement to draw me out of my incognito—however, he did not succeed, partly because, having just escaped one danger, I was not inclined for any object whatever, to run into another; and partly because I was well aware that the views of these worthy islanders were so very different from my own, that any closer intimacy with them could lead neither to pleasure nor comfort.

On the other hand, I willingly spent a few hours with our well-wishing and active consul, who now enlightened us as to the scene with the Maltese. The latter was not really a mere adventurer,—still he was a restless person, who was never happy in one place. The governor, who was of a great family, and highly honored for his sincerity and habits of business, and was also greatly esteemed for his former important services, was, nevertheless, notorious for his illimitable self-will, his unbridled passion, and unbending obstinacy. Suspicious, both as an old man and a tyrant,—more anxious lest he should have, than convinced that he really had, enemies at court, he looked upon as spies, and hated all persons who, like this Maltese, were continually coming and going, without any ostensible business. This time the red cloak had crossed him, when, after a considerable period of quiet, it was necessary for him to give vent to his passion, in order to relieve his mind.

Written partly at Messina, and partly at Sea, Monday, May 14.

Both Kniep and myself awoke with the same feelings; both felt annoyed that we had allowed ourselves, under the first impression of disgust which the desolate appearance of Messina had excited, to form the hasty determination of leaving it with the French merchantman. The happy issue of my adventure with the governor, the acquaintance which I had formed with certain worthy individuals, and which it only remained for me to render more intimate, and a visit which I

had paid to my banker, whose country-house was situated in a most delightful spot: all this afforded a prospect of our being able to spend most agreeably a still longer time in Messina. Kniep, quite taken up with two pretty little children, wished for nothing more than that the adverse wind, which in any other case would be disagreeable enough, might still last for some time. In the meanwhile, however, our position was disagreeable enough,—all must be packed up, and we ourselves be ready to start at a moment's warning.

And so, at last, about mid-day the summons came; and we hastened on board, and found among the crowd collected on the shore our worthy consul, from whom we took our leave with many thanks. The sallow footman, also, pressed forward to receive his douceur—he was accordingly duly rewarded, and charged to mention to his master the fact of our departure, and to excuse our absence from dinner. "He who sails away is at once excused," exclaimed he; and then turning round with a very singular spring, quickly disappeared.

In the ship itself things looked very different from what they had done in the Neapolitan corvette. However, as we gradually stood off from the shore, we were quite taken up with the glorious view presented by the circular line of the Palazzata, the citadel, and by the mountains which rose behind the city. Calabria was on the other side. And then the wide prospect northwards and southwards over the strait,—a broad expanse indeed, but still shut in on both sides by a beautiful shore. While we were admiring these objects, one after another, our attention was diverted to a certain commotion in the water, at a tolerable distance on the left hand, and still nearer on the right, to a rock distinctly separate from the shore. They were Scylla and Charybdis. These remarkable objects, which in nature stand so wide apart, but which the poet has brought so close together, have furnished occasion to many to make grave complaints of the fabling of poetry. Such grumblers, however, do not duly consider that the imaginative faculty invariably depicts the objects it would represent as grand and impressive, with a few striking touches, rather than in fulness of detail, and that thereby it lends to the image more of character, solemnity, and dignity. A thousand times have I heard the complaint that the objects for a knowledge of which we are originally indebted to description, invariably disappoint us when we see them with our own eyes. The cause is, in every

case, the same. Imagination and reality stand in the same relation to each other as poetry and prose do: the former invariably conceives of its objects as powerful and elevated, the latter loves to dilate and to expand them. A comparison of the landscape painters of the 16th century with those of our own day, will strikingly illustrate my meaning. A drawing of Iodocus Momper, by the side of one of Kniep's outlines, would at once make the contrast intelligible.

With such and similar discourses we contrived to amuse ourselves, since the coasts were not attractive enough, even for Kniep, notwithstanding his having prepared everything for sketching.

As to myself, however, I was again attacked with sea-sickness; but this time the unpleasant feeling was not relieved by separation and privacy, as it was on our passage over. However, the cabin was large enough to hold several persons, and there was no lack of good mattresses. I again resumed the horizontal position, in which I was diligently tended by Kniep, who administered to me plenty of red wine and good bread. In this position our Sicilian expedition presented itself to my mind in no very agreeable light. On the whole, we had really seen nothing but traces of the utterly vain struggle which the human race makes to maintain itself against the violence of Nature, against the malicious spite of Time, and against the rancour of its own unhappy divisions. The Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the many other races which followed in succession, built and destroyed. Selinus lies methodically overthrown by art and skill; two thousand years have not sufficed to throw down the temples of Gergenti; a few hours, nay a few minutes were sufficient to overwhelm Catania and Messina. These sea-sick fancies, however, I did not allow to take possession of a mind tossed up and down on the waves of life.

At Sea, Tuesday, May 15, 1787.

My hope of having a quicker passage back to Naples, or at least of recovering sooner from my sea-sickness, has been disappointed. Several times I attempted, at Kniep's recommendation, to go up on deck; however all enjoyment of the varying beauty of the scene was denied me. Only one or two incidents had power to make me forget awhile my giddiness. The whole sky was overcast with a thin vapoury

cloud, through which the sun (whose disk, nowever, was not discernible) illuminated the sea, which was of the most beautiful blue colour that ever was seen. A troop of dolphins accompanied the ship; swimming or leaping they managed to keep up with it. I could not help fancying that in the deep water, and at the distance, our floating edifice must have seemed to them a black point, and that they had hurried towards it as to a welcome piece of booty and consumption. However that may be, the sailors did not treat them as kind guides, but rather as enemies; one was hit with a harpoon, but not hauled on deck.

The wind continued unfavourable, and by continually tacking and manœuvring, we only just managed not to lose way. Our impatience at this only increased when some experienced persons among the passengers declared that neither the captain nor the steersman understood their business. The one might do very well as captain, and the other as a mariner—they were, however, not fit to be trusted with the lives of so many passengers and such a valuable freight.

I begged these otherwise most doughty personages to keep their fears to themselves. The number of the passengers was very great, and among them were several women and children of all ages; for every one had crowded on board the French merchantman, without a thought of any thing but of the protection which the white flag assured them from the pirates. I therefore represented to these parties that the expression of their distrust and anxiety would plunge in the greatest alarm those poor folk who had hitherto placed all their hopes of safety in the piece of uncoloured and unemblazoned linen.

And in reality, between sky and sea this white streamer, as a decided talisman, is singular enough. As parting friends greet each other with their white waving handkerchiefs, and so excite in their bosoms a mutual feeling—which nothing else could call forth—of love and affection divided for a while, so here in this simple flag the custom is consecrated. It is even as if one had fixed a handkerchief on the mast to proclaim to all the world, "Here comes a friend over the sea."

Revived from time to time with a little wine and bread, to the annoyance of the captain, who said that I ought to eat what was bargained for, I was able at last to sit on the deck, and to take part occasionally in the conversation. Kniep managed to cheer me, for he could not, this time by boast-

ing of the excellent fare, excite my energy; on the contrary, he was obliged to extol my good luck in having no appetite.

Wednesday, May 16, 1787.

And thus mid-day passed without our being able, as we wished, to get into the Bay of Naples. On the contrary, we were continually driven more and more to the west, and our vessel, nearing the island of Capri, kept getting further from Cape Minerva. Every one was annoyed and impatient; we two, however, who could contemplate the world with a painter's eye, had enough to content us, when the setting sun presented for our enjoyment the most beautiful prospect that we had yet witnessed during our whole tour. Cape Minerva, with the mountains which abut on it, lay before our eyes in the brilliant colouring of sunset, while the rocks which stretched southwards from the headland, had already assumed a bluish tint. The whole coast, stretching from the Cape to Sorrento, was gloriously lit up. Vesuvius was visible; an immense cloud of smoke stood above it like a tower, and sent out a long streak southwards—the result, probably, of a violent eruption. On the left lay Capri, rising perpendicularly in the air; and by the help of the transparent blue halo, we were able distinctly to trace the forms of its rocky walls. Beneath a perfectly clear and cloudless sky glittered the calm, scarcely rippling sea, which at last, when the wind died away, lay before us exactly like a clear pool. We were enraptured with the sight. Kniep regretted that all the colours of art were inadequate to convey an idea of this harmony, and that not even the finest of English pencils would enable the most practised hand to give the delicacy of the outline. I, for my part, convinced that to possess even a far poorer memorial of the scene than this clever artist could produce, would greatly contribute to my future enjoyment, exhorted him to strain both his hand and eye for the last time. He allowed himself to be persuaded, and produced a most accurate drawing (which he afterwards coloured); and so bequeathed to me a proof, that to truly artistic powers of delineation, the impossible becomes the possible. With equally attentive eyes we watched the transition from evening to night. Capri now lay quite black before us, and, to our astonishment, the smoke of Vesuvius turned into flame, as, indeed, did the whole streak, which, the longer we observed it, became brighter and

brighter; at last we saw a considerable region of the atmosphere, forming, as it were, the back ground of our natural picture, lit up—and, indeed, lightening.

We were so entirely occupied with these welcome scenes, that we did not notice the great danger we were in. However, the commotion among the passengers did not allow us to continue long in ignorance of it. Those who were better acquainted with maritime affairs than ourselves were bitterly reproaching the captain and his steersman. By their bungling, they said, they had not only missed the mouth of the strait, but they were very nigh losing the lives of all the passengers intrusted to them, cargo and all. We inquired into the grounds of these apprehensions, especially as we could not conceive how, during a perfect calm, there could be any cause for alarm. But it was this very calm that rendered these people so inconsolable. "We are," they said, "in the current which runs round the island, and which, by a slow but irresistible ground-swell, will draw us against the rugged rocks, where there is neither the slightest footing, nor the least cove to save ourselves by.

Made more attentive by these declarations, we contemplated our fate with horror. For, although the deepening night did not allow us to distinguish the approach of danger, still we observed that the ship, as it rolled and pitched, was gradually nearing the rocks, which grew darker and darker upon the eye, while a light evening glow was still playing on the water. Not the slightest movement was to be discerned in the air. Handkerchiefs and light ribbons were constantly being held up, but not the slightest indication of the much desired breath of wind was discernible. The tumult became every moment louder and wilder. The women with their children were on the deck praying, not indeed on their knees, for there was scarcely room for them to move, but lying close pressed one upon another. Every now and then, too, they would rate and scold the captain more harshly and more bitterly than the men, who were calmer, thinking over every chance of helping and saving the vessel. They reproached him with everything which, during the passage up to this point, had been borne with silence—the bad accommodation, the high passage money, the scanty bill of fare, his own manners—which, if not absolutely surly, were certainly forbidding enough. He would not give an account of his proceedings to

any one; indeed, ever since the evening before he had maintained a most obstinate silence as to his plans, and what he was doing with his vessel. He and the steersman were called mere money-making adventurers, who having no knowledge at all of navigation, had managed to buy a packet with a mere view to profit, and now, by their incapacity and bungling, were on the point of losing all that had been intrusted to their care. The captain, however, maintained his usual silence under all these reproaches, and appeared to be giving all his thoughts to the chances of saving his ship. As for myself, since I had always felt a greater horror of anarchy than of death itself, I found it quite impossible to hold my tongue any longer. I went up to the noisy railers, and, addressed them with almost as much composure of mind as the rogues of Malsesine. I represented to them that, by their shrieking and bawling, they must confound both the ears and the brains of those on whom all at this moment depended for our safety, so that they could neither think nor communicate with one another. All that you have to do, I said, is to calm yourselves, and then to offer up a fervent prayer to the Mother of God, asking her to intercede with her blessed Son to do for you what He did for His Apostles when on the lake Tiberias. The waves broke over the boat while the Lord slept, but Who when, helpless and inconsolable, they awoke Him, commanded the winds to be still; and Who, if it is only His heavenly will, can even now command the winds to rise.

These few words had the best effect possible. One of the men with whom I had previously had some conversation on moral and religious subjects, exclaimed, "*Ah, il Balarmé! Benedetto il Balarmé!*" and they actually began, as they were already prostrate on their knees, to go over their rosaries with more than usual fervour. They were able to do this with the greater calmness, as the sailors were now trying an expedient the object of which was, at any rate, apparent to every eye. The boat (which would not, however, hold more than six or eight men) was let down and fastened by a long rope to the ship, which, by dint of hard rowing, they hoped to be able to tow after them. And, indeed, it was thought that they did move it within the current, and hopes began to be entertained of soon seeing the vessel towed entirely out of it. But whether their efforts increased the counteraction of the current, or whatever it was, the boat with its crew at the end of the

hawser was suddenly drawn in a kind of a bow towards the vessel, just like the lash of a whip when the driver makes a blow with it.

This plan, therefore, was soon given up. Prayer now began to alternate with weeping—for our state began to appear alarming indeed, when from the deck we could clearly distinguish the voices of the goatherds, (whose fires on the rocks we had long seen), crying to one another, "There is a vessel stranding below." They also said something else. but the sounds were unintelligible to me; those, however, who understood their patois, interpreted them as exclamations of joy, to think of the rich booty they would reap in the morning. Thus the doubt which we had entertained whether the ship was actually nearing the rocks, and in any immediate danger, was unfortunately too soon dispelled, and we saw the sailors preparing boat-poles and fenders, in order, should it come to the worst, to be ready to hold the vessel off the rocks—so long at least as their poles did not break, in which case all would be inevitably lost. The ship now rolled more violently than ever, and the breakers seemed to increase upon us. And my sickness returning upon me in the midst of it all, made me resolve to return to the cabin. Half stupified, I threw myself down on my mattress, still with a somewhat pleasant feeling, which seemed to me to come over from the Sea of Tiberias, for the picture in Merian's Pictorial Bible kept floating before my mind's eye. And so it is: our moral impressions invariably prove strongest in those moments when we are most driven back upon ourselves. How long I lay in this sort of half stupor I know not, for I was awakened by a great noise overhead; I could distinctly make out that it was caused by great ropes being dragged along the deck, and this gave me a hope that they were going to make use of the sails. A little while after this Kniep hurried down into the cabin to tell me that we were out of danger, for a gentle breeze had sprung up; that all hands had just been at work in hoisting the sails, and that he himself had not hesitated to lend a hand. We were visibly getting clear off the rocks; and although not entirely out of the current. there was now a good hope of our being able to make way against it. All was now still again overhead, and soon several more of the passengers came below to announce the happy turn of affairs, and to lie down.

When on the fourth day of our voyage, I awoke early in the morning, I found myself quite fresh and well, just as I had been at the same period of the passage from Naples; so that on a longer voyage I may hope to get off free, after paying to the sea a three days' tribute of sickness.

From the deck I saw with no little delight the island of Capri, at a tolerable distance on our lee, and perceived that the vessel was holding such a course as afforded a hope of our being able ere long to enter the gulf, which, indeed, we very soon afterwards accomplished. And now, after passing a hard night, we had the satisfaction of seeing the same objects as had charmed us so greatly the evening before, in a reversed light. We soon left this dangerous insular rock far behind us. While yesterday we had admired the right hand coast from a distance, now we had straight before us the castle and the city, with Posilippo on the left, together with the tongues of land which run out into the sea towards Procida and Ischia. Every one was on deck; foremost among them was a Greek priest, enthusiastic in the praises of his own dear East; but who, when the Neapolitans on board, who were rapturously greeting their glorious country, asked him what he thought of Naples, as compared with Constantinople? very pathetically replied, "*Anche questa è una città!*" (This, too, is a city.)

We reached the harbour just at the right time, when it was thronged with people. Scarcely were our trunks and the rest of our baggage unshipped and put on shore ere they were seized by two lusty porters, who, scarcely giving us time to say that we were going to put up at Moriconi's, ran off with the load as if with a prize, so that we had difficulty in keeping them in view as they darted through the crowded streets and bustling piazzas. Kniep kept his portfolio under his arm, and we consoled ourselves with thinking that the drawings at least were safe, should these porters, less honest than the poor Neapolitan devils, strip us of all that even the very breakers had spared.

GOETHE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.—PART II.

NAPLES, AND THE SECOND RESIDENCE IN ROME.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES NISBET.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

GOETHE'S Italian journey extends from 23rd July, 1786, (when he parted from the Duchess Louise, though he himself dates his *Hegira*, as he terms it, "Carlsbad, 3rd September,") to 18th June 1788 (when he returned to Weimar), making up nearly two years of his life, his 38th and 39th years. The record of that journey, however, including his first and second residence in Rome, was not composed for the press till 1813, though the "Fragments of a Traveller's Diary," and the "Roman Carnival" with representations of the masks were published; the former immediately after his return to Weimar in Wieland's *Deutsche Merkur* (1788–89), the latter in 1789 in Gotha.

The *Italian Journey* was built up from the materials of his letters to friends, principally to Herder and Frau von Stein, his diaries, and sketches he had made in the course of his journey; all concatenated by "Notices" explanatory and supplementary.

Goethe himself regards his Italian experience as the most important crisis in his life and literary career, the epoch of the "conversion and regeneration of his whole man," dividing his life and labours into two perfectly distinct halves, a crisis which imparted to all his works subsequent to that epoch their character, form and tendency, and which must therefore be appreciated by all students who would estimate Goethe's mature and deliberate works.

Goethe's pre-Italian life, his Frankfort boyhood, his

Leipzig, Strassburg and Wetzlar youth, and even his early Weimar manhood, was mainly experimental, distracted, passionate, unregulated. Law he studied in compliance with his father's wishes, but with no heart, and had to abandon it. He had a perpetual hankering after art, but he lacked the technical hand, and his endeavours in this direction would not succeed. In reference to the times immediately preceding the Weimar period, Goethe, in a letter to his mother, says, "The disproportion between the narrow jog-trot burgess life and the breadth and impetuosity of my nature would, if the two had long been conjoined, have ultimately driven me mad." His translation into the Court of Weimar and the intimate, affectionate, integral, abiding relations he there spontaneously formed with Carl August and the Princesses Amalia and Louise, Frau von Stein, Wieland, Knebel, Voigt, and so many other personages shining in society and regulating State-affairs, the ministerial position to which he was there soon raised, the leading part he took in the theatre, and in all court festivals—all this was a vast enrichment and expansion of his life, and he rioted in the superabundance of his enjoyments and activities. With all this, however, he had by no means attained his spiritual majority, had by no means defined his province of labour; his life was still distracted, and dissatisfied; a nameless unrest preyed at the centre of his being, he felt "impelled and necessitated," as he says, "to fly to some place where he was wholly unknown," and an infinite longing for Italy (so passionately voiced in *Mignon*) asserted itself ever more poignantly, ever more possessed itself of his whole nature.

In accordance with this, all Goethe's pre-Italian literary works—*Lover's Caprice*, *Fellow-Culprits*, *Goetz von Berlichingen*, *Werther*, *Clavigo*, &c.—with all their penetration into and comprehension of human character, with all the

geniality and verve pervading them, and with all the revision some of them received in Rome, are yet immature productions, unsatisfactory in their several main conceptions and disproportionate and incomplete in their execution.

In his Italian and post-Italian literary works, on the other hand, *Egmont*, *Iphigenia*, *Tasso*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Faust*, &c., the leading conception is affirmative and beautiful. With all the cloudy and stormful episodes that pass over them, they revolve mainly in an element of faith, hope and cheerfulness. Dark fate no longer masters free will and benign Providence. Their influence as a whole is joyous and beneficial, and in form and execution how much more perfect than the pre-Italian works! Was, for example, the *Hermann und Dorothea*, so sound, so human, so grateful to soul and body, so perfect in its whole-hearted, terrestrial self, if not very lofty in its tendency, at all possible in the pre-Italian time?

The gravitation of Goethe's nature towards *Italy* is very intelligible. The dominant quality of his genius is not so much that of will as intelligence, not so much that of battle as reconciliation, not so much that of originality as congeniality, not so much that of politics as art, not so much that of priest as poet. "I am a child of peace," he says—(Ich bin ein Kind des Friedens). In this respect he stands in striking contrast to Carlyle, whose dominant quality is will, whose attitude is challenge, who speaks preponderatingly in the imperative mood, addressing people with the authority of a prophet, whose influence is that of a moral tonic or medicine. Carlyle draws his highest stimulus from antagonism, from the prevalence of things he condemns, from conflict, turmoil and destruction. Goethe, on the contrary, is injured and depressed by surrounding mutinies. The French Revolution almost paralyses his energies, and he is obliged to fly to the far East to escape the havocs assailing his country. In the

presence of good of every kind, on the other hand, he feels in his true element, has the heartiest recognition, the finest appreciation of all good or complete (artistic) things. And where but in Rome was there any high art, the representation of a mature and complete humanity? France no doubt had art, but art far from commensurate with nature, an art limited and fixed, degenerating into artificial. England had great natural genius, but not yet shaped into art proper. Germany had little more than awakened into true intellectual life, and was only cultivating, but was far from having yet achieved, an art of her own. It was, therefore, quite in congruity with Goethe's nature, and with the state of culture in Europe, that he should look to Rome as his proper school, as the fulfilment of his desire, as the achievement of his aim. His father, who had a true sense of art, had visited Italy with the greatest enjoyment, and from earliest years directed the fancy of his son, his much improved and much more complete self, to the supreme glory of the Bay of Naples and the art treasures of Rome. Italy was, therefore, a longing both originating in Goethe's nature and strengthened by his up-bringing.

The instruction of Italy, the correcting, supplementing, completing, perfecting effect of Italy on Goethe's whole nature, the transfusion of Italian art into Goethe's thought and temperament—that is perhaps the main and most attractive argument in the *Italian Journey*. It is in Rome that Goethe first fully finds himself, rallies together all his scattered powers, attunes them to harmony and unity, dissipates the false illusions which had so long beset him, and becomes wholly sensible of his true vocation. In Rome, Goethe luxuriates in the superabundance of all that is dear and beneficial to him. He is thereby getting ever more acquainted with himself, and learns to distinguish what is appropriate to and what is foreign from his

nature. "I am new-born, renewed, filled out, my powers are all coming to their completion." Nothing of his boyhood, of his youth is lost, but all his tumultuous past returns to him, alchemized into gold, sublimated into truth. The picture the *Italian Journey* gives of the deepening, all-encompassing, all-penetrating happiness of Goethe, body, soul and mind, while Roman art is becoming all incorporated into his nature, is very charming and influential, because so entirely spontaneous. Every letter of Goethe's reflects the cerulean vault of Italy, its resplendent day and honied night, the artistic reflections of that clime in the great masters, and the artistic influence of the whole on himself.

Amid all the rich art and rich nature of Italy, Goethe soon elects as the noblest subject of study, as the Alpha and Omega of all known things, the human figure; and wrestling with this fruition of creation, which has taken hold of him, as he of it, he prays for the secret of it, for the supreme conception, "O Lord, I *will not* let Thee go unless Thou bless me, though I should wrestle myself lame." The tapestries of Raphael with their superlative earnest figures are to Goethe more than a compensation for the loss of the lava of Vesuvius, the Bay of Naples, and a scene of Nature which has not its match on this earth. "These works of art (the works of the great masters) are also the highest works of Nature, produced by man in accordance with true and natural laws. All arbitrariness, all self-conceit is banished; all is necessity, God."

At first reluctantly, but ultimately with cordial resignation, he takes home to himself the fact that in the way of special art he can never be anything but a bungler, and that poetry is his proper activity. But his study and practice of art have by no means been lost to him. He has learnt to view Nature with the eyes and mind of the great masters, and all his conceptions have been elevated

and enlarged to their height and scope, so that his friends will get the benefit of his artistic studies in his productions.

Under the clear, sunny sky of Italy, too, in the full flourish of its vegetation, Goethe came upon the secret of botany, as he had hit upon the secret of animal structure.

The pretty romance of Goethe and the young fair one of Milan, will charm all readers; a romance to which *Tasso* owes its warm tone and colour.

But the interest of the *Italian Journey* by no means centres all in Goethe. We find in it portrayed in the most pure objective manner, and in their essential connection, the life of Rome, the climate, dress, art, festivals and habits of the Italians. The "Carnival" on its publication was hailed by Germany as the most finished and instructive picture of that festival. The activities of Naples are most curiously and shrewdly investigated. Goethe, in fact, has an eye and mind open for all kinds of life.

"Er hat ein Auge treu und klug,
Und ist auch liebevoll genug,
Zu schauen manches klar und rein,
Und wieder Alles zu machen sein."

(He has an eye that's true and shrewd,
A heart, besides, that's large and good;
Life's many forms he sharply eyes,
And knows their sense to humanize.)

A most instructive chapter in the *Italian Journey* is portrait of Philip Neri. Goethe very justly censures the the arbitrary, outside, piecemeal criticism largely in vogue in France and England. This point in a picture, in a book, is good; that other feature is well elaborated; a third point is quite inimitable; but we come on the great drawback, the striking defect in the work. Bacon has a high intellect, but a base morality. Goethe has a giant intellect but was an egoist, living a life of pleasure. He

was a supreme poet, looked everywhere around him with powerful intuition, but had no capacity for drawing inferences from natural phenomena. Thoreau was combative but shy, subdued all his lower appetites but was self-indulgent; was robust, but all his faculties were delicacies—'Tis a very cheap, flippant, shallow criticism. Had the critic not better keep his opinions to himself? Let the critic first live the man, reproduce the production he would criticise. Only the man who re-lives another man, re-acts his acts, re-writes his writings, occupies, in fact, that man's sphere for a time, wholly and exclusively, till he has outlived that form of life, and can therefore survey it integrally; only *he* is qualified to pronounce a judgment on the man in question, to characterise his spirit and tendency, and specify his virtues, excesses and shortcomings. In a word, all true criticism should first, if not also finally, be *re-production*. The critic must not write *about*, but write the author. This is the method Goethe adopts in his criticism of Philip Neri, and only in this way could he have conveyed to the reader such a true, vital, edifying, congenial conception. Just think, for example, what Macaulay would have made of Philip Neri! Goethe is a poet who heartily enjoys the sensuous world; Philip Neri is a religious enthusiast who sternly denies himself the pleasures of life: but here, as is also implied in the *Vates* of the Romans, the Beautiful equalises the Good; the Artist commands all the illuminations of the Priest.

By far the most immature chapter in the *Italian Journey* is the essay on the "Plastic Imitation of the Beautiful," by Karl Philipp Moritz, which Goethe has inserted as setting forth, though crudely, some of the views of art disclosed to himself and his friends while in Rome, and which, later on, found general acceptance in Germany, and are, so far, maturely and beautifully expounded by

Schiller in his æsthetic papers.* Moritz's essay displays all the faults of style which we distinguish in the Germans who, shut up in the heart of Europe, and long excluded from the world and practical activities, so far dozed away their life in reverie and pedantry, and have attained none of that clearness and precision of thought we admire in the French. Schiller's prose is distinguished by a majesty clearer and more regular than that of Milton's, but Lessing is perhaps the only consummate prose-writer Germany has yet produced. The conceptions in Moritz's essay have indeed hardly reached the stage of *thought*, but are for the most part only effervescing in a semi-liquid state as sentiments, feelings, dim presentiments, in the raw inner man of Moritz. The paper has, however, one merit, really rather singular in these days, that, with all its froth and ferment, and helplessness of expression, with all its inflated amorphous body, there is some real *substance* brewing in the heart of it—a *mouse*, at least, *is* struggling for deliverance in the womb of the agitated mountain.

Stated with perhaps a little more composure than the labouring Moritz can command, the main thought of the essay would seem to be that art is the effective, sensuous, integral expression of an integral man. To be a perfect artist one must have a perfect correspondence with every feature, function and quality of Nature, be a whole all-round man, with no defect whatsoever, a perfect microcosm of the macrocosm; be, in will, intellect and body, all that Nature is, originating all things as Nature does, having in him the darkness of murkiest midnight, the splendour of tropical noon, the greenery of forest and prairie, the sweetness of sunshine, the terror of thunder, the buoyancy of birds, volatileness of air, persistence of rocks, &c. For the myriad aspects of Nature are never a contradiction, a heterogeneity; but a unity, the necessary

* See translation of Schiller's "Æsthetic Essays" in this series.

totality of *one* integer. Those different aspects are all interdependent, mutually conditional, and one is only possible through *all* the others—each one implying all the others, just as one member of an organic structure conditions, and is conditioned by, all the others. An artist's work is a pan-genistic creation, and any *one* defect in an artist is an integral depravation, a deterioration discernible in *every* feature of *every* work he produces. Some simple people have the idea that an artist, a writer of fiction, a poet can "by imagination" create (out of nothing?) a person, a complexity of persons, a scene essentially out of relation to his own character; can portray, for example, a noble-minded, a pure person, though he himself is base, corrupt. 'Tis a physical and spiritual impossibility. True it is that such a feat is continually being attempted—in paintings, in magazines and books—and that the execution imposes on the author himself and the public as a brilliant success, but to every man of true insight the lie is glaringly apparent. No man can paint, can write better than he is, than he is in his will and intellect, and is or is ever more *growing* to be in actual life. At bottom, the painter mixes his paints with his brains and his life. If a man live not integrally (holily), but dissolutely, his looseness (want of cohesion) will be betrayed in his every ill-cemented work. Shakspeare's integrity, on the other hand, is evidenced as much by his *Iago*, *Richard III.* and *Falstaff*, as by his *Othello*, *Portia* and *Orlando*.

Even a landscape painting might discover to the true *connoisseur* the whole physiognomy, moral, mental and physical, of the painter. For the surface is never superficial, but the frontispiece of the whole profundity of being, and he who draws the veracious lines, circles and whole portraiture of Nature with organic truth, who glows spontaneously with all the health of Nature, who produces

a vital whole of Nature—he so far thinks, wills and acts with the holy mind of the author of Nature.

The reader will thus perceive what a great diversity there is, both of substance and treatment, in the *Italian Journey*, and perhaps there is *no* kind of reader who will not find in the Italy pictured in Goethe's soul, something at least to his taste.

In point of style the letters are generally spontaneous, the unconscious, unreserved committal of Goethe's whole self to his correspondents, the expression of the naïveté, carelessness, and simplicity of nature. Goethe hardly ever writes but with a full heart, he never needs to pause and search for a thought, but full as he is to overflowing, he only puts pen to paper and the matter pours forth of itself. The translator has striven to prevent the nameless charm and aroma, in this respect, of the original from being dissipated in the translation, and if in this he has not succeeded the fault must lie with him, not with the English language, which is largely capable of all the virtues both of French and German.

The "Notices," however, which were written at a much later date than the letters, are not characterised by the same grace of style, and indeed, altogether Goethe's prose, when he writes in his own person and not on the spur of some immediate occasion, never attains to the felicity of his dramatic prose, far less to the happiness of his songs and poems. In the present translation no sanctity has been attached to Goethe' slips or awkwardnesses of expression.

GOETHE'S TRAVELS IN ITALY.

(SECOND PART.)

NAPLES.

TO HERDER.

Naples, 17 *May*, 1787.

Here am I again, dear friends, fresh and hale! I have sped lightly and rapidly through Sicily; what use I have made of my eyes it will be for *you* to determine on my return. My former so assiduous and zealous study of works of art has developed in me an incredible facility in deciphering their meanings—intuitively so to say. I am right happy in having so clearly, so completely, so purely in my soul such a grand, beautiful, incomparable conception as that of Sicily. Having yesterday returned from Pæstum, there now no longer remains any object in the South I yearn to contemplate. The sea with its islands gave me pleasure and pain, and I came back satisfied.

Let me, however, postpone all details till my return. Naples, moreover, is not the place for calm reflection. I shall now be able to give you a better description of this town than was given in my former letters.

On the first of June I leave here for Rome, if not hindered by a higher Power; thence at the beginning of July. I must see you again as soon as possible; we are sure of happy days together when we meet. I have accumulated no end of treasures and only need quiet to turn them to due account.

For all the good you do my writings, for all the kindness you show them, a thousand thanks. It was ever my wish to surpass myself and achieve something that would

give pleasure to you, too. Whatever, on the other hand, may reach me from *your* side and wherever I may find it it shall be welcomed by me. In our ways of thinking we are as nearly related to each other as possible, without being one, and in the main lines most of all. If during the last period you have produced, I have acquired, a great deal, and we can look forward to a good exchange.

It is true, as you say, that my mind is strongly disposed to concern itself with the immediate situation and to circumscribe its activity, and, indeed, the more I see of the world the less sanguine do I grow that mankind will ever become one wise, instructed, happy whole. Perhaps among the million worlds there is one which can boast of an analogous advantage; under the constitution of our world I cherish as little hope in regard to its happiness as in regard to that of Sicily under *its* constitution.

In a paper herewith inclosed I make some remarks on the way to Salerno and on Pæstum itself; it is the last, and I might almost add, the most splendid idea I bring north with me in a mature state. In my opinion the middle temple is to be preferred to everything still standing in Sicily.

As to Homer, it is as if the scales had fallen from my eyes. The descriptions, similes and so on appear to us poetical, and are yet unspeakably natural, though of course drawn with a purity, an inward truth enough to strike us poor moderns dumb. The very strangest fictions are characterised by a naturalness I never felt so much as in the presence of the objects described. To express the antithesis briefly; *they* presented the thing, *we* usually present the effect; *they* described the dreadful, *we* describe dreadfully; *they* the agreeable, *we* agreeably, and so on. This will explain all our extravagance, our affectation, our false grace, our inflation; for once you elaborate and strain after effect, you fancy you can never make it strong enough. If what I now say is nothing fresh yet have I felt it freshly and right heartily. Now that all these coasts and promontories, gulfs and bays, islands and necks of land, rocks and sand-belts, bushy hills, soft meadows, fruitful fields, ornamented gardens, cultivated trees, hanging vines, cloud-capt mountains and ever cheerful plains, cliffs and

banks, and the all-surrounding sea, with so many changes and variations—now that all these have become the present property of my mind—now, indeed, for the first time does the Odyssey address me as a living reality.

I have further to confide to you that I have come close on the secret of the production of plants, and of organisation, and that it is the simplest thing conceivable. Under this sky the most beautiful observations can be made. The main point where germination proceeds I have mastered clearly and indisputably, all the rest I already comprehend as a whole, only a few points requiring to be more precisely defined. The proto-plant (Urpflanze) is the most wonderful creature in the world, for the possession of which nature herself should envy me. With this model and the key to it, new plants may be multiplied *ad infinitum*—plants of inevitable implication which, if not yet possessing a sensible existence, are at least capable of such, plants by no means the shows and illusions of painters and poets but constitutionally real and necessary. The same law may be applied to everything organic.

Naples, 18 *May*, 1787.

Tischbein, who has returned to Rome, has, we perceive, interested himself on our behalf here in such a manner as not to make us miss his absence. He has, apparently, infused into the whole of his friends in this quarter so much confidence in us that they meet us with perfect openness, friendliness and obligingness, a favour which is of the greatest advantage to me, particularly as I am now situated, not a day passing when I do not need some politeness, some assistance or other from some one. I am just about drawing up a summary list of all I still want to see, the shortness of the time being the supreme authority on the question of what I may yet be able to overtake.

Naples, 22 *May*, 1787.

To-day I have met with a pleasant adventure, well fitted to move me to some reflection, and worth relating:—

A lady, who, during my first visit to this place, showed me many favours, requested me to call on her punctually at five o'clock in the evening; an Englishman wanted to see me to say something to me about my *Werther*.

Had this happened six months ago, I should certainly, even had the lady been doubly dear to me, have returned her an answer in the negative; but now, instead, I at once promised to come, a fact which showed me what a beneficial influence my Sicilian journey had exercised on me.

Unfortunately, however, the town being very large and crowded with objects of interest, it was a quarter of an hour past the time when I mounted the stair, and stood on the rush-mat before the closed door. I was just going to ring, when the door opened, and out stepped a handsome, middle-aged man, whom I at once recognised as the Englishman. He had scarcely seen me, when he said, "You are the author of *Werther?*" I acknowledged I was, and apologised for not coming sooner.

"I could not wait a minute longer," he replied. "What I have to say to you is quite short and can be just as well said here on the rush-mat. I am not going to repeat what you have heard from thousands, nor, indeed, has the work affected me so strongly as it has others. Still, so often as I think of all that was required for the writing of it, I must ever wonder anew."

I was about to say some word of thanks by way of rejoinder, when he took me up and exclaimed: "I have not a moment longer to wait; my wish is gratified in having said this to yourself. Good-bye, and much success to you." With this he ran down stairs. I stood for some time thinking on this flattering address, and at last pulled the bell. The lady heard with pleasure of our meeting, and related a great deal to the credit of this odd eccentric man.

Naples, Friday, 25 *May*, 1787.

My wanton little princess is now fairly lost to me. She is really gone to Sorrento, but did me the honour before leaving to rate me on my preference of the stony, desolate Sicily to her. Some friends gave me a few particulars re-

garding this strange phenomenon. Born of a good, though not wealthy house, and educated in a cloister, she made up her mind to marry an old and rich Prince, a step to which she was the sooner induced that, though not a bad creature, she was yet utterly incapable of anything like love. In the new situation in which she found herself, with plenty of money at her disposal, but dreadfully hemmed in by family ties, she endeavoured to make amends for her restrictions by her wits. Cramped as she was in respect to acts both of omission and commission, she resolved no barriers should be imposed on her tongue at least. I was assured that, essentially, her walk and conversation were altogether blameless, but that she seemed to have made it a principle with her to overleap all bounds in the use of the unruly member, flouting and jeering at all decorum. The jest ran that, were her talk written down, no censor would be able to pass one word of it, as she never said anything but what offended religion, the State or morals. The rarest and choicest stories were told of her, and one of them, though not perhaps the most delicate, may here be repeated.

Shortly before the earthquake which visited Calabria, she had withdrawn to her husband's estate there. In the vicinity of her castle a kind of barracks was erected, a wooden, one-story house resting immediately on the ground, yet suitably tapestried, furnished, &c. On the first symptoms of the earthquake she fled thither for safety. She sat on the sofa knitting, with a little work-table before her; an Abbot, the old chaplain of the house, over against her. All at once the ground began to rock, the building sank down on her side while it rose up on the opposite side, the Abbot and the little table being thus both lifted aloft. "Fie!" exclaimed she, leaning her head against the sinking wall: "Is that behaviour for such a reverend man? Why, you comport yourself as if you wanted to tumble on me. That is clean against all decency and morals!" Meanwhile, the house re-adjusted itself to its old level, and the Princess could never have done laughing at the foolish goatish figure the good old man was said to have played. In her enjoyment of this jest she had, apparently, no sense whatever of all the calamities and the heavy loss

which had befallen her family and so many thousands of men. 'Tis an extraordinarily merry character, it must be admitted, that enjoys her jest while the earth is just about swallowing her!

Naples, Saturday, 26 *May*, 1787.

If you consider it closely, it might be deemed rather fortunate than otherwise that there is such a plenitude of saints. Each believer can thus so far pick and choose for himself, and with all devotion settle on the one that happens to suit him best. This was my saint's day, which, therefore, I celebrated in a spirit of cheerful piety, accordant to his style and doctrine.

Philip Neri is held at once in high esteem and joyous remembrance. It is edifying and exhilarating to hear of his high personality and noble sancity conjoined with so much natural good humour. From his earliest youthful years the fibres of his being were all ardently directed towards the higher, the highest; and in the subsequent periods of his life there gradually developed in him the noblest traits of religious enthusiasm, the trait of involuntary prayer, of deep devotion without words, of tears, of ecstasy and ultimately of rising above the ground and hovering over it, which last was accounted the highest of all.

With so many extraordinary, mysterious energies reaching beyond the domain of sense, he united the clearest human understanding, the purest appreciation, or rather depreciation of worldly things, the most active goodwill, the best ability to serve his fellow-men in all distresses of mind and body. He strictly complied with all observances imposed by the Church on her sons in respect of festivals, attendance on ordinances, prayers, fasts, &c. In like manner he busied himself with the culture of youth, with their practice in music and rhetoric, prescribing to them themes not only religious but also intellectual, and otherwise engaging them in animating converse and disputations. With all this, perhaps the most remarkable thing about it was its spontaneity. All was done and achieved of his own goodwill and on his own authority, without

his belonging to any order or congregation, nay, without his having received the clerical ordination.

As still more significant must it strike one that this happened exactly in Luther's time, and that, in the midst of Rome, no less than in Germany, an able, God-fearing, energetic, active man cherished the thought of uniting the spiritual, nay, the sacred, with the profane, introducing the celestial into the secular, and thereby similarly preparing a reformation. For by this method alone is it possible to burst the prisons of the Papacy, and to restore her God to the free world.

The Papal Court, however, having become aware of the presence of so important a man in its neighbourhood, within the district of Rome itself, a man living a clerical life on his own account, lodging in cloisters where he taught and exhorted, and minded to found, if not an order, yet at least, a free congregation, did not leave off till at length it persuaded him to accept ordination, and with it to receive all the advantages which had been wanting to him in his course of life hitherto.

Should one be disposed, as one well may be, to call in question the reality of his reported wonderful power of rising above the ground, there can at least be no doubt as to his spiritual elevation above this world, and nothing was more repugnant to his pure mind, than vanity, show, arrogance, which he regarded as symptoms altogether inconsistent with godliness, and which, therefore, as many a tradition informs us, he ever obstinately combated, though always, too, in a way indicative of the rich humour which mingled in his composition.

On one occasion, for example, when he was in the presence of the Pope, it was reported to his Holiness that in a cloister not far from Rome there resided a nun distinguished by the most wonderful spiritual gifts. Neri is at once commissioned to go and examine into the truth of the case. Mounted on a mule, Neri immediately sets off in bad weather, along heavy roads, and soon arrives at the cloister. Being admitted, he enters into conversation with the Abbess who, in perfect good faith, gives him an exact report of all the signs and wonders of Heaven's grace revealed in the chosen sister. The distinguished

nun is called to see him, and on her entering Neri, without further prologue, reaches her his foot that she may pull off his muddy boot. The pure, holy virgin shrinks back aghast, expressing her indignation at the insult offered to her. Without further ado, and in sweetest composure, Neri remounts his mule and returns to the Pope, who was much surprised at seeing him again so soon. For the Church had prescribed to father confessors the most elaborate and minute rules for the trial of such spiritual gifts, not indeed denying the possibility of such heavenly favours, but at the same time not admitting the reality of them without the most searching examination. In few words Neri communicated to the astonished Holy Father the result. "She is no saint," he exclaimed, "she can't work any wonders, she is destitute of the first and foremost quality, humility."

The feature this story illustrates may be taken as the leading trait of Neri's whole life. To give but one other anecdote. After Neri had founded the congregation of *Padri dell' Oratorio*, a congregation which grew in great repute and inspired in many people the desire to become members of it, a young Roman Prince one day presented himself to the founder, begging to be received into that body. The novitiate and the dress befitting such a state were accordingly permitted to the young Prince. After some time the Prince requested Neri to give him full and formal admission. He was, however, instructed that it would yet be necessary to subject him to some tests. For this the young man declared himself prepared. Neri accordingly produced a long fox's tail and enjoined on the Prince to have it fastened behind him to the end of his long coat, and trudge on foot with all seriousness through all the streets of Rome. Like the nun before described, the young man recoiled, saying he had come for the sake of winning honour, not disgrace. Neri, in reply, feared he had come to the wrong quarter, for the first principle in their circle was the most entire self-renunciation. The young man then took his departure.

Neri had gathered up his main doctrine into one short motto: "Spernere mundum, spernere te ipsum, spernere te sperni," a motto which, to be sure, comprised every-

thing. A hypochondriac may, indeed, sometimes imagine himself capable of fulfilling the two first conditions, but to satisfy the third, that of paying no heed to contempt, one must be, in deed and truth, on the way to becoming a saint.

Naples, 27 *May*, 1787.

The much-prized letters sent to me since the end of last month came to hand yesterday, all in one lot, forwarded to me from Rome by Count Fries, and the reading and re-reading of them has done me much good. The little box I had been longingly looking for also arrived with them, and I owe you a thousand thanks for them also.

Now, however, it will soon be time for me to escape from this place; for however desirous, before the termination of my stay here, to bring fully home to my mind Naples and its environs and conclude my thoughts regarding it, I am carried away with the current of the day's affairs, and now, over and above, excellent men press themselves on my attention whom, as old and new acquaintances, I cannot by any possibility abruptly turn aside. I have found an amiable lady in whose company I spent the most pleasant days last summer in Carlsbad. How many an hour of the present have we beguiled in happiest remembrance of the past! All that was dear and precious came up in turn to our recollection, in particular the gay humour of our dear Prince. She had still a copy of the poem with which the maidens of Engelhaus surprised him when he was just riding off. It recalled to us all the merry scenes, the passages of banter and mystification, our ingenious essays to avenge ourselves, the one on the other. Speedily we were re-transported to German soil, moving in the best of German society, shut in by walls of rocks, kept close together by the extraordinary configuration of the locality we were passing through, but united still more by mutual high respect, friendship and affection. So soon, however, as we came to the window, *there* was the Neapolitan stream rushing impetuously by, scaring away from us our peaceful visions.

Just as little could I evade the company of the Duke and Duchess of Ursel. Excellent people, as they are, of high morals, with pure sense, natural and human, with a

decided predilection for art, meeting others with the best goodwill. I found a continued and repeated conversation with them in the highest degree attractive.

Hamilton and his fair one continued their friendliness towards me. I dined with them and in the twilight. Miss Harte displayed her musical and melodious talents.

Through the friendly influence of Hackert, whose goodwill towards me grows ever stronger and who would fain bring everything worthy of attention under my notice, we were conducted by Hamilton into his secret lumber-vault of art. Things there look indeed all in a confusion, the products of all epochs being there accidentally heaped beside each other, busts, torsos, vases, bronzes, all kinds of household ornaments of Sicilian agates, a little chapel even, carved and painted, and whatever else might happen to fall into his hands by purchase. Seeing a long box lying on the ground with the lid partly open, I had the curiosity to push back the lid, and behold! two splendid bronze candelabra. With a sign I drew Hackert's attention to this treasure and whispered to him whether they did not look entirely like those in Portici. In reply, he beckoned me to hold my tongue; it was no doubt possible they might have strayed hither from the vaults of Pompeii. With such and similar happy acquisitions the knight might have very good reason for allowing a sight of his hidden treasures only to his most trustworthy friends.

I was next struck by a box standing upright, open in front, painted black inside and incased in the most splendid golden frame. There was room enough in the interior for a human body to stand upright, and in agreement with this fact we learned the use to which it was put. The lover of art and of women, not content with seeing the beautiful figure he had made his own as a mobile statue, wanted, furthermore, to gratify his taste by beholding her as a bright inimitable picture, and had, therefore, on various occasions, set her in this golden frame, her bright varied dress showing to advantage against the dark background; the whole got up in the style of the antique pictures of Pompeii, sometimes, however, of more modern works of art. The epoch of such exhibitions seemed, however, to be over. The apparatus, too, was heavy to remove and set up in a

proper light; we were not, therefore, to be indulged with so pretty a spectable.

Here, too, may be noticed a favourite pastime of the Neapolitans in general, the erection in all churches, namely, at Christmas of little mangers, and the representation of the Adoration by shepherds, angels and kings, all more or less in rich and becoming costume. In blithe Naples this representation has come to be made on the flat roofs of the houses. Here, a light hut-like structure is struck up nestling in evergreen trees and bushes. The mother of God, the Child and all the other figures standing round or hovering above are gorgeously draped, large sums being expended on their wardrobe. What, however, imparts a transcendant splendour to the whole is the background, which comprises Vesuvius and its surroundings.

Now and again living figures are interspersed among the puppets, and gradually it has grown to be one of the most important entertainments of high and rich families at their evening parties to represent in their palaces secular as well as sacred pictures taken from history or poetry.

If I might allow myself a remark, which, to be sure, comes with no good grace from a guest so politely entertained as I have been, I should observe that our beauteous hostess seemed to me by no means richly endowed in respect of mind, and that the promise of her fair figure was by no means made good by any expression of voice or language betokening equal wealth of soul. Her singing itself has in it no corresponding fulness.

So in like manner may it ultimately be with all those stiff pictures. Beautiful figures are to be found everywhere, depth of sentiment united with adequate organs of speech much seldomer, but seldomest of all, a charming figure commensurately conjoined with those two properties.

I rejoice greatly in Herder's third part. Reserve it for me till I am able to tell you where I can receive it. Assuredly he will have produced in excellent style the beautiful dream-wish of mankind that better things are yet in store for them. I, too, I must say, deem it a fact

that humanity will ultimately triumph; only I fear that at the same time the world will become one great hospital in which one man will be the other's humane nurse.

Naples, 28 *May*, 1787.

I am obliged from time to time to dissent from the opinion of the good and useful Volkmann. He speaks, for example, of thirty to forty thousand idlers in Naples, and who does not repeat the saying after him? So soon as I had acquired some knowledge of the state of the South, I conjectured that this was very likely a northern view of things, a view which takes everyone for an idler who is not anxiously toiling and moiling the whole day long. I, therefore, paid particular attention to the people both when stirring about, and when at rest, and though I found very many ill-clad, I observed none that were not employed.

Consequently, I made inquiries of some friends as to those innumerable idlers whom I also wished to know. They, however, could give me just as little information, and so I resolved—seeing that the search would coincide perfectly with my examination of the town—to go on an exploring tour on my own account.

In the boundless confusion, I began to single out the different figures, and to judge and classify them according to their appearance, dress, behaviour and occupations. I found such a business easier here than elsewhere, people in this city being more left to themselves, and each one showing himself in outward respects in a style corresponding to his status.

I commenced my investigations in the early morning, and all the persons I found here and there, standing or sitting, were people whose trade was apparent at a first glance. Porters, who have the right of standing in particular squares, and waiting till they are called on for service; calash-drivers, their servants and boys, lounging in large squares with their one-horse calashes, looking after their beasts, and on the watch for every hire; watermen smoking their pipes on the Molo; fishermen basking

in the sun, waiting on a change of the unfavourable wind which keeps them from sea. Many others, besides, I noticed, sauntering up and down, yet in almost all cases could distinguish what trade they were of. *Beggars* there were really none, unless they were perfect superannuates, cripples, or other utterly unavailable mortals. The further I searched, the more closely I observed, the less real idlers could I find of any age, of either sex, either in your under or your middle layers of society, either in the morning or during most part of the day.

To make this assertion of mine the more credible and obvious, I will enter into some detail. The tiniest brats themselves are not without their many bits of business. A large fraction of them carry fish from Santa Lucia to sell in the town; others, again, are to be seen creeping about near the arsenal, or where any carpentry is going on likely to yield them some chips, or they are dodging about at the sea-side, snatching the twigs and smallest pieces of wood washed in by the waves and securing them in their baskets. Things, scarcely any age, just able to crawl on the ground, stick by their big brothers and sisters of five to six years old, lending them a helping hand in the trade. Having captured a fair booty they toddle with their baskets into the more central thoroughfares of the town, and there, like more pretentious hawkers, expose their wares for sale. The artisan, the humble townsman, will buy of their stores to burn them on his tripod, either to warm himself or prepare a frugal meal.

Other children carry about for sale the waters of the sulphur springs, which are very much drunk, particularly in Spring. Others, again, try to earn a little by buying fruit, prepared honey, cakes and sugar stuffs, retailing them, juvenile merchants as they are, to other children, a lucky run of business ensuring the enterprising dealer the gratuitous consumption of so many dainties for himself. It is really a pretty sight to watch one of these bantlings, whose whole shop and utensils consist of a board and a knife, carrying about a water-melon, or a half-roasted pumpkin, gathering quite a troop of other children about him, setting down his board, and slicing his fruit into small pieces. The buyers and sellers higgle-haggle with

equal earnestness; the former intent on getting the best return for their small copper-pieces, the latter on achieving as great a profit as possible. I am convinced that with a longer stay many other examples of juvenile industry might be collected.

A great number of people, both grown up men and boys, generally very ill-clad, are engaged in transporting the sweepings of the streets out of the town on asses. The ground immediately round Naples is but one kitchen-garden, and it is a pleasure to notice on one hand the immense quantity of vegetables carried into the town every market day, and on the other the great number of men employed in taking back to the fields those parts of the vegetables which have been rejected by the mistress of the kitchen to expedite the revolution of vegetation. With the incredible quantity of vegetables consumed in the town, the stalks and leaves of cauliflower, broccoli, cabbages and garlic really compose a large part of the Neapolitan street-sweepings, the part which is particularly sought after. Two large baskets crammed full of these are suspended on the back of an ass while another heap is also skilfully superimposed. There is, indeed, no keeping a garden without a donkey. A servant, a boy, the master himself, sometimes, hasten every day, as often as possible, to town, where at all times a rich treasure-trove is to be found. With what care they look after the dung of horses and mules may easily be supposed. Reluctantly do they leave the town when the darkness of night compels them; and little do the rich people, driving at midnight from the opera, think how, even before break of day, the traces of their horses will have been carefully swept up. I am assured that a couple of men joining together to buy an ass and rent a piece of vegetable land will by steady diligence, in this happy climate where vegetation is never interrupted, soon acquire a considerable trade.

It would be making too great a discursion were I to speak of the multitudinous small retail trade, which you observe with pleasure in Naples, as in other large towns. Still I cannot forbear referring to the itinerant hucksters, seeing that they particularly belong to the lowest class of the people. Some go about with kegs of ice-water

and lemons, ready to make lemonade at any moment, a drink the very poorest cannot dispense with; others with salvers in which stand bottles of different liquors and glasses in wooden rings, secured from falling; others, again, carry about baskets with all kinds of confectionery, sweetmeats, citrons and other fruits, and it appears as though every one was minded to increase and participate in the great feast which is every day celebrated in Naples.

Besides these there is a multitude of itinerant vendors, who, despising all showy or elaborate apparatus, spread out their bits of odds and ends for sale on a board, the lid of a box, or in the Squares on the bare ground. There they display a heterogeneous medley of frippery; pieces of iron, leather, cloth, linen, etc., all which find needy purchasers. Then, over and above, there are many persons employed running errands or doing other odd service for merchants and tradesmen.

It is true, you cannot walk many steps without meeting somebody or other miserably ill-dressed, or even fluttering in rags, but you are not on that account to take him for a vagabond or a cumberer of the ground. Nay, I should almost be inclined to maintain the paradox that in Naples comparatively most of the industry is in the hands of the very lowest class. We must not, of course, think of industry in the sense in which the word is used in the North, where people have to provide not merely for the passing day and hour, but have to make hay while the sun shines against the gloomy days which are sure to overtake them, have to store up in the summer what will tide them through the winter. The inhabitants of the North are compelled by nature to forethought, to making provision for the future. The good housewife must pickle and preserve if the family is to be supplied with food for the whole year, the husband must lay in a store of fuel and produce for the household, as well as fodder for the cattle. The brightest days and hours passing over their heads they are thus forbidden to enjoy, but are obliged, instead, to devote to sore labour. Long months in the year they are driven out of the tempestuous open to shelter in houses from storm, rain, snow and cold; the seasons follow each other inexorably, and whoever will not perish

must be a householder. For here it is not at the pleasure of your own goodwill whether to make provision or not; it is a question of pure necessity, nature compels you to lay by, to make provision against the needy day. Unquestionably, the influences of rigorous nature operating for thousands of years have gone to the formation of the character of the northern nations so worthy of honour in many respects. On the other hand, from our point of view, we are apt to judge the natives of the South, towards whom the skies have been so lenient and indulgent, by too strict a rule. The remarks Herr de Pauw makes in his *Recherches sur les Grecs*, when speaking of the cynic philosophers, are entirely pertinent here. People are much mistaken, he thinks, in their conception of the miserable state of such men. Their principle to dispense with everything was in his opinion very much favoured by a climate which gratuitously yielded everything. A poor man, whom *we* would fancy to be wretched, could in those lands not only satisfy his immediate necessities, but richly enjoy the world. From this point of view a so-called Neapolitan beggar might easily contemn the post of a Vice-King in Norway, and decline the honour of the Governorship of Siberia, were the Empress of Russia to offer it him.

A cynic philosopher would, assuredly, in our region of the earth find himself hard bestead: in southern latitudes, on the other hand, nature seems to invite one to such a profession. The poorly-dressed man of the South is not in need of warmer clothes. If he has neither house nor lodging he can still sleep with tolerable comfort under the eaves of houses, on the thresholds of palaces and churches, or in public halls, or, in wet weather, obtain for a trifle shelter under a roof. Nor is a man poor because he has not the wherewithal for to-morrow. Just think what a capacity of nutriment lies in the fish-abounding sea, of whose products the people in these parts are required to eat so n any days a week, what an abundance of fruit and garden growths of all kinds are to be had at all seasons of the year, how the country in which Naples is situated goes by the name of *Terra di Lavoro* (the land, not of labour, but of agriculture), and how for centuries the whole province has been distinguished as the "happy land"

(*Campagna felice*), and you will readily comprehend what an easy life is here to be enjoyed.

On the whole, the paradox I have ventured to state above would give rise to many a consideration, if a complete picture of Naples were to be undertaken by any one, a task which, no doubt, might require no little talent and many a year's observations. It would then, perhaps, be remarked in general that the so-called *Lazzaroni* are not a hair less active than any of the other classes, that they all in their way do not work simply to *live*, but to *enjoy*, and that they are intent on enjoying themselves even while at work. This fact would serve to explain a very great deal; how that the artisans are as a class very much behind those of northern countries; that no factories are set up; that, except in the case of attorneys and doctors, little learning is to be found among the great mass of the people, though sporadically here and there a meritorious man may be found striving after culture; that no painter of the Neapolitan school has ever risen to mastery or greatness; that the clergy are all prone to take things easy; and that the gentry are disposed to turn their honours and possessions mostly into mere sensuous pleasures, pomp and distraction.

I am well aware that this is much too general a statement, and that the characteristic traits of each class are to be drawn correctly only after a more minute investigation and acquaintance; yet on the whole I believe these would be the main results arrived at.

To return to the lower populace of Naples, you observe that, like lively children on whom you impose some task, they indeed perform the business entrusted to them, but yet at the same time endeavour to do it as if in sport. A lively spirit, a free, accurate sense pervades the whole of this class of men. Their language is said to be figurative, their wit very shrewd and cutting. The ancient Atella lay in the neighbourhood of Naples, and seeing their favourite Punchinello still continues those celebrated diversions, the lowest orders of the people down to the present day keep up their interest in the ancient pastimes.

Pliny in the fifth chapter of the third book of his natural history distinguishes Campania as alone worthy

of a minute description. "So happy, so graceful, so blessed are those lands," says he, "that you perceive how in this place nature rejoices in her work. Admire this pleasure of life, this ever salutary mildness of the sky, these so fruitful fields, so sunny hills, so indestructible plantations, so shady groves, so serviceable woods, so breezy mountains, so wide-extended crops, such luxuriance of grapes and oleaginous trees, such superlative fleeces, such fat-necked bullocks, such copious lakes, such wealth of irrigating streams and springs, such abundance of seas, such abundance of harbours! See with delight how the earth herself everywhere opens her bosom to commerce, and as if eager to run to the help of men stretches her arms out into the briny ocean. I speak not of the capacities of the men, their habitudes and powers, and how many peoples they have overcome by might of language and arm! On this land the Greeks, so self-boastful a race, bestowed the highest encomium, by naming a part of it *Greece*."

. *Naples*, 29 *May*, 1787.

With sympathetic pleasure you respond to the exuberant gladness which here and everywhere salutes your eyes. The gay particoloured flowers and fruits in which nature here prinks herself, invite men likewise to deck out themselves and their gear in the brightest colours possible. Silken cloths and sashes, flowers blooming on hats, adorn every son and daughter of man in any measure able to procure them. In the humblest houses, chairs and chests of drawers display gay flowers on gilded grounds. The very one-horse calashes blaze in burning red; the carving gilt; the horse in front tosses aloft in the air his artificial flowers, his bright red tassels, his tinselled bravery. Many of them carry their heads bushy with plumage, some even flaunting little flaglets which wave at every motion. We are wont to call the passion for gaudy colours barbaric and tasteless, and so in some respects it may be; yet under a perfect serene blue sky, nothing is really gaudy, for nothing can outshine the splendour of the sun and his reflection in the sea. The liveliest colour is subdued by the all-dominat-

ing light, and a blaze of colours everywhere greeting the eye, from the green, yellow, brown and red-striped earth, the bright dresses and flowers, in which people here array themselves, only fit harmoniously into the whole. The scarlet waists and gowns of the women of Nettuno, striped with broad gold and silver, the other coloured national costumes, the painted ships—all things seem to vie with each other, how, between the splendour of the heavens and the sea, to achieve some measure of visibility.

And as the people are gay in life, so also in death no solemn black procession is suffered to disturb the harmony of the joyous world. I saw a child borne to the grave. A large red-velvet cloth stitched with broad gold covered a broad bier; on this stood a carved little box richly gilded and silver plated, wherein lay the white-robed child quite suffused with rosy ribbons. At the four corners of the little box were four angels, each about two feet high holding large bunches of flowers over the reposing child, and being held fast below only by wires moved at every motion of the bier, thus appearing to strew out mild reviving perfumes. The angels swung about with all the greater volubility that the procession sped along the streets, the priests at the head of it and the taper-bearers running rather than walking.

There is no season of the year when you are not surrounded by edibles, and the Neapolitan desires not only the pleasure of eating, but also the gratification of his eye in the manner in which the wares are exposed for sale.

At Santa Lucia, the fishes, according to their kinds, are kept mostly in clean and pretty baskets—crabs, oysters, shads and little muscles, each set out in a particular way in green leaves. The shops of dried fruit and vegetables are most manifoldly got up. The oranges and lemons of all kinds nestling in green foliage attract the eye very agreeably. No shops, however, are more choicely dressed than the butchers', which the people eye with special longing, the periodical abstinence

to which they are subjected only serving to whet their carnivorous appetites.

You never see any pieces of beef, veal, or mutton hanging in the butchers' stalls without the fat of the flank or leg being profusely gilded. Different days of the year, in particular the Christmas holidays, are distinguished as days of feasting. There is then celebrated a universal Cocagna to which five hundred thousand persons have pledged their word. On this occasion the Street Toledo, as also other streets beside it, are most charmingly arrayed. The eye rests with extreme pleasure on the shops where green things are sold, where raisins, melons and figs are exposed. The eatables hang in garlands over the street; there you see huge paternosters of sausages laced with gold and red ribbons; Italian poultry all with red flags under their croups. I was assured that thirty thousand fowls were sold, to which have to be added those fed by the people in their own houses. Besides these, a multitude of asses patrol the streets with green wares, with capons and lamb; while the heaps of eggs you see here and there quite enlarge your conceptions of the oval capacities of this earth. It is not enough, however, for the Neapolitans to consume all this. Every year a policeman goes the round of the whole town with a trumpeter, proclaiming at all squares and crossings, how many thousand oxen, calves, lambs, pigs, &c., the inhabitants have devoured. The people listen to the intelligence with the greatest interest, rejoicing immoderately at the huge figure, and each thinking with pleasure of the part he took in the consumption.

As to meal and milk dishes which the cooks of our country know how to dress so variously, the people in this quarter, who have no elaborate cooking apparatus and no mind to linger long at the business, are doubly provided for. Maccaroni, a delicate, thoroughly-kneaded and cooked preparation of fine meal in various shapes, is to be got everywhere of all qualities for a trifle. It is cooked for the most part only in water, some pulverized cheese being added to lard and season the dish. At the corner of almost every large street you find pastry-cooks with their pans of hissing oil, especially on festival days, ready at any moment to prepare you fish and pastry to your taste.

These confectioners have an incredible run of custom, many thousands of people carrying away from these open shops their dinners and suppers in pieces of paper.

Naples, 30 *May*, 1787.

Walking by night through the town, I reached the Molo. There in one view I saw the moon, her radiance on the edges of the clouds, the soft tremulous resplendence on the sea, brighter and livelier on the edge of the succeeding wave. And now appeared the stars of heaven, the lamp of the lighthouse, the fire of Vesuvius, its reflection in the water, and many detached lights disseminated over the ships. Such a manifold problem I should well like to see solved by Van der Neer.

Naples, Thursday, 31 *May*, 1787.

I had set my mind so resolutely on the Roman Corpus Christi Day, and in particular on the tapestry worked from the designs of Raphael which appears on that occasion, that I did not allow those splendid appearances of Nature, though they have not their parallel elsewhere in this world, to divert me from my purpose, but obstinately prosecuted my preparations for departure. A pass was ordered and a vetturino had given me the earnest-money, the arrangement in this country for assuring the traveller of his journey, being the reverse of that in our country. Kniep was busy in furnishing his new quarters, which, both in respect of accommodation and situation, were much better than the former.

At an earlier date, when this change was in process, my friend had sometimes suggested to me that it was not agreeable and to a certain extent not becoming to take possession of a house without bringing something with one; a bedstead itself served to infuse some respect into your landlord. To-day, then, as we were going through the endless lumber-heaps of the Castle precincts, I saw a couple of iron frames painted the colour of bronze, which I at once bargained for and handed over to my friend as the basis of a quiet and solid sleeping place. One of

the porters you find everywhere to hand brought it with the necessary boards to Kniep's new premises, which so highly delighted him that he at once meditated removing from me into his new lodging, intent on quickly procuring himself rods, paper and other necessaries. A part of the outlines drawn in the two Sicilies I gave him according to agreement.

Naples, 1 *June*, 1787.

The arrival of the Marquis Lucchesini has caused me to postpone my departure a few days longer; I have much pleasure in making his acquaintance. He looks like one of those people possessing a good moral stomach, able to sit down at all times with appetite at the large table of the world, while one of us, like an animal chewing the cud, gets occasionally over filled, and can then take nothing more till he has finished his repeated mastication and digestion; his lady, too, pleases me right well; she is a sound German bit of stuff.

I now willingly leave Naples; nay, I must away from here. These last days I have given myself over to the complaisance of paying visits. I have made the acquaintance of interesting people for the most part, and feel very well content with the hours I have devoted to them. Fourteen days longer, though, and I should have been drifted farther and farther away and aside from my purpose. And, then, the longer you stay here the idler you get. Since my return from Pæstum, I have seen little beyond the treasures of Portici, and there remains a great deal over in regard to which I am not disposed to lift a foot. That museum, however, is the alpha and omega of all collections of antiquity; there you see right clearly how far ahead of us the ancient world was in joyous sense of art, if in skill in handicrafts in the strict sense it was much behind us.

The valet de place, in reaching me the pass duly filled up, regretted my departure, telling me of a violent eruption of Vesuvius which had occurred, the current taking the direction of the sea. The lava was already descending the steep declivities of the mountain, and in a

few days would reach the shore. I now found myself in the greatest perplexity. To-day, I arranged for the farewell visits I owed to so many kind and obliging persons; how it will be to-morrow I see beforehand. Whatever path you may have marked out for yourself, it is not possible to withdraw entirely from intercourse with your fellow-men; but however serviceable and enjoyable their company may be, it ultimately entices you away from your own serious purposes without your promoting theirs. I feel extremely chagrined.

Evening.

My visits of thanks, too, were not without pleasure and instructions. A great deal was kindly shown me which had hitherto been postponed or neglected. Cavaliere Venuti let me see treasures even yet unknown. With great reverence I again regarded his Ulysses, mutilated, it is true, yet invaluable. Before parting he conducted me into the porcelain factory where I imprinted the Hercules on my mind as deeply as possible, and once again gave my eyes their fill of the companion vessels.

Really touched and taking a friendly farewell, he then at last confidentially disclosed to me where properly the shoe pinched, and desired nothing more than that I would yet stay some time with him. My banker, whom I met towards dinner time, would not let me go. This was all nice and good, had not the lava taken possession of my imagination. With so many distractions, squaring of accounts and packing, the night at last arrived, but, as for me, I took my speedy flight to the Molo.

Here I now gazed on the myriads of fires and lights, and their tremulous reflections in the agitated sea; I gazed on the full moon in all her splendour, on the spray-fire of the volcano, and then on the lava, which had lately been suspended, but was now glowing along its solemn course. I should have had myself ferried across, but for the great length of the passage, which would have made my arrival impossible before the morrow. I would not, therefore, through impatience spoil for myself the view as I now enjoyed it; I continued sitting on the Molo till, in spite of the

streaming of people to and fro, and all their conjecturing, remembering, comparing and disputing in reference to the direction of the lava, and other such tittle-tattle, my eyes insisted on closing.

Naples, Sunday, 2 June, 1787.

This bright day, too, then, I have spent—with excellent people no doubt, and with pleasure and profit to myself—but yet wholly against my intentions, and with a heavy heart. Full of longing, I looked towards the smoke pursuing its slow way downwards to the sea, indicating the hourly course of the lava. Nor was the evening to be my own. I had promised a visit to the Duchess of Giovane who lived in the castle, where I had to wander up many steps, and along many passages, the topmost of which was encumbered by chests, presses and other lumber belonging to a court wardrobe. In a large and lofty room without any particular prospect, I found a young lady of good figure, whose conversation was of a very tender and moral tone. As a native German, it was not unknown to her how our literature was moulding itself into a freer humanity of comprehensive view. The endeavours of Herder, and those who aspired after him, were especially prized by her, while Garven's pure understanding found the most inward response in her. She sought also to keep pace with the German authoresses, and it was easy to perceive, that she was ambitious to acquire fame as an accomplished writer. Her conversation turned in this direction, and betrayed her intention to exercise her influence on the daughters of the upper classes. A conversation of this kind knows no limits. Twilight overtook us, without any candles being brought. We were walking up and down the room, when, stepping aside, she opened the shutters of a window, and displayed to view a sight such as one sees but once in his life. Were it done intentionally to surprise me, she completely attained her purpose. We stood at a window of the upper story right in front of Vesuvius ; the lava streaming downwards, and, now that the sun was long set, seen distinctly glowing and beginning to gild the enveloping smoke ; the mountain in a furious rage capped by an

immense steady cloud of vapour, whose different masses were at each explosion sundered as if by lightning, and illumined into various shapes; thence down towards the sea, a stripe of blazing fire and glowing vapour; the rest, all sea and earth, rock and vegetation, reposing witchingly, clearly and peacefully, in the evening twilight. To see all this with one glance, and, to complete the wonderful picture, to behold the full moon rising up from behind the ridges of the mountain—all this could not but affect one with grateful astonishment.

From our standpoint the whole spectacle was to be embraced in one view, and if you were unable to mark distinctly each particular object you never yet lost the impression of a great whole. If our conversation was interrupted by this spectacle it became all the more cordial. We had a text before us thousands of years would not suffice to write a commentary on. The more the night deepened, the clearer the land and sea-scapes rose into view; the moon shone forth like a second sun; the pillars of smoke with its stripes and masses shaped themselves ever more distinctly; shading your eye with your hand, you fancied you could distinguish the ejected clumps of rock glowing in the darkness of the skittle-shaped mountain. My hostess—so will I name her, for a more tasteful supper could not well be prepared than that to which she entertained me—had the candles placed on the opposite side of the room, and the fair lady, illumined by the moon, standing as the fore-figure to this incredible picture, grew ever fairer in my eyes, and her loveability was enhanced to me by the fact that in this southern paradise the accents of my mother tongue greeted me gratefully from her lips. The flight of time was for me arrested in her presence till she had to make me understand how she must, though reluctantly, let me go, as it was near the hour when her galleries, according to cloister arrangement, were closed. And so I took my departure from things far and near, blessing my lucky star, which, in return for my reluctant complaisance during the day, had given me so beautiful a reward in the evening. Arrived in the open air, I said to myself that, in the vicinity of this greater lava, I should only have seen the repetition of that lesser one, and

that such a farewell view, such a departure from Naples could not have happened better than it had done. Instead of going home I directed my steps towards the Molo to see the great spectacle from another foreground; but whether from fatigue after such a day's rich experience, or from a feeling that it would not do to mar the impression of this last splendid picture, I retreated again towards Moriconi, where I found Kniep, who was minded to pay me a visit from the lodging he had just entered. Over a bottle of wine we talked of our future relations, and I could promise him that, as soon as I was able to show any of his works in Germany, he should certainly be recommended to the excellent Duke Ernst of Gotha, whence he would receive orders. And so, with heart-felt mutual joy, we parted from each other with sure outlook on future reciprocal activity.

Naples, 3 *June*, 1787. *Trinity Sunday.*

And so then, half-stunned, I drove through the endless life of this incomparable town, probably never to see it again; yet with a feeling of satisfaction that I had left behind nothing to repent or grieve over. I thought of the good Kniep, and vowed even in the distance to do my best for him.

At the outermost police-barriers of the suburb I was disturbed for a moment by a check-keeper, who, looking with frendliness into my face at once sprang off again. The Custom-house officers had not yet finished business with my vetturino when, from the door of the coffee-house, with the biggest chinese cup of black coffee on a waiter, out stepped Kniep. He came slowly up to the carriage door with a hearty earnestness which well became him. I was astonished and touched; such a mark of acknowledgment had not its match. "You have," he said, "shown me so much goodness and kindness to bless me all the days of my life that I wanted to give you some token of the thanks I owe you."

Words always failing me in such emergencies, I could only answer laconically that by his labours he had made me his debtor, and that by turning to good account our common treasures he would only bind me ever the closer to him.

We parted in a way persons seldom part whom accident has thrown together for a short time. It would, perhaps, be much the best rule in life for people when they meet to say out bluntly what they want of each other. That done, both sides are satisfied, and anything over and above then looks like the pure spontaneous gift of the heart.

On the Way, 4, 5 and 6 June.

Travelling alone on this occasion as I do, I have time enough to call up all the impressions of the past months, and the process of rumination goes on with no little comfort. And yet I am sensible of frequent gaps in my observations, and that the journey one has finished, though it appears to pass by one in a single stream, and assumes to imagination the character of one unbroken series, will yet by no means let it itself be communicated so integrally. In narration you are under the necessity of mentioning each thing separately; how, then, is the entirety of events ever to be transferred as a whole into the soul of a third party?

Nothing, therefore, could give me more solace and heart-felt pleasure than the assurances of your last letters that you are busying yourself diligently with Italy and Sicily; the testimony that by this means my letters are supplemented and complemented is my highest consolation. Had you done or told me so earlier, I should have been still more zealous than I was. The knowledge that excellent men, like Bartels, Münter and architects of different nations, were on the field before me prosecuting, assuredly with greater carefulness, the outward objects they had in view, than I, who was actuated solely by the most inward purposes, has often served to compose me when I could not help regarding all my labours as but inadequate.

On the whole, if each man is to be regarded as but a supplement of all others, and shows himself most serviceable and amiable, when he adjusts himself to such a relation, this must apply especially to the case of travels and travellers. Persons, purposes, relations of time, favourable and unfavourable conjunctures, these all dis-

pose themselves differently with different travellers. Do I know a traveller's predecessors, I shall be able to draw both pleasure and profit from him, too, and shall, moreover, hail with interest his successor, even though meanwhile I should have been fortunate enough to survey the country described with my own eyes.

PHILIP NERI, THE HUMOROUS SAINT.

Philip Neri, born in Florence 1515, presents himself to us from childhood as a docile well-behaved boy of powerful natural endowments. There is, happily, a likeness of him as such preserved in Fidanza's *Teste Scelte*, tom. v. plate 31. A trimmer, sounder, more open, and more upright-minded little fellow is not to be conceived. As scion of a noble family, he is instructed in all that is good and worth knowing according to the sense of the time, and is at last sent to Rome to complete his studies, at what age is not said. Here he develops himself to the full measure and stature of a youth; is distinguished by his handsome countenance, his profusion of locks. He is at once attractive and reserved; grace and dignity blend in his every feature, in his every movement.

Here, in the saddest of times, after the atrocious plunder of the city, following the example of many noble men, he gives himself entirely over to exercises of piety, and with the increasing force of his fresh youth his enthusiasm also increases. We hear of his unintermitting attendance at church, especially at the seven head churches, of his fervent prayers importuning succour, of his assiduous confession and participation in the Lord's Supper, of his wrestling in agony of soul after spiritual conquests. In one such enthusiastic moment he throws himself on the steps of the altar and breaks two ribs, an accident which —the ribs being badly healed—entails on him live-long palpitation of the heart, and occasions an intensification of his feelings.

Young men gather around him to engage actively in works of piety and morals, displaying indefatigable zeal in caring for the poor and in nursing the sick, labours which apparently take the precedence of their studies.

In all probability they turn the remittances they get from home to purposes of charity; they are ever ready to give, to help others, retaining nothing for themselves. Neri himself later on expressly refuses all aid from his adherents, in order that they may apply to the benefit of the needy whatever beneficence may offer to their hands, to the degree even of pinching themselves.

Such pious actions testified, however, to too fervent a heart for the actors not to seek mutual edification of soul and sentiment on the most important subjects. The little company had yet no meeting place of their own, but sought the privilege of congregating now in this cloister, now in that, where rooms suitable to such purposes were readily to be had. After short silent prayer, some text of the Holy Scriptures was read over, when one and another would hold a brief discourse in the way of exposition or application. They would then deliberate together on the subject, a deliberation having reference entirely to immediate practice; everything of the nature of dialectics and hair-splitting being wholly forbidden. The rest of the day was continually devoted to the careful watching over the sick, to service in hospitals, to the assistance of the poor and needy.

The relations prevailing in such a religious body being altogether free and no express restrictions whatever imposed, every man being at liberty to go or come, the number of adherents to the body exceedingly increased, while the meetings above described grew both in earnestness and magnitude. Chapters from the lives of the Saints were now also read, and passages from the fathers of the church and from church history consulted, after which four of the assembly had the right and duty to deliver their thoughts, each for half an hour.

Such pious, daily, familiar, practical treatment of the highest affairs of the soul excited ever more attention not only among persons individually, but even among whole bodies. The meetings were transferred to side walks and unoccupied spaces of this and that church, the attendance increased; the order of the Dominicans showed itself specially disposed to this mode of edification, and attached itself in large numbers to the flock, which was becoming an ever more

potent entity, and which, through the energy and exalted mind of its leader, always steadfastly held its own, and though tried by much opposition continued to advance in its proper course.

Seeing, however, that, in accordance with the high sense of the excellent head of this movement, all speculation was banned and all the activity of the members was regulated and directed immediately to life, and seeing, moreover, that life necessarily implies some measure of satisfaction or even exuberance in the form of gladness, mirth, jollity, the leader of the new band was quite equal to the occasion and knew how to gratify the innocent wants and wishes of his adherents in this direction. On the entrance of Spring, he led them to San Onofrio which, standing high and broad, offered the pleasantest situation at such a season. Here, while everything around them heaved with young and lusty life, after silent prayers, a young boy stepped forth and recited a sermon he had learnt by heart. Prayers followed, and now, by way of conclusion, a choir of singers invited for the purpose sent forth their joyous and impressive strains, an entertainment which was all the more charming that in that age music was little diffused and little cultivated, and that here, perhaps, for the first time religious singing was heard in the open air.

Steadily developing in this manner, the congregation grew in numbers and significance. The Florentines constrained their townsmen to take possession of the cloister San Girolamo, which was dependent on them, where the new body throve and prospered under the influence of the same earnest spirit, till at last the Pope presented them as their peculiar property with a cloister near the Piazza Navona, which being built up anew from its foundation was able to accommodate a large number of pious fellow-worshippers. There was, however, no change made in the former constitution, but the main feature in the movement still continued to be the endeavour to bring the Word of God, that is, holy noble sentiments, into intimate fellowship with the common sense of men, with their common daily life. People assembled afterwards as before, prayed, read a text, uttered their thoughts about it, prayed and were at last regaled by music. What at that time happened

frequently, nay, every day, now happens on Sundays, and the traveller who has made the familiar acquaintance of the pious founder will, when opportunity offers, attend the innocent services of the place and will assuredly be in no little degree edified, should he on such occasion allow all that we have above communicated, and shall next communicate in connection with the foundation of the cloister, to hold sway in his heart and mind.

We have now to call to remembrance how this whole institute was ever yet in vital contact with the world. Few of their number had devoted themselves to the special office of the priesthood, and there were only so many consecrated clergymen among them as were required to hear confession and perform the sacrifice of the mass. Philip Neri himself had thus reached his 36th year without seeking consecration. In his unpriestly state he appears to have felt himself freer and much more independent than he would have been had he, fettering himself with Church bands, become a highly honoured yet restricted member of the great hierarchy.

The higher authorities downwards were, however, not satisfied with this state of things. His father confessor made it a point of conscience for him to accept ordination and enter the priesthood. And so, indeed, was it at last brought about. By good policy, the Church now included within its jurisdiction a man who, hitherto of independent mind, had sought to unite the sacred with the profane, the aspirations of virtue with the common every-day concerns of life. This change, however, the transition, namely, to the priesthood, seems not to have in the least affected his external behaviour.

He only practices more strictly than ever every kind of self-renunciation and, in wretched outward circumstances, lives with others in a wretched little cloister. He gives, for example, during a season of great scarcity, the bread allowed him to another more needful than he, and continues to serve the unfortunate.

On his inward disposition, however, the priesthood exercises a remarkable, intensifying influence. The duty laid on him to perform mass transports him into an enthusiasm, an ecstasy in which the natural man, hitherto so

prominent, is wholly lost. He hardly knows whither he advances, he staggers on the way to and before the altar. On elevating the Host on high he cannot bring his arms down again; it appears as though an invisible power drew him up. He trembles and shudders on pouring the wine into the cup, and when, after the transubstantiation of this element, he is to partake, he revels in a religious intoxication wonderful and unspeakable. For very passion he bites the cup, while he thinks how mysteriously he is sipping the blood of the body he had shortly before greedily devoured. This transport over, we still find him a man, ecstatic and wonderful no doubt, yet always in the highest degree sensible and practical.

Such a youth, such a man, of so lively temperament and exercising his powers in such an extraordinary manner, could not but appear a strange problem to men, and by reason of his very virtues become occasionally an object of offence and hostility. Probably he had been made frequently to experience this in the course of his former life, but, after his priestly consecration, when hemmed and straitened as a species of guest in a poor cloister, he still seeks verge and scope for himself, adversaries start up openly, pursuing him unrelentingly with mockery and derision.

We, however, go a step further and say that he was a highly eminent man, who yet endeavoured to subdue the lordly disposition native to one of his stamp, and to veil the splendour of his ascendancy in self-denial, outward deprivations, works of beneficence, humility and apparent shame. To appear like a fool to the world that he might the more exclusively dedicate himself to God and divine things was his life-long principle by which alone he sought to train himself and his disciples.

The maxim of St. Bernhard,

> Spernere mundum,
> Spernere neminem,
> Spernere se ipsum,
> Spernere se sperni,*

appears to have wholly penetrated him, or rather to have redeveloped itself afresh in him.

* (Contemn the world, contemn no man, contemn yourself, contemn contempt.)

Similarity of aim and of situation necessitates similarity of principles. Indisputably, men of the loftiest self-respect alone can adopt such principles of practical conduct. They alone it is, who, perceiving beforehand how this world can never but hate and oppose anything of the nature of good and great, make up their minds at the outset for the very worst, and eagerly drink to the dregs every possible cup of bitterness before it is offered to their hands. The accounts which come down to us regarding the unlimited and unintermitting trials to which he subjected his disciples exasperate the patience of every man disposed to the enjoyment of life, just as they must have overwhelmed everyone on whom they were imposed with anguish if not utter despair. Not every one, therefore, who aspired to the position of discipleship was able to stand the fiery trial.

Before, however, entering on such wonderful accounts, which the reader might not find altogether to his mind, we will rather turn once more to those great qualities in him, admitted and highly praised by his contemporaries. Knowledge and culture he derived, they say, immediately from nature rather than from any stated course of instruction and education: all that other people acquire by patient toil came to him as by inspiration. He further possessed the great gift of discerning spirits, of rightly estimating the qualities and capacities of other men. With the most remarkable penetration his mind also pierced into the events of the world, divining the sequences of things, so that people could not help ascribing to him the spirit of prophecy. He was, moreover, endowed with a mighty power of attraction (*attrattiva*, as the Italians beautifully express it), a power which fascinated not men alone but also animals. The dog of a friend, for example, who came to see him, at once attached itself to Neri, refusing to own its first master or be enticed home with him, though all kinds of allurements were tried, but, held fast by the spell of the eminent man, it would not be separated from him, and after many years ended its life in the bedroom of the master of its choice. This gives us occasion to come back to those tests imposed on Neri's disciples and to which this creature itself contributed. It

is a well-known fact that to lead or carry a dog was in the middle ages generally and probably also in Rome regarded as the lowest degradation. The pious man was, therefore, in the habit of leading his dog about through the town by a chain. His disciples also had to carry it through the streets in their arms, subjecting themselves to the ridicule and derision of the crowd.

He further laid on his disciples and fellow-worshippers other outward indignities. A young Roman prince, for example, who solicited the honour of becoming a member of the order, was directed to go the round of the streets of Rome with a fox's tail fastened behind him, and his refusal to do this lost him admission into the society. Another he sent through the town without a coat, and a third with the sleeves torn in pieces. A nobleman, compassionating the latter, offered him a pair of new sleeves which he refused; whereupon by command of his master he had to go and accept them thankfully, and wear them. On the building of the new church Neri compelled his disciples to act as day-labourers and supply the materials to the workmen's hands.

In like manner he knew how to thwart and spoil every grain of spiritual complacency a man might feel in himself. If a young man, for example, were getting on well in his sermon, and seemed to find some satisfaction in his own oratory, Neri would interupt him in the middle of a word, and send up in his place to continue the discourse some less-qualified scholar who, however, from the unexpected stimulus, would deliver himself extemporaneously in a more successful manner than he had ever done before.

Let one transplant himself into the second half of the sixteenth century, and the desolate fermenting state in which Rome appeared under different Popes, and it will be readily comprehended how mighty and effective such a course of doctrine and discipline must have been, imparting as it did to the inward will of man, by means of affection and fear, self-surrender and obedience, the great power of sustaining itself against all outward calamities, of asserting itself against all contingencies, enabling even the man of sober reason and understanding to renounce

absolutely all the habitudes and conveniences to which he had been accustomed.

On account of the special grace investing it, the reader will not grudge our repeating here the account which has been already referred to of one remarkable test to which Neri subjected a lady. The Holy Father was informed of a wonder-working nun residing in a cloister in the country. Our friend receives the commission to make a thorough examination into an affair of so much moment for the Church. To execute the commission Neri mounts a mule, but returns much sooner than the Holy Father had expected. He meets his astonished Spiritual Chief with the following words: "Holiest Father, she does no wonders, for the first Christian virtue is wanting to her, humility. From the foul roads and weather, I arrive at the cloister in a bad plight, have her called before me in your name; she appears; and instead of greeting her I reach her my bespattered boot to pull off. She shrinks back aghast, and scornfully replies to the service I was imposing on her, 'What did I take her for? She was the servant of the Lord, but not of everyone who came there to treat her like a menial.' I quietly get up, remount my beast, stand now before you, and am convinced you will need no further proof." The Pope smiling acquiesced, and probably the nun was forbidden doing any more wonders.

If, however, he allowed himself to subject others to such proofs, he himself had to submit to similar trials at the hands of others of kindred mind who had elected the same course of self-denial. A mendicant monk, who was already in the opinions of men invested with an odour of sanctity, meets him in the most frequented street and offers him a drink from the wine-bottle he providently carries about with him. Without a moment's hesitation, Neri, bending back his head, sets the flask frankly to his mouth, while the people round burst into jeers and laughter at seeing two pious men quaffing to each other in such a style. Philip Neri, who, in spite of his piety and resignation, might not altogether have relished the brimmer given him in such a way, thereupon said: "You have put me to the trial, it is now my turn," and with that he pressed his four-cornered cap on the bald head of his

friend, who, now likewise made a laughing-stock of, went his way in all composure, saying: "If any one takes it from my head you are welcome to it." Neri took it from him, and they parted.

No doubt to venture on such things and yet accomplish the greatest moral results required a man like Philip Neri, whose actions were very often to be regarded as wonders. As confessor he made himself dreaded, and therefore worthy of the greatest confidence; he disclosed to his confessing children sins they concealed and faults which had escaped their notice. His fervent ecstatic prayer, as something supernatural, set the people around him in astonishment, in a state in which men think they perceive by their senses that which is but the illusion of an excited imagination, till at last miracle, nay impossibility, related and re-related, is accepted in all good faith as an actual sensible reality. This will explain the report how several times during the sacrifice of mass he was seen lifted up before the altar, and how, while on his knees praying for the recovery of one dangerously ill, he was observed rising aloft till his head nearly touched the ceiling.

In a state in which feeling and imagination so entirely predominate, it is not to be wondered at if fiendish demons should also come into play. Among the crumbling walls of the Antonine baths the pious man once spies a monster hopping about in apish deformity, but which at his command immediately vanishes between the ruins and fissures. More important, however, is the way in which Neri deals with his disciples when they rapturously repeat to him the gracious manifestations deigned them by the mother of God and other saints. Well knowing that these imaginations are generally the result of spiritual self-conceit, the worst and most obdurate of mental evils, he assures them that behind the heavenly radiance and beauty lay concealed a devilish hateful deformity. On the return of the lovely Virgin they are, therefore, by his command to spit right into her face, and on their doing so the devil's face is at once revealed.

The great man may have been led to the adoption of such tactics from calculation, or, what is more probable, from deep instinct, assured that the image which was the

creation of fantastic love and longing would through the antidote of hate and contempt immediately transform itself into a grimace.

No doubt, too, he was guided in the election of such a strange discipline by his extraordinary gifts which ever consciously conjoined the physical and the spiritual, which ever divined their inevitable inter-relation (so that seeing the physical he knew the thought which alone determined it, and having a thought knew the external embodiment which was alone possible to it): I refer to his fore-feeling of a person approaching though yet unseen, his presentiment of distant events, his consciousness of the thoughts of a person standing before him, the irresistible transfusion of his own thoughts into the minds of others.

Such and similar gifts are distributed among men; many a one can boast of having been able to exercise them on one and another occasion. The ever-living presence, however, of such powers, the ability to exercise at all times such astounding influence is for ever impossible in an age in which men are only so many fractions and their mechanical achievements only show big in the gross. Such qualifications as these of Neri perhaps necessarily imply a century in which the mental and bodily powers are undivided, in immediate conjunction and in their greatest energy.

Let us, however, consider such a nature longing intensely after independent, unrestricted spiritual activity, and how it must feel itself cramped by the strict encompassing bands of the Roman Church.

The achievements of the Holy Xavier among the idolatrous heathen may well at that time have caused great sensation in Rome. Excited by the news, Neri and some of his friends likewise felt themselves attracted to the so-called Indies and desired the papal permission to repair thither. The confessor, however, having probably received good instructions from upper quarters, dissuaded them from such an enterprise, representing that godly men, intent on the reformation of their fellows and on the spread of religion, would find an adequate India in Rome, and a wide enough field there for their activity. They were also informed of some great calamity impending the great city,

the three wells before the gate of St. Sebastian having for some time run thick and bloody, an infallible sign of misfortune. Whether therefore appeased by this means or no, the worthy Neri and his company resolved on confining their beneficent wonder-working endeavours within the town of Rome, it is at all events certain that in this sphere they continued from year to year to grow in the confidence and respect of the great and the humble, the old and the young.

Let one now think of the strange complication of human nature in which are united the most opposing contrasts; material and spiritual, common and uncommon, repulsive and charming, sectarian and universal, and so on to the end of the long list: let one think of such a conflict enacting itself in an eminent man, and how his understanding becomes confused through the incomprehensible which forces itself on him, how his imagination frees herself from all trammels, how his faith adds wings to her aspirations, and how his superstition is kept in countenance, till at length the natural state comes into immediate contact, nay, into union with the unnatural—with these considerations let one pass to the diffuse life which has been handed down to us of this man, and it will be readily comprehended what an influence he must have come to wield in the course of almost a century of uninterrupted, unrelaxing activity in such a large arena, amid a vast raw element. The high opinion in which he was held extended so far that not only did people draw matter of instruction, salvation and blissful sentiment from the sanity and healthful vigour that were in him, but his very errors and diseases were looked up to with reverence, as symptoms of his inward relation to God and the divine nature. We may now comprehend the fact that while in life he was ever approaching nearer and nearer the honour of sainthood, and that at his death this dignity was but the confirmation of the thought and feeling of his contemporaries.

When, therefore, shortly after his decease, which was accompanied by still greater wonders than his life, the question was addressed to Clement VIII., whether a beginning might be made with the examination—the so-

called suit which precedes canonization—the answer was returned: "I have ever considered him a saint, and have accordingly no objection to the Church proclaiming and presenting him as such to all believers."

It may further be deemed worthy of attention that, in the long series of years measured out to him, he lived through the reigns of fifteen Popes, having been born in the time of Leo X., and having ended his days under Clement VIII. He, therefore, presumed to assert an independent position in relation to the Pope himself, and though conforming, as a member of the Church, to her general ordinances he would not yet hold himself bound in particulars, but would speak even with an authoritative voice to the supreme head of Christendom. In this way he entirely declined the dignity of Cardinal, and in his *chiesa nuova*, like a refractory knight in an old castle, he did not feel abashed to display his petulance towards his sovereign. The character of these relations, however, in the curious shape it came to assume at the end of the sixteenth century, after the rougher times which had just gone by, cannot be presented in a manner more obvious to the senses, or more impressive to the mind than it is seen in a memorial, which Neri, shortly before his death, addressed to the new Pope Clement VIII., and on which an equally wonderful resolution followed.

There is here disclosed to us, in a way not to be described, the relation of a man, almost an octogenarian, and nearing the rank of a saint, to the sovereign head of the Roman Catholic Church, a man in himself of considerable merit, able and most highly respected during his reign of several years.

Memorial of Philip Neri to Clement VIII

"Holiest Father! And what sort of person am I then, that the Cardinals come to visit me, and yesterday evening in particular the Cardinals of Florence and Cusano? And because I needed a little bit of manna in some leaves, the said Cardinal of Florence had two ounces from San Spirito

fetched to me, the Cardinal having sent a large quantity of it to that hospital. He also stayed with me two hours into the night, and said so much good of your Holiness, much more than seemed to me warranted; for, as you are Pope, you should be humility itself. Christ came at seven o'clock in the night to incorporate himself with me, and your Holiness might surely, also, once come to our church. Christ is Man and God, and visits me very frequently. Your Highness is but a mere man, born of a holy and upright man; *He*, however, of God the Father. The mother of your holiness is Signora Agnesina, a very God-fearing lady, but *His* the virgin of all virgins. What had I not all to tell you, if I were only to give free vent to my gall!

"I bid your Holiness to do my will in respect of a maiden I will convey to Torre de' Specchi. She is the daughter of Claudio Neri, to whom your Holiness promised that you would protect his children, and let me remind you it is becoming in a Pope to keep his word. Commit, therefore, the said business to my hands, and in such a way that I may be able to avail myself of your name, if necessary; all the more that I know the maiden's will, and am certain she is acting under divine inspiration. And with the greatest humility due from me I kiss the holiest feet."

Autograph Resolution of the Pope, written beneath the Memorial.

"The Pope says that the above paper in the first part of it manifests somewhat of the spirit of vanity, inasmuch as it is intended to show him that the Cardinals visit you so frequently, if, perhaps, it is not also signified thereby, that these dignitaries, as is right well known, are spiritually minded. As to his not coming to see you, he says that your reverence does not deserve it, seeing that you would not be pleased to accept the cardinalate, which was so often offered you. With respect to the command, He is content that you, with your usual love of hectoring, give a sharp reprimand to those good mothers who do not act in accordance with your mind. He now commands you that

you take care not to hear confession without his permission. Does, however, our Lord come to visit you? then pray for us, and for the most pressing necessities of Christendom."

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the spirit of plastic art had completely raised itself out of the barbarism of the middle ages, and had attained to happy free-minded achievements. Those provinces, however, in the high domain of human nature distinguished as understanding, reason, religion, by no means enjoyed free expansion. In the North, a cultivated human sense combatted the gross assumptions of a superannuated tradition; unfortunately words and rational arguments did not suffice, recourse was had to arms. Thousands upon thousands who sought the salvation of their soul in the way spontaneously, purely and integrally suggested and commanded them were cruelly put to death and stripped of their estates.

In the South itself the fairer and nobler spirits endeavoured to free themselves from the yoke of the all-dominating Church, and in our opinion, Philip Neri is an experiment as to how a man might be at once pious, to the degree even of becoming a saint, and yet not submit himself to the sole sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff. No doubt Neri finds in the very element domineered over by the Roman Church satisfaction for his feelings and imaginations; to separate himself entirely from her is therefore impossible for him. How long, however, does he hesitate before joining himself to the priesthood; how he frees himself from all ecclesiastical use and wont, and how he endeavours to render doctrine cheerful and efficiently practical as all real things are; life intelligent and moral, as it must be, if it is not to be illusive and insignificant!

The decided contempt he showed for the Cardinal's hat, to the degree even of offending the Pope, testifies to his aspiration after freedom. Then, the whimsical correspondence with which we close our notice, a correspondence displaying on Neri's part an audacious humour rising to the comic, gives us a vivid illustration of his personality, and in some measure also of the century the extraordinary

man almost filled up by his life. It appeared to us in the highest degree remarkable to encounter a saint, a contemporary of the world-child Cellini, likewise a Florentine, to whose memory we have devoted so much attention. The parallel and contrast between the two men would, however, require to be elaborated at greater length, and perhaps some other significant figures of the time to be delineated, in order to present a living image of the period. May, however, the few strokes we have here drawn of a pious, noble enthusiasm serve to induce, in the meantime, some instructive comparisons!

SECOND RESIDENCE IN ROME.

Longa sit huic aetas dominaeque potentia terrae,
Sitque sub hac oriens occiduusque dies.

(Long live this mistress of the earth, and long may she reign over the lands of the rising and the setting sun.)

JUNE.

Correspondence.

Rome, 8 *June*, 1787.

The day before yesterday I happily arrived here again, and yesterday the festal Corpus-Christi day at once re-Romanised me. I will freely confess that my departure from Naples caused me no little regret. It was not so much leaving such a splendid country as turning my back on a powerful eruption, which was making its way from the summit to the sea, and which I would fain have contemplated in its neighbourhood, adopting into my experiences its peculiar features and character of which I had heard and read so much.

To-day, however, my longing after this great scene of nature has been assuaged. The pious festival, with all the throng attending it, was no doubt imposing as a whole, yet here and there betrayed some symptoms of bad taste, wounding the inward sense. The spectacle of the tapestries, however, after Raphael's cartoons, has lifted me up again into the region of higher contemplations. The most excellent of them, which are undoubtedly to be ascribed to him, are spread out alongside of each other; the rest, the invention probably of pupils, contemporaries and fellow-artists, attach themselves not unworthily to these, and cover the boundless spaces.

Rome, 16 *June*, 1787.

Let me now, again, dear friends, address a word to you. As for me, all goes very well. I am getting ever more acquainted with myself, and learn to distinguish what is appropriate to and what is foreign from my nature. I am diligent, absorbing things on all sides of me, and growing from within outwards. The past few days I have been at Tivoli, and have seen one of the first spectacles of nature. The waterfalls there with the ruins, and the whole complexity of landscapes, are of a class of subjects, acquaintance with which is an enrichment of our whole nature to its utmost reach.

I neglected writing by the last post. At Tivoli I was very wearied from walking and drawing in the heat. I was, much of the time, out of doors with Herr Hackert, who has an incredible mastery in copying nature, and in at once imposing a distinct form on his drawing. In these few days I have learnt a great deal from him.

Further I am not disposed to say anything at all. That is, again, a summit of earthly things. A very complicated affair in the neighbourhood prompts the most splendid achievements.

Herr Hackert has praised and blamed me, and further assisted me. Half in joke, half in earnest, he advised me to stay eighteen months in Italy, and practise myself according to good rules, after which time he promised me I should have pleasure in my work. I see well enough, too, what, and in what manner, a man must study to overcome certain difficulties under the burden of which he otherwise labours his whole life long.

One remark more. Now, for the first time, do the trees, the rocks, nay, Rome itself, grow dear to me; hitherto I had always felt them as foreign, though, on the other hand, I took pleasure in minor subjects having some resemblance with those I saw in youth. Now, it must be my first business to domesticate myself in this place also, and yet there is no way of attaining to this so inwardly as by means of those earliest objects in life. I have on this occasion thought of various things having reference to art and imitation.

During my absence Tischbein had discovered a picture of Daniele da Volterra, in the cloister on the Porta del Popolo; the clergy were willing to part with it for a thousand scudi, a sum Tischbein as artist was not able to raise. He, therefore, through Meyer, brought the matter to the knowledge of Madame Angelica, who entered into the proposal, paid out the said sum, took the picture herself, and, later, for an expressed amount, bought from Tischbein the half due him by contract. It was an excellent picture representing the entombment, with many figures. A careful, complete copy of it by Mever is still to hand.

Rome, 20 *June*.

By this time I have now again seen excellent works of art, and my mind is getting both purified and determined. Yet I would need another year at least in Rome itself to utilise my stay in my own fashion, and you know I cannot do it in any other fashion. Were I to leave now, all I would have achieved would be the consciousness of what avenues of being had not yet opened for me, and so, then, may my stay here be sufficiently long.

The Hercules Farnese is away; still I have seen him on his genuine limbs, which after so long a time were restored him. It is now incomprehensible how the first legs by Porta could so long have passed for good. Now it is one of the most perfect works of all time. In Naples the King will have a museum built, in which all the works of art he possesses, the Herculanean museum, the pictures of Pompeii, the pictures of Capo di Monte, the whole Farnese inheritance will be exhibited together. It is a great and beautiful undertaking which, too, owes its first impulse to our countryman Hackert. Even the Toro Farnese is to go to Naples, and to be set up in the promenade there. Could they also take the Carracci gallery with them out of the palace, they would do so.

Rome, 27 *June*.

I was with Hackert in the Colonna gallery, where hang in contiguity Poussin's, Claude's and Salvator Rosa's

works. Much he said to me in reference to those pictures was valuable, showing how he had penetrated to the very bottom of their conceptions. Some of them he has copied, the others he has thoroughly thought out. I was glad to find that my readings of them on my first visit to the gallery, on the whole, tallied with his. All he told me did not change but only widen and define my views. If, now, one could return to nature, viewing and interpreting it with the eyes and the mind of those masters, would not that be a purification and enlargement of the soul, would not that be the generation in one of a high effective conception of nature and art? I will no longer give myself any rest, till there is nothing in or about me which is word and tradition, but till all has become my present, living, immediate personality. From youth up, this has been the capital aspiration and passion of my being; now, when age is coming on, I will at least attain the attainable, do the doable, after having so long, deservedly and undeservedly, suffered the fate of Sisyphus and Tantalus.

Go on loving and trusting me! I am now living happily, and in frank simplicity with my fellow-men; I am well, and bless the days that pass by me.

Tischbein is a right brave fellow, yet I fear he will never get into free and joyous activity. More by word of mouth respecting this man, who has something wonderful in him too. My portrait is succeeding happily; the likeness is striking, and the conception pleases everybody. Angelica is also painting me, but to no purpose; it sorely vexes her that it will not be a likeness, and a success; her picture is a pretty fellow, to be sure, but not a trace of me.

Rome, 30 *June*.

The great festival of St. Peter and Paul has at last arrived; yesterday we saw the illumination of the dome, and the fireworks from the castle. The illumination is to the eyes what a fairy tale is to the ear. You cannot believe it. Having lately acquired the habit of looking only at *things*, and not as formerly seeing with and in the things what actually was not there, nothing less than such

great spectacles can give me joy. In the course of my journey I have counted some half-dozen of them, and this one must assuredly rank among the first. The beautiful form of the colonnade of the church, and particularly of the dome, seen first as a blazing sketch, and when the hour is over as a glowing mass, is unique and magnificent. When one considers how at this moment the vast building serves only in the way of scaffolding, it will be readily comprended how there is no sight in the world to match it. The sky was pure and bright, the moon appeared, subduing the light of the lamps to an agreeable lustre; at last, when the second illumination deluged all things in a flood of glowing brightness, the light of the moon was extinguished. The fireworks were beautiful on account of the place in which they were exhibited, but nothing in comparison with the illumination. We are to see both again this evening.

This, too, is over. We had a beautiful clear heaven and full moon, softening the illumination. It was all a fairy tale. The beautiful form of the church and the dome, seen as a blazing sketch, is a grand and charming spectacle.

Rome, End of June.

I have entered too big a school to get speedily through my classes. My sense of art, my small talents must here go through the whole course and become matured, else I shall bring you back but half a friend, and the old longing, labouring, groping, crawling will go on anew. There would be no end to it were I to tell you how entirely prosperous again I have been this month, and how all I could wish for has been presented me on a plate. I have beautiful quarters, good house people. Tischbein goes to Naples, and I take possession of his study, a spacious cool room. When you think of me, think of me as happy. I will write often, and so we will be and continue with one another.

Of new thoughts and fancies I have no lack. Now that I am left to myself my early youth returns to me, not

a particle of it lost. Then the height and dignity of the objects I have to converse with elevate and expand me to the utmost limits of my capacity. My eye developes incredibly, nor shall my hand be altogether backward. There is but one Rome in the world, and here I feel like a fish in the water; I swim on the surface like a bullet in quicksilver which would sink in any other fluid. There is nothing to disturb the clear atmosphere of my thoughts, unless it be that I cannot share my happiness with my friends. The heaven is now gloriously serene, and only in the morning and the evening does any veil of mist gather about Rome. On the mountains, Albano, Castello, Frascati, where I spent three days last week, the air is ever pure and serene. *There* you have a nature for your study.

Remark.

Wishing my communications to reflect the peculiar situation, impressions and feelings of each particular occasion, I cull from my letters, as likely to present the characteristics of the moment better than any narrative of later date, the passages of general interest. Here, however, I find in my hands the letters of a friend which might, so far, still better serve that purpose. I therefore resolve on intercalating here and there extracts from such epistolary documents, and at present begin with the lively narratives of Tischbein after he had left Rome and arrived in Naples. They have the advantage of transporting the reader into those lands and into the most immediate personal relations, while they also disclose the character of the artist who for so long a time did such important work, and who, however whimsical he might now and again appear, yet in his aims as in his achievements ever deserves being held in grateful remembrance.

Tischbein *to* Goethe.

Naples, 10 *July*, 1787.

Our journey from Rome was very happy and agreeable. In Albano, Hackert joined us; in Velletri, we dined with

Cardinal Borgia and looked through his museum, to my particular gratification, noticing, as I did, a great deal I had overlooked the first time. At three in the afternoon we set off again through the Pontine Marshes, which pleased me much better this time than in winter, the green trees and hedges agreeably diversifying those wide plains. Shortly before dusk we reached the middle of the Marshes, where you have to change horses. During the interval, however, while the postilions were exerting all their eloquence to extort money out of us, a spirited white stallion contrived to free himself and make off, which gave rise to a scene in no little degree diverting.

A handsome snow-white horse it was, of splendid figure. He tore asunder the reins which fettered him, beat with his fore-paws against the man who tried to hold him, struck out with his hind feet, and set up such a neighing as frightened every living thing out of his way. He now leapt over ditches and galloped across the field, snorting and neighing all the time. Tail and mane fluttered high in the breeze and his figure in unimpeded motion was such a beauty that every one spontaneously shouted out, "O che bellezze! che bellezze!" Coming to another ditch he bounded back and forward in quest of a narrow crossing to spring over and reach the fillies and mares that grazed in many hundreds on the other side. At last he succeeded in clearing the ditch and flew towards the peacefully pasturing herd. They, however, terrified at the wildness of his address and cries, hurried away in a long line over the wide plain, he scampering hotly in their rear and endeavouring to spring on them. At last he detached a mare to one side. She, however, sped to another field to join another numerous herd of mares. These, too, catching the alarm rushed to the first brook. The field was now all black with tumultuous horses, except for the glistening stallion flashing about everywhere among the disordered droves. Your eye followed them wheeling in long rows helter-skelter all over the field, the air rustling with their motions and the earth echoing with the beat of their hoofs. We watched with delight the diversified groupings of the scene, how now the many hundreds of horses were jostled together in one mass, were

now broken up, now coursing about singly, now circling in long lines over the ground.

At last overtaken by the darkness of the night this unique spectacle was effaced from our view, and the clearest of moons mounting up behind the mountains extinguished the light of the lanterns we had kindled. After long enjoying the moon's soft radiance I could no longer resist the insidious approach of sleep, and with all my fear of the unwholesome air slept over an hour, waking just as we were going to change horses at Terracina.

The postillions here were all on their good behaviour, having had a becoming fear instilled into them by the Marquis Lucchesini. They gave us the best horses and guides, the way between the high cliffs and the sea being dangerous. Many accidents had already occurred there, especially at night, when the horses are apt to shy. While the beasts were being put to and the pass shown to the last Roman guard, I walked between the lofty rocks and the sea. There I was favoured by one of the grandest views; the dark rock splendidly illumined by the moon, which, moreover, wove a bright glittering chain on the blue sea and shed a soft glistening light over the waves undulating and plashing to the shore. Above, on the battlements of the mountain, in the dusky blue, lay the ruins of Genserich's crumbling castle. The longing for escape of the unhappy Conradin, the unhappy Cicero and Marius, who all three had pined in this lonely region, renewed itself in my bosom.

Beautiful, too, was it to drive along the mountain-road bathed in moonlight, amid the huge clumps of rock which had rolled down to the edge of the sea. Softly distinct lay the groups of olive trees, palms and pines at Fondi. The groves of citrons, however, were not seen to advantage; they appear in all their splendour only when the sun lights up their golden fruit. Our way now climbed over the mountain, clothed with many olive and carob trees, and it was already daylight when we arrived at the ruins of the ancient town where are many remains of sepulchral monuments. The largest among them is said to have been erected to Cicero at the spot where he was murdered. The day was already some hours old when we

greeted the gladsome Gulf of Gaeta. The fishers were returning to *terra firma* with their booty, and the strand was all alive. Some were carrying away their sea-plunder in baskets, others preparing their nets against a future take. Thence we drove to Garigliano where Cavalier Venuti is making explorations. Here Hackert parted from us to speed to Caserta, and leaving the highway we went down to the sea, where a breakfast was made ready for us good enough to pass for a dinner. We here saw brought up the disinterred antiques which, however, were lamentably mutilated. Among other beautiful findings is the leg of a statue little inferior to the Apollo of Belvedere. It would be a happiness were the rest of the statue to be found.

Tired, we had lain down to sleep a little, and when we awoke we found we were in the company of an agreeable family living in this quarter, who had dinner prepared for us, an attention we no doubt owed to Herr Hackert, who was gone. Here, again, then, was a table spread for us; but, however good the company, also, was, I could neither eat nor stay, but went strolling along the beach among the stones, where I found many curious specimens, a number in particular wormed out by insects, some of them looking like a sponge.

Here I met with a right pleasant sight. A goatherd was driving his flock on the strand of the sea; the goats entered the water and cooled themselves. Next came a swineherd; and while the two flocks were refreshing themselves in the crisping waves, the drivers both sought out seats in the shade and regaled themselves with music, the swineherd with a flute, the goatherd with the bagpipes. At last rode up a full-grown boy, naked as nature made him, and went deep into the water till his horse swam with him. A pretty sight it was to watch the well-shaped boy now come so near the shore that you could see his whole figure, and again make out into the deep, till you lost sight of all but the head of the swimming horse and the boy down to the shoulders.

At three in the afternoon we resumed our journey, and when Capua was now three miles behind us, and we had already driven one hour into the night, we broke the hind

wheel of our carriage. That cost us some hours' waiting till we got another to replace it. This set to rights, we drove but a few miles further when the axle broke. This put us much out of humour, to think we were so close to Naples and yet unable to speak to our friends. Ultimately we arrived at our destination some hours after midnight, where we found as many people stirring about in the streets as in any other town are hardly to be seen at mid-day.

Here I have found all our friends safe and sound, and all glad to hear as much of you. I live in the same house with Herr Hackert. The day before yesterday I was with Ritter Hamilton at his pleasure-house in Pausilippo. Anything more glorious is not to be seen on this globe. After dinner we saw a dozen youths swimming in the sea. A beautiful sight it was, with their many varied groupings and positions in the water. He pays them for swimming that he may enjoy this pleasure every afternoon. I like Hamilton uncommonly; I had a great deal of conversation with him both in his house here and while we were driving by the sea. I heard much from his lips which gave me the highest pleasure, and I hope many good things of this man. You will soon hear more from here. Greetings to all friends, in particular Angelica and Reiffenstein.

P.S.—I find it much hotter in Naples than in Rome, only that here the air is purer and there is a constant fresh wind blowing. The sun, however, is far intenser; the first days I could scarcely stand it. I have been living on nothing but ice and snow water.

Later, without date.

Yesterday I would have wished you in Naples. Such a noise, such a swarm of people, I have never before seen in my life; such a quantity of edibles, too, is never to be witnessed again. The large street of Toledo was nearly covered with all sorts of them. Here, for the first place, you get an idea of a people inhabiting a district where every season daily yields its fruits. Think how 500,000 men are engaged feasting, and that in Neapolitan fashion!

Yesterday and to-day I was at a dinner where the guzzling altogether astonished me; it was a sinful superfluity. Kniep also set himself resolutely to stuff down all the spicy dishes till I was at last under apprehensions of seeing him burst. Never a bit, however, did it seem to affect him, but he kept always telling us of the appetite he had at sea and in Sicily, while *you*, in return for your good money, partly from sickness, partly on purpose, fasted and as good as hungered.

To-day the cargo of meats which was sold yesterday is already all gobbled up, and they say the street will again be as full to-morrow as it was to-day. It looks as if Toledo were a theatre for the representation of superfluity. The shops are all dressed out in eatables, hanging over the streets themselves, the sausages in part gilded and bound with red ribbons; the turkey cocks which have all a red flag waving behind them, and of which yesterday there were sold thirty thousand; to which are to be added those fatted at home. The number of asses laden with capons, and of asses loaded with oranges, and the heaps of golden fruits piled up in the streets are enough to put a man out of his senses. The prettiest sight, however, is perhaps offered by the shops where green provisions are sold, where raisins, figs and melons are exposed; all arranged so prettily as to gladden eye and heart. Naples is a place where God rains blessings in superabundance for every sense.

Later, without date.

Enclosed herewith is a drawing of the Turks who are here kept prisoners. They were taken, not by the *Hercules*, as the rumour first went, but by a ship accompanying the coral fishers. The Turks descried this Christian vessel, made up to capture it, but found they had fallen into a trap; for the Christians, being stronger than they, overpowered them and bore them off as prize of war. There were thirty men on the Christian, twenty-four on the Turkish ship; six Turks fell in the combat, one was wounded. Not a single Christian was killed; the Madonna protected them.

The ship-master has made a great booty: a large quantity of gold and merchandise, silks and coffee, and a rich set of jewels belonging to a young negress.

It was a sight to see the many thousands of people rowing across, boat after boat, to see the prisoners, in particular the negress. Several gallants announced themselves willing to buy her, offering much money, but the captain keeps her fast in his own hands.

I ferried across every day, and once found the Ritter Hamilton and Miss Harte, who was much touched, even to weeping. The negress, seeing the tears, joined in; the lady wanted to buy her, but the captain stubbornly refused to deliver her up. Now, they are no longer here; the drawing tells the rest.

Papal Tapestries.

The great sacrifice to which I made up my mind of leaving behind me a lava streaming down from the summit of the mountain almost to the sea was richly compensated by the attainment of my purpose, by the sight of the tapestries which, being hung up on Corpus-Christi day, afforded the most splendid idea of Raphael, his scholars and his time.

The working of tapestry with standing warp, called *Hautelisse*, had by the date of those tapestries reached its highest perfection in the Netherlands. The gradual stages in the development of this art are not known to me. Down into the twelfth century, the single figures may have been wrought by embroidery or otherwise and then united into a whole by specially worked intermediate pieces. Examples of this we have in the coverings of the choir chairs of old cathedrals, the work bearing some resemblance to the coloured window-panes whose pictures were at first composed of small pieces of coloured glass. In tapestries, needle and thread took the place of lead and tin bars in windows. All the early beginnings of the art are of this kind; we have seen costly Chinese tapestries wrought in this way.

Probably under the stimulus of Oriental specimens this

art had attained its acmé in the sumptuous commercial Netherlands at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Fabrics of this sort were carried back to the East, and were assuredly known in Rome, probably from imperfect patterns and drawings taken in a Byzantine style. Leo X., a great, and in many, especially aesthetic, respects, a liberal-minded man, had a desire to see represented in free and large proportions on the tapestries immediately surrounding his presence such pictures as delighted his eye on walls; and, accordingly, at his inducement, Raphael prepared the cartoons, selecting, happily, as the material for the embodiment of his great soul, such subjects as Christ's relation to his apostles, and then the achievements of these Christ-instructed men in the world after the ascension of their Master.

On Corpus-Christi day you discerned for the first time the true purpose of the tapestries; converting as they did colonnades and open spaces into magnificent salons and pleasure-walks, while, at the same time, displaying to your eyes the faculty of the most gifted of men, the conjoint perfection of art and handicraft.

The Raphael cartoons, as now preserved for us in England, still remain the admiration of the world. Some of them are undoubtedly the product of the master alone; others may have been prepared from his drawings according to his directions; others, again, not till after his death. All, at any rate, testify to the same artistic spirit then eminently inspiring men eminently susceptible to it, and the artists of all nations, attracted by this brilliant Italian effluence of genius, streamed hither with the desire that happily their spirits might catch somewhat of the abounding spirit, their fingers somewhat of the abounding cunning.

This gives us occasion to note the bias of the German artists, whose high love and appreciation were directed principally to Raphael's earliest works, a bias of which light traces were even then observable.

It is not so difficult to attach oneself to a tender, richly-endowed youth, whose sphere is the soft, the graceful, the natural. True, you may not venture to compare yourself with him, yet you secretly emulate him and aspire to the

hope of achieving what he has achieved, All such sense of self-comfort, however, is utterly dissipated when you contemplate the mature man. In such contemplation you apprehend the dreadful conditions under which alone the most decided natural gifts can attain to the last possible degree of success, and not to be overwhelmed with self-despair, you are obliged to fly back to measure yourself with the aspiring, immature man.

For this reason the German artists lavished all their affection, reverence and confidence on the earlier, incomplete Raphael, feeling that alongside of him at such an early stage they were not altogether nothing, and presuming to flatter themselves with the hope of accomplishing by their own hands what, nevertheless, demanded the culture of a series of centuries to achieve.

To return to Raphael's cartoons. They are all manly conceptions. Moral earnestness and greatness beyond the spectator's utmost reach of mind are everywhere manifested. Though here and there mysterious, their general purport is evident to every one sufficiently instructed from the holy Scriptures as to the departure of the Redeemer and the wonderful effects of the spiritual possession of him by his disciples.

Above all consider the disgrace and punishment of Ananias, as may at any time be adequately enough seen in the little copper-plate not unreasonably ascribed to Mark-Anton, and taken from a finished drawing of Raphael's, as also in Dorigny's copy of the Cartoons, especially when the two are compared.

Few compositions are to be placed side by side with this. Here is a great conception, an action in its characteristic features of the greatest significance, and most clearly represented in its manifold perfection.

On one hand we have the apostles waiting to receive the pious gift of each believer, the whole of his outward possessions, and the believers bringing with them all their belongings; on the other the needy waiting to receive gifts; in the middle the defrauder horribly punished. The symmetry of this disposition of the figures is animated rather than disturbed by the representation of the *transaction*, just as the indispensable symmetrical proportion of

the human body first becomes impressively interesting through the manifold *movements* of life.

If the contemplation of this work of art would call forth no end of observations, we will nevertheless here single out *one* weighty merit in the picture. We see two men advancing with bundles of clothes, men undoubtedly in the employ of Ananias; but how are you to gather from this that a part of Ananias's possessions has been kept back, embezzled from the common weal? At this point, however, our attention is directed to a young pretty woman-figure counting, with complacent face, money from the right hand into the left. We at once call to mind the noble words, "Let not the left hand know what the right doeth," and do not for a moment doubt but that here Sapphira is intended, who counts out the money to be handed to the apostles, keeping back a part, as is indicated by the knowing briskness of her mien. This thought, if fully realised, is astounding and dreadful. Before us the husband sunk to the ground and writhing in horrible throes, a little behind the wife, unaware of all that has happened and cunningly contriving how to overreach the divine powers, little conjecturing what fate awaits her. The picture stands there before us like an everlasting problem, which we admire the more as its solution grows clearer to our eyes. The comparison of the Mark-Anton copper-plate, from an equally large drawing of Raphael's, with the larger copper-plate of Dorigny begets in us a profound sense of the wisdom with which such a talent, on a second elaboration of the same composition, divined and achieved alterations and improvements. Let us freely confess that the study of this work has procured us the brightest joys of a long life.

JULY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, 5 *July*, 1787.

My present life looks entirely like a dream of youth; we will see whether I am destined to enjoy it, or to find it like so much else, only a fleeting illusion. Tischbein is

gone, his study put in order, dusted, washed, made pleasant for me to occupy. How needful at this season to have an agreeable roof-tree! The heat is intense. I get up at sunrise, walk to the *acqua acetosa*, a chalybeate spring, about half-an-hour's distance from the gate where I live, and drink the waters, which taste like weak Schwalbach, but in this climate are very operative. Towards eight I am again in my house and diligent in all ways the disposition of the time allows. I am right well. The heat drains you off everything dropsical in your system, and drives whatever pungency is in your body to the skin, and it is better for a trouble to tickle your surface than gnaw your vitals. In drawing, I go on cultivating taste and hand. I have begun to ply architecture more seriously; everything gets astonishingly easy—as far as the *conception* is concerned, I mean—for the *execution* needs a life-time. What helped me most, I brought with me here no self-conceit, no pretentions, no requisitions. And now all my desire is to have done with *name*, to have done with *word*. Whatsoever is deemed beautiful, grand, venerable, I will see and appreciate with my own eyes. The only method by which this is possible is that of re-production, that of copying the objects under consideration. I must now set myself to the gypsum heads. The right way to this is being indicated to me by artists. I keep the reins of all my powers in hand as well as possible, so as to lose no force through distraction. At the beginning of the week, I could not refuse dining here and there. Now they want to have me at this and that place, but I take no notice, and keep still in my retreat. Moritz, some countrymen in the house, and a brave Swiss compose my society. I also go to Angelica and Councillor Reiffenstein, everywhere ruminating my thoughts, and there is nobody I commit myself to. Lucchesini is again here, a man who sees all the world, and whom you, like all the world, are bound to see; he well knows and does his business, unless I greatly err. In my next I shall write to you about a few persons whose acquaintance I hope soon to make.

Egmont is on the anvil, and I trust it will turn out a good job. At any rate in the making of it I have

hitherto all along had monitions in my mind which have not betrayed me. It is very strange to think how I have so often been hindered from concluding the piece, and that it is now to be finished in Rome. The first act is matured and copied out clean, and there are whole scenes in the piece which no longer require touching up.

I have so much occasion to ruminate on all kinds of art, that, with the nutriment it receives, my *Wilhelm Meister* swells to a great size. The things I have been so long meditating and cherishing must now first be finally disposed of to make room for new. I am old enough, and if any more work is to be got out of me, I must have done with dawdling. As you may easily suppose, there are a hundred fresh things buzzing in my head, and the whole difficulty is not thinking but *executing*. 'Tis a plaguy concern, giving a subject one particular determinate shape it must for ever retain. I should now like to say a good deal about art, but without the works of art for mutual reference, how say anything? I hope to clear away many a little obstacle; don't therefore grudge me my time I spend here so strangely and wonderfully; indulge me so far through the good opinion of your love.

I must close this time, and against my will send you a blank page. The heat of the day was great, and towards evening I fell asleep.

Rome, 9 *July*.

For the future I'll write you by instalments all through the week, so that neither the heat of a post-day nor any other mischance will cheat me out of the pleasure of saying to you a reasonable word in due course. Yesterday I saw and again saw a great deal; I was in as many perhaps as twelve churches, where the finest altar-pieces are to be seen.

After that I was with Angelica in the house of the Englishman Moore, a landscape painter, whose pictures are for the most part excellently well thought out. Among other things he has painted a deluge, quite unique in its way. Instead of having, like other artists, an open

sea conveying the idea of one wide but not necessarily profound mass of waters, he has presented a deep valley shut in by mountains, into which at last plunge the ever rising floods. In the appearance of the rocks you perceive how the element is mounting to the pinnacles, and looking across to the hinder end of the valley, and observing how all is enclosed by steep cliffs, you are seized with horror. All is painted grey on grey. The miry, earth-churning waters and the pelting rain mingle into one; the water plunges and pelts from the rocks as if the huge mass would dissolve into the universal element, and, like an overcast moon, the ineffectual sun flickers dropsically through the waste of waters without shedding any light, though it is not yet night. In the middle, on the foreground, is an isolated platform of rock on which some helpless men seek refuge while the flood is every moment swelling up to overwhelm them. The whole is incredibly well thought. The picture is large; maybe seven to eight feet broad, five to six feet deep. Of the other pictures—a splendidly beautiful Morning, a superlative Night—I say nothing.

For three complete days there has been a festival in the Church of the Ara Coeli in honour of the beatification of two saints of the order of St. Franciscus. The decoration of the church, the music, the illumination and the fireworks at night drew a large crowd of people thither. The Capitol standing near by was also illuminated, and the fireworks were let off in the Square. The whole, though but a copy of St. Peter's, was very beautiful. The Roman ladies come out on such an occasion, accompanied by their husbands and friends, dressed at night in white with a black waistband; nice and pretty. In the Corso, too, at night, you see crowds jostling on foot and driving, people not stirring from their houses by day. The heat is very tolerable, a cool breeze having these days been always blowing. I keep close in my cool salon, quiet and happy.

I am diligent; and my *Egmont* advances apace. It is odd that they are just at present acting in Brussels the very scenes I penned twelve years ago; a great deal will now be taken for pasquinade.

Rome, 16 *July*, *Night.*

It is now far on in the night and you do not notice it; for the street is full of people singing, playing on guitars and violins, shifting places with each other, streaming up and down. The nights are cool and refreshing, the days not intolerably hot.

Yesterday I was with Angelica at the Farnesina, where is painted the Fable of Psyche. How often, in how many situations, have I contemplated with you the bright copies of these pictures in my rooms! The thought struck me forcibly, knowing as I did from the copies these representations almost by heart. This salon, or rather gallery, is the most beautiful I know in respect of decoration, notwithstanding all the destruction and restoration it has sustained.

To-day was beast-baiting in the mausoleum of Augustus. This large building, empty inside, open above and quite round, is now turned into an amphitheatre, an arena for bull-baiting. It will hold from four to five thousand persons. The spectacle itself was not very edifying for me.

Tuesday, 17 *July.*

I went in the evening to Albacini's, the restorer of antique statues, to see a torso found among the Farnese possessions which are going to Naples. It is the torso of a sitting Apollo, and perhaps without its match in beauty; at all events it may be reckoned among the very foremost of the works which have come down to us from antiquity.

I dined at Count Friess's; Abbate Casti, who travels with him, recited one of his novels, *The Archbishop of Prague;* not a very honourable production, but written with extraordinary beauty in *Ottave rime.* I already esteemed him as the author of my beloved *Re Teodoro in Venezia.* He has now written a *Re Teodoro in Corsica*, of which I have read the first act, a work also altogether most charming.

Count Friess buys a great deal, and among other things has bought a Madonna by Andrea del Sarto for 600 zechini. Last March, Angelica offered 450 for it, and

would, too, have given the whole, had not her careful husband made some objections. Now they both repent their tardiness. It is an incredibly beautiful picture; one has no idea of such a thing till he has seen it.

And so, day by day, comes something new to the front, which, added to the old and perennial, affords great pleasure. My eye is getting well cultivated; in time I might become a *connoisseur*.

Tischbein complains in a letter of the dreadful heat of Naples. Here, too, it is severe enough. On Tuesday it is said to have been hotter than strangers found it in Spain and Portugal.

Egmont is now written down into the fourth act. I hope it will give you pleasure. In three weeks I expect to be done, and will send it off at once to Herder.

Drawing and illuminating also goes on diligently. You cannot step to the door, cannot take the shortest walk, without meeting objects most worthy of attention. My imagination, my memory is storing itself full with endlessly beautiful subjects.

Rome, 20 *July*.

Just these days have I found out two of my capital faults which have dogged and vexed me all my life long. One is that in any business I wanted, or ought, to undertake, I would never learn the *workmanship*. Therefore it is that with so much natural talent I have done and accomplished so little. All my achievements have been extorted, happily or unhappily, as fortune and chance determined, by sheer force of mind; or if I would set deliberately to do anything well, I was full of misgivings and would never have done. The other fault, nearly allied to the one just mentioned, is that I would never devote so much time to any work or business as was required. Enjoying the happiness of being able to think and compose a great deal in a short time, a regular progressive execution was irksome, and at last intolerable to me. Now I should think the time was come to correct all this. I am in the land of the arts; let me work my way solidly through the department, so that for the rest of my life I may

have peace and joy, and be able to proceed to something else.

Rome is a splendid place for this. Not only do you find all kinds of subjects here, but also all kinds of men who are in earnest about their different pursuits, setting about them according to right methods, to converse with whom is to advance yourself at once, very conveniently and speedily. Heaven be thanked, I begin to learn and receive from others!

And so I find myself, body and soul, better than ever before! Would you but saw it in my productions, and praised my absence! By all I do and think I am united to you. For the rest, I am, to be sure, much alone, and must modify my conversations. That, however, is easier here than elsewhere, there being always something interesting to say to everyone.

Mengs says somewhere of the Apollo Belvedere, that a statue uniting equal greatness of style with more truth in respect of flesh would be the greatest conceivable.

By that torso of Apollo or Bacchus I have already mentioned his wish, his prophecy seems to be fulfilled. My eye is not sufficiently cultivated to decide in so delicate a matter; but personally I am disposed to regard this relic as the most beautiful I have ever seen. Unfortunately it is not even so much as *torso*, the epidermis, too, is washed away in many places; it must have lain under a gutter.

Monday, 23 *July*.

I mounted in the evening Trajan's Column, to enjoy the inestimable view. Looking down from the top by sunset you have quite a splendid sight of the Coliseum, the Capitol close by, the Palatine behind, the town joining on to these. Not till late did I walk slowly through the street. A remarkable object is the square of Monte Cavallo with the obelisk.

Tuesday, 24 *July*.

Went to the Villa Patrizzi, to see the sun setting, to enjoy the fresh air, give my mind a good fill of the picture of the great city, widen and simplify my horizon

with the help of the long lines and enrich it with so many beautiful and varied objects. This evening I saw the square of Antoninus's Column, and the Chigi Palace illumined by the moon; the column, black with age, with a white shining pedestal, under the still more shining sky of night. And what innumerable other objects does one encounter in the course of such a promenade! But how much is required to appropriate only a small part of all this! It requires the life of a man, nay, the lives of many men, learning in progressive stages, each from his predecessor.

Wednesday, 25 *July*.

I have been with Count Friess, visiting the Prince of Piombino's collection of gems.

Friday, 27 *July*.

For the rest, all artists, old and young, help me to maintain and expand my little talent. In perspective and architecture I have advanced, as also in the composition of landscape. I still stick at the live creatures, that is a precipice for me, yet with earnest application, progress might here, too, be made.

I don't know whether I said a word about the concert I gave at the end of last week. I invited such people as have here contributed to my pleasure, and had the singers of the comic opera to perform the best pieces of the last interludes. Every one was pleased and satisfied.

My salon is now beautifully arranged and cleaned; in the great heat you live in it most agreeably. We have had one dull day, one day of rain and thunder; now some bright, not very hot, days.

Sunday, 29 *July*.

I dined with Angelica; it is now arranged I am to be her guest on Sundays. Before dinner we drove to the palace Barberini to see the excellent Leonardi da Vinci and the lady-love of Raphael painted by himself. It is very agreeable to contemplate pictures in the company of

Angelica, her eye being very much cultivated and her knowledge of the mechanics of art so great. With all this, too, she is very sensitive towards all that is beautiful, true and tender, as also incredibly modest.

In the afternoon I was at the house of Chevalier d'Agincourt, a rich Frenchman who is spending his time and money in writing the history of art from its decline to its revival. The collections he has made are highly interesting. You see by them how the human mind throughout the dull obscure period was still ever busy. When the work comes to a head it will be very remarkable.

I have now something very instructive in hand. I have planned and drawn a landscape a clever artist, Dies, is colouring in my presence. By means of this work eye and mind are both getting habituated to colour and harmony. Altogether affairs are progressing well with me; only, as always, I am overdoing things. It is my greatest joy to find that my eye is training itself to precision of form, is readily adapting itself to definite shape and relation, so that my old feeling for attitude ot figures and unity of effect is very sensibly reviving. Everything should now depend on practice.

Sunday, 29 *July*.

I have been with Angelica in the Rondanini Palace. In my first Roman letters you will remember a Medusa which even then clearly discovered its meaning to me, but which now gives me the greatest joy. The sense of the existence of such a thing in the world, of the human possibility of such a thing, doubles the value of a man's life. How gladly would I say something on such a topic, were not all words on such a work the inanest breath. Art is for the eye, not for the tongue, except, at least, in immediate presence. How I take shame to myself for all the art-gossip I formerly joined in! If I can possibly get a good gypsum cast of this Medusa, I shall bring it with me; but it must be of another kind than those here for sale, which frustrate rather than impart and sustain the idea of the original. The mouth, in particular, is unspeakably, inimitably great.

Monday, 30*th*.

I have stayed the whole day at home, diligent at my studies. *Egmont* advances to a close; the fourth act is as good as finished. So soon as it is copied out I will send it by the mounted post. What joy it will give me to hear some words of approbation from you on this production! I feel right young again in writing the piece; would it but make a like fresh impression on the reader! In the evening there was a little ball in the garden behind the house, to which we, too, were invited. Though this is not the dancing time of the year, there was plenty of mirth. The movements of the pretty Italian mice * are not without their peculiarities. Ten years ago they might not have been a matter of indifference to me; now the vein is dried up in me, and I could scarcely stay out this little entertainment to the end. The moonlight nights are altogether incredibly beautiful; the moon's ascent before she has cleared her way through the vapours is yellow and warm, *come il sole d'Inghilterra* (like the English sun), the rest of the night clear and sweet. A cool wind, and everybody springs to life. Till morning there are always people in the streets singing and playing; you sometimes hear duets as fine as, or finer than, anything in an opera or concert.

Tuesday, 31 *July*.

Some moonlight scenes were put on paper; then, over and above, all kinds of good art plied. In the evening I took a walk with a countryman, and we disputed on the relative superiority of Michael Angelo and Raphael; I taking the side of the former, he of the latter. At last we closed in common praise of Leonardo da Vinci. What a happiness it is to me that all these names are ceasing to be names and gradually becoming vital appreciations of the excellent men they stand for!

At night, at the comic opera. A new interlude, *L'Impresario in angustie* (the manager in straits), is quite excellent, and will entertain us for many a night, in spite of the oppressive heat in the play-house. A quintett, in which

* *Die Italiänischen Mäuschen*—an expression recalling Suckling's

"Her feet beneath her petticoats,
Like little mice stole in and out."

the poet recites his piece, which the manager and *prima donna* applaud, while the composer and the *secunda donna* blame it, out of which arises a universal controversy, is truly happy. The eunuchs, disguised as ladies, play their parts ever better, to ever more satisfaction. Really for a casual summer troop they act right prettily. They play with uncommon naturalness and good humour. The heat, however, makes a piteous spectacle of the poor devils.

Narrative.—July.

The better to introduce the matter I am now about to treat, and once more to recommend so momentous an affair to the lovers of natural science, I deem it advisable to transfer here some passages of earlier date which, in the succession of events, may have escaped their attention.

Palermo, Tuesday, 17 *April*, 1787.

It is a real misfortune to be pursued and tempted by many diverse spirits! Early this morning, with the firm settled purpose of continuing my poetical dreams, I set off for the public gardens; but, quite unawares, I was caught by another spectre which has now for some days been on my track. The many plants I had been accustomed to see only in tubs and pots, nay, for most of the year, only under glass frames, here display themselves blithe and fresh under the open heaven, and, attaining as they do to their complete destination, they are the more distinctly observable. In the presence of so many structures new and renewed to me, the old fancy recurred whether it might not be possible for me in the midst of all this profusion to discover the protoplant. For such a plant there necessarily must be, or now could I recognise this or that structure for a plant, were there not a common pattern with which they all conform?

I set to examining the divergences from each other of the many forms around me. The more I examined, the more I perceived similarities rather than differences, and when I brought my botanic terminology to bear on the matter, that was an easy enough business, but of little avail. It

only embarrassed me without helping me a step forward. My fine poetic project was all scared away. The Gardens of Alcinous had vanished, making room for a garden of the world. Why are we moderns, then, so distracted hither and thither, why provoked to problems we cannot so much as take in hand, far less solve?

Naples, 17 *May*, 1787.

I have further to confide to you that I have come close on the secret of the production of plants, and of organization, and that it is the simplest thing conceivable. Under this sky the most beautiful observations can be made. The main point where germination proceeds I have mastered clearly and indisputably, all the rest I already comprehend as a whole, only a few points requiring to be more precisely defined. The protoplant (Urpflanze) is the most wonderful creature in the world, for the possession of which nature itself should envy me. With this model and the key to it, new plants may be multiplied *ad infinitum*—plants of inevitable derivation which, if not yet possessing a sensible existence, are at least capable of such, plants by no means the shows and illusions of painters and poets but constitutionally real and necessary. The same law may be applied to everything organic.

To facilitate further understanding, be it here briefly said:—It had become clear to me that in that organ of the plant we usually denominate the leaf lay concealed the true Proteus who knows how to hide and reveal himself in all shapes. Forwards and backwards the plant is ever only leaf, so inseparably united with the future germ that the one cannot be conceived without the other. To grasp, to carry about such an idea, to trace it out in nature is a task which sets me in a state of painful bliss.

Disturbing Observations on Nature.

Whoever has had experience of a richly comprehensive thought, whether originating in himself or communicated to and inoculated into him by others, will confess what a

passionate tumult was thereby excited in his mind, and how, anticipating in their entirety the consequences and results of the conception down through a long series, he felt himself as if inspired. Recalling all this he will not be surprised if, in a similar situation, I should be passionately possessed and carried away by my thought, and if not exclusively absorbed in it, yet unable to disengage myself from it all my life through.

However much, then, I was penetrated by the new conception, to the very roots of my nature, no regular study of the subject was yet to be thought of after my return to Rome. Poetry, art and antiquity, each in a certain measure demanded all my powers, and hardly in my life have I spent more laborious, more toilsomely busy days than in that city. To specialists it will, perhaps, appear all too naïve if I relate how, day by day, in every garden I entered, in all my walks, in little pleasure trips, I was always seeking to make myself master of the plants I observed. Particularly when the season for the ripening of the seed set in, I was greatly interested in noticing how many of them came to life. In this way I turned my attention to the unshapely *Cactus opuntia*, and observed with pleasure how in all innocence it unfolded itself dicotyledonously in two tender small blades, though afterwards with further growth developing towards its future unshapeliness.

With seed-capsules, too, I had a somewhat striking experience. I had brought several of those of the *Acanthus mollis* home, and laid them in an open little box. One night I heard a crackling sound, followed shortly by a saltation of little bodies, as it appeared to me, towards ceiling and walls. I could not at once explain the phenomenon to myself, but afterwards, found the pods burst open and the seeds lying scattered about. The dryness of the room had in a few days precipitated the ripeness to such a degree of elasticity.

Among the many seeds which I observed in this way I have yet a few to mention which grew up to a greater or less height, to my memory, in old Rome. Kernels of pines opened quite remarkably; they shot up as if enclosed in an egg, soon, however, threw off their hull, and, in a

cross of green needles, already showed the rudiments of their future destination.

If the foregoing refers to propagation by means of seeds, propagation by means of slips was not less attended to, and that, in particular, by Councillor Reiffenstein, who in all his walks, tearing off a twig here and there, would assert to a degree of pedantry that if planted in the earth each must at once begin to bud. As decisive argument he showed us shoots of this kind, which had struck good root in his garden. And of how much consequence for botanical gardening have such general experiments of propagation proved to be!—a fact I should have liked well he had lived to see.

Most striking, however, to me was a tall-grown shrub-like nettle stalk. The powerful force of life and increase in this plant is well known; on its twigs shoot presses close on shoot, node is wedged into node. This is now intensified here with length of life, and out of unsearchably narrow compass the buds are pushed into the highest possible complexity, so that even the complete flower has again brought forth from her bosom four complete flowers.

Seeing no other means of preserving this wondrous structure, I undertook to draw an exact copy of it, by which I attained to greater insight into the fundamental conception of metamorphosis. With so many things resting on me, my distraction became only more acute, and my stay in Rome, the end of which I had in prospect, grew ever more painful and burdensome.

After having now for a long time kept my privacy inviolate and far removed from all the distractions of the upper classes, I committed a mistake which drew on me the attention of the whole quarter, as also of society, which is always looking about for new and extraordinary occurrences. The case was this: Angelica never went to the theatre, for what reason we did not inquire. We, however, passionate lovers of the stage, as we were, could never enough praise in her presence the grace and ability of the singers, as also the power of our Cimarosa's music, and there was no more ardent desire in our hearts than that she should share in such enjoyments. It thus happened that our young people, in particular Bury, who stood on

the best footing with the singers and the devotees of music, induced them in an enthusiastic moment to offer to sing and play on some fitting occasion in our salon before us their warm and admiring friends. This proposal, after being frequently agitated, determined on and postponed, at last came to a happy realization. Concert-leader Kranz, a practised violinist in the service of the Duke of Weimar, having unexpectedly arrived among us on furlough granted him to perfect himself in his art, soon brought the matter to a decision. He laid his talent in the scale of the lovers of music, and we found ourselves in a position to invite Madame Angelica, her husband, Hofrath Reiffenstein, Herren Jenkins, Volpato and others to whom we owed services of politeness, to a seemly festival. Jews and upholsterers ornamented the salon, the landlord of the nearest café undertook the supply of refreshments. Enough, a brilliant concert was given in the fairest of summer nights, when crowds of people, assembled under our open windows, clapped applause to the songs as though they had been in a theatre.

But what was more striking, a carriage filled with an orchestra of musical amateurs, taking a nocturnal pleasure-drive though the town, drew up in front of our windows, and, after they had awarded enthusiastic applause to the performance they heard, there arose from their midst a powerful bass voice, fitly appending to the foregoing music one of the most popular airs from the very opera we were giving selections of, accompanied by all the instruments. We returned the fullest applause, the people, too, struck in with spontaneous clapping of hands, and every one asserted that though he had frequently taken part in a night entertainment, he had never been present at one so perfectly and accidentally successful.

Now, however, our dwelling, everyway respectable, no doubt, but altogether quiet, standing opposite the Rondanini Palace, all at once attracted the attention of the Corso. A rich "Milordo," so it ran, must have here taken up his residence, though among the known personages, no one could single out and decipher him. It is true had such a festival, which was given by artists to artists from pure love, and at little expense, been provided at the actual cost

in money, the outlay would have been very considerable. We now, of course, resumed our former quiet life, but could not cast off the imputation of wealth and high birth.

The arrival of Count Friess gave new occasion for lively society. He had with him Abbate Casti, who produced great mirth by the reading of his *Tales of Gallantry*, not yet printed. His gay and free discourse seemed to call completely to life those representations replete with spirit and talent. We only regretted that a rich lover of art of such good dispositions was not always served by the most trustworthy men. The purchase of a spurious carved stone gave rise to much talk and vexation. He could, on the other hand, congratulate himself on the acquisition of a beautiful statue representing a Paris, or, in the opinion of others, a Mithras. The counterfeit stands now in the Museo Pio Clementino; both were found together in a sand-pit. It was not, however, enough for him to be the prey of art-brokers, he had, besides, many an adventure to get through. Careless, moreover, as he was of himself during the hot season of the year, he could not miss being attacked by many a trouble which embittered the last days of his stay. To me this was the more painful that I owed him many civilities, having for one thing had the happiness of visiting with him the Prince of Piombino's excellent collection of gems.

At Count Friess's, besides dealers in art, you met a species of literati strolling about in Abbe costume. There was no agreeable conversation with them. I had scarcely broached the subject of national poetry and endeavoured to gain instruction on one and another point, when all at once, without any beating about the bush, the question was started, Which was the greater poet, Ariosto or Tasso? If you answered, "God and Nature be praised that favoured one nation with two such excellent men, each of whom, in accordance with his time and situation, with his talents and sentiments, has afforded us the most splendid experiences, has calmed and delighted us," a rational word of that kind would pass with none of them. The poet they had decided for was extolled higher and

higher, the other being disparaged lower and lower. At first I tried to defend the depreciated poet, and make good his excellencies. My learned friends were not, however, to be put off their game; they had taken sides, and would not budge an inch from their position. The same assertions being now repeated over and over again, I, too much in earnest for dialectic controversy on such subjects, withdrew myself altogether from the conversation, especially when I perceived how it was all mere phrases which, without any particular interest in the subject, each went on pronouncing and asserting.

The case, however, was much worse when Dante turned up for discussion. A young man of position and talent, possessing also some real sense of that extraordinary man, did not take my expressions of esteem and admiration with the best good grace, assuring me, as he did with all complacency, that no foreigner need try to understand so extraordinary a mind, the Italians themselves being unable to follow him in every particular. After some speech back and forward, I at last got out of humour, and confessed I was disposed to agree with him, as I had never been able to comprehend how any man could take up his time with those poems. "The hell was to me altogether horrible, the purgatory neither one thing nor another, and the Paradise dreadfully slow." This greatly pleased him, showing as it did the justness of his observation, and how incompetent I was to fathom the height and depth of such poems. We parted the best of friends, he even promised to communicate and explain to me some hard passages he had long been cogitating, and had at last made out.

With artists and virtuosos the intercourse was, unfortunately, not more edifying. You, however, at last pardoned in others a fault you had to confess in yourself. Now it was Raphael, now Michel Angelo who was assigned the first place. All this only proved what a limited creature is man, and how, though his mind should open to the appreciation of something great, he is yet incapable of equally recognising and estimating different kinds of greatness.

If we missed Tischbein's presence and influence, he made up this loss to us as far as possible by very vivid

letters. Besides receiving from him many a clever sketch of an odd incident, and many views replete with mind, we were more particularly informed as to his work by his drawing and sketch of a picture with which he then distinguished himself. In half figures we there saw Orestes recognised by Iphigenia at the sacrificial altar, and the furies which had hitherto been pursuing him there and then disappear. Iphigenia was the very successful likeness of Lady Hamilton, who was then shining at the zenith of her beauty and reputation. One of the furies, too, was ennobled through likeness with her who was then the universal prototype for heroines, muses and demi-goddesses. An artist able for such performances was sure of a good reception in the considerable social circle of Ritter Hamilton.

AUGUST.

Correspondence.

Rome, 1 *August*, 1787.

The whole day long, diligent and quiet on account of the heat. The greatest pleasure I have in the great heat is the thought that you, too, are having a good summer in Germany. Here it is a high enjoyment to see the hay led in, there being no rain whatever at this season of the year, and people being at liberty to ply agriculture (if agriculture you may call it) at their own good time.

In the evening I bathed in the Tiber, in well-erected bathing-houses, then took a walk to Trinità de' Monti, enjoying the fresh air in the moonlight. The moons here are the moons of fancy or fable.

The fourth act of *Egmont* is done; in my next I hope to announce to you the conclusion of the piece.

Without date.

On my return through Switzerland I shall give heed to Magnetism. The matter is neither all vanity nor all deception. Only the men who have hitherto been associated with it are objects of suspicion to me: mountebanks, notorieties and prophets, who want to make a great deal of little, would fain be in the public eye, &c.

We have in history the famous witch epoch, which psychologically has not yet been nearly explained to me; this has made me observant and suspicious of everything wonderful.

My conception of witches in connexion with magnetism is a somewhat wide association of ideas that I cannot pursue on this bit of paper.

Yesterday, after sunset—you cannot go out here sooner on account of the heat—I was in the Villa Borghese. How I wished that you were with me! I at once found four splendid scenes which one might well copy if he could. In landscape and in drawing generally, I must advance, cost what it will. During the walk I contrived how to end *Egmont*. When I set to it, the business will go on rapidly.

Rome, 11 *August*.

I shall stay in Italy till next Easter. I cannot now run away from school. If I only hold out I shall certainly bring matters so far as to make my friends rejoice with me. You shall always have letters from me; you will thus have the idea of an absent living, instead of a present dead, person, such as you have so often regretted.

Egmont is done, and will be ready to go off the end of this month. Till then I await your judgment with pain.

No day passes in which I do not grow in the knowledge and practice of art. Like an open bottle plunged into water you cannot help filling here, if only you are receptive and appreciative; the art element washes in on you from every side.

The good summer you are having I could prophecy here. We have a perfectly steady pure sky, and in midday dreadful heat, which, however, I pretty well escape in my cool salon. I will spend September and October in the country, drawing from nature. Perhaps I shall go again to Naples to enjoy Hackert's instruction. He did more for me in a fortnight in the country than I could have done for myself in years. I send you nothing yet, keeping back a dozen little sketches in order to forward you something good in one lot.

This week has passed quietly and diligently. In per-

spective, especially, I have learned a great deal. Verschaffeldt, a son of the Mannheim Director, has studied this branch thoroughly and has communicated to me his art-pieces. Some moonlight scenes, too, have been put on the board and washed in in sepia, not to speak of other ideas which, however, are almost too crazy to be communicated.

I have written the Duchess a long letter advising her to defer her journey to Italy for another year. Were she to leave in October she would arrive in this beautiful land just at the time the weather was on the turn and her sport would be all spoiled to her. If she pays heed to me on this and other points she will have a happy time of it, supposing fortune, too, stands her in good stead. I heartily wish her this journey.

As for me and others, we are amply provided for, and the future we will await with composure. No man can change his identity, no man can escape his constitution, his fate. By this letter you will discern the course I have resolved on, and I trust approve it. I repeat nothing here.

I shall write often, and in spirit be ever with you all the winter through. *Tasso* comes after the new year. *Faust*, sailing on his cloak, shall as courier announce my arrival. I have then a main epoch entirely finished behind me, and can begin anew and take up whatever Providence lays on me. I feel in lighter spirits, and am grown almost another man from what I was a year ago.

I live in wealth and abundance of all that is genuinely dear and beneficial to me, and these few months for the first time I have rightly enjoyed my existence here. For the world is now clearing up before me and art is growing to me a second nature, born out of the heads of the greatest men, like Minerva out of the head of Jupiter. Out of this fulness poured into me, you should draw entertainment in the future for days, nay, for years long.

I wish you all a good September. At the end of August, when all our birthdays meet, I will faithfully remember you. With the decline of the heat I will go to the country to draw there; meanwhile I do what is doable in the room, but must often pause. In the evening, especially, one must take heed against cold.

Rome, 18 *August*, 1787.

This week I have been obliged to relax in some measure my northern activity. The first days were quite too hot. I have, therefore, not done so much as I wished. These two days, however, we have the most beautiful tramontane breezes and a very free current of air. September and October must be a pair of heavenly months.

Yesterday, before sunrise, I drove to Acqua Acetosa. Verily, one might well lose his senses in contemplating the clearness, the manifoldness, the dewy transparency, the heavenly hue of the landscape, especially in the distance.

Moritz now studies antiquities, and is humanising them for the use of youth and every thinking man, purging them of all book-mould and school-dust.

He has a very happy, correct way of looking at things. I hope he will take time to acquire thoroughness. We take walks together in the evening, and he relates to me the part he has been thinking through during the day, and what he has read in authors. The gap which would otherwise be left in me in consequence of my other occupations, and which could only later on be closed up with difficulty, is thus happily precluded. During my walk, too, I take notice of buildings, streets, sites and monuments, and, after my return home, a picture of whatever has most struck my attention, is amid all the gossip jestingly brought to paper. I enclose you herewith the sketch I took in this way yesterday evening. It gives you some idea of the view which presents itself when you approach the Capitol from behind.

On Sunday I was with the good Angelica looking at the pictures of Prince Aldobrandini, in particular an excellent Leonardo da Vinci. She is not happy, as she ought to be with her really great talent and her daily increasing fortune. She is tired of painting for money, and yet her old husband thinks it very pretty to see heavy money coming in for light work, as it often is. She would now fain use her eye and hand to her own satisfaction with more leisure, care and study, as she might do. They have no children, cannot consume their income, and, in addition, with moderate pains she earns enough for every day. Such

shop-work, however, amounts to nothing, and will amount to nothing. She speaks very sincerely with me. I have told her my mind, have given her my advice, and cheer her up as often as I am with her. Let one speak of want and misfortune when those who have enough cannot use it and enjoy it! She has an incredible and, for a woman, really immense talent. You must see and appreciate what she *is doing*, not what she *has done*. Of how many artists does their work stand the test if you will examine the shortcomings?

And so, my dear ones, Rome, the Roman life, art and artists are growing ever more familiar to me; I see and know their ways. They are getting near to me, becoming incorporated with my nature; living with them, having my walk and conversation with them as I do. Every mere social visit gives rise to false ideas. People would like to entice me here, too, out of my stillness and methodic arrangements and draw me into the world. I guard myself as well as I can—promise, delay, slip out of it, again promise—and play the Italian with the Italians. Buoncompagni, Cardinal Secretary of State, has very nearly clutched hold of me, but shall evade him till the middle of September, when I go to the country. I am as shy of ladies and gentlemen as I would be of the plague; I feel ill as often as I see them driving.

Rome, 23 *August*, 1787.

Your dear letter (No. 24) I received the day before yesterday, just as I was going to the Vatican, and read, and again read it on the way, as also in the Sistine Chapel, so often as I rested from seeing and observing. I cannot express to you how much I desired to have you with me, in order that you might only catch an idea of what one single whole man can do and accomplish. Without having seen the Sistine Chapel, one can have no conception of the faculty of one man. You hear and read of many great and brave men; here, however, they meet you in quite living forms above your head, before your eyes. I have been saying a great deal to you, and would it all stood on this sheet! You want to know about *me*. How much I could

say! For in reality I am new-born, renewed, filled out. I feel that my powers are all coming to their completion, and hope to do something yet. For some time I have been thinking earnestly on landscape and architecture, have also *attempted* something, and now see my road clearly before me, and how far I can push forward.

Now at last the Alpha and Omega of all known things, the human figure, has taken hold of me and I of it, and I say, "Lord, I will not let thee go unless thou bless me, though I should wrestle myself lame." With drawing I cannot get on, and have, therefore, made up my mind for modelling, and *that* seems disposed to move—at least I have come on a thought which much facilitates my way to me. It would be too prolix to detail, and it is better to do than to talk. Suffice to say, my obstinate study of nature, and the care with which I went to work in the study of comparative anatomy, enable me in nature and the antiques to survey as a whole a great deal which the artists search out with difficulty in particulars, and which, when they at last discover, they possess only for themselves, and cannot impart to others.

I have again fetched forth all my physiognomic art-pieces, which, from pique at the prophets, I had thrown into the corner, and they come very advantageously to my hand. A Hercules' head is commenced; if this succeeds, we will proceed further.

So far removed as I now am from the world and all wordly things, it appears to me quite strange when I read a newspaper. The fashion of this world passeth away; I should like to busy myself only with permanent relations, and so, according to the doctrine of ——,* first of all create eternity for my mind.

Yesterday, I saw at Ritter Worthley's, who has made a journey to Greece, Egypt, &c., a number of drawings. What most interested me were drawings from bas-reliefs which are on the frieze of Minerva's temple at Athens, works of Phidias. Nothing more beautiful can be conceived than the few simple figures. For the rest, there was little charm in the many drawings of objects; the places were not happy, the architecture, however, better.

* Fichte.

Farewell for to-day! My bust is being taken, and that has cost me three mornings this week.

Rome, 28 *August*, 1787.

These days a great deal of good has befallen me, and by way of feast there has arrived to-day Herder's little book full of noble divine thoughts. It was consolatory and refreshing to me to read such pure and beautiful conceptions in this Babel, the mother of so much deception and error, and to consider how now is the time when such sentiments, such modes of thought could and might be diffused. I shall still often read the little book in my solitude and lay it to heart, as also pen down observations respecting it which might give occasion for future colloquies.

I have been searching ever more widely about me in the contemplation of art, and now survey almost the whole problem resting on me to solve, though, when solved, nothing is yet done. Perhaps there will be another occasion to do that easier and better for which I am disposed by talent and skill.

The French Academy has exhibited its works. There are interesting things among them. Pindar, praying the Gods for a happy end, falls into the arms of a boy he dearly loves, and dies. The picture has much merit. An architect has executed quite a pretty idea; he has drawn the Rome of the present day from a side on which it looks well in all its parts. Then, on another paper he has represented ancient Rome seen from the same standpoint. The places on which the old monuments stood are known, their forms also for the most part, the ruins of many of them being still left. The new has thus been all done away with and the old re-established, as it may have appeared about the times of Diocletian, all showing as much taste as research, and most charmingly coloured.

What I can do, I do, and load myself with as many of these conceptions and talents as I can drag along; and yet in this way I secure what is most real.

Have I already told you that Trippel is working at my bust? The Prince of Waldeck ordered it of him. He has

by this time almost finished it, and it makes a good whole. It is worked in a very solid style. When the model is done he will take a gypsum cast from it, and then at once begin the marble, which he wishes, finally, to work out from life; for what can be done in this material can be attained in no other.

Angelica is at present painting a picture that will be very successful; the mother of the Gracchi showing her children, as her best treasures, to a friend who was displaying her jewels. It is a natural and very happy composition.

How beautiful it is to sow and have a reaping-time! I have here kept entirely secret that to-day is my birth-day, and on getting up thought, "Shall nothing, then, by way of celebration, come from home?" and, behold! there is your packet handed me, and exceedingly it pleases me! I at once set myself to read it, am now at the end of it, and straightway write down my heartiest thanks.

Now I should like first to be among you, then should we start a conversation by way of carrying out to their remote consequences some specified points. Enough, that too will be our portion. I return thanks with all my heart that a pillar is set up from which henceforward we can count our miles. With vigorous steps I roam the fields of nature and art, whence, with joy, I shall go forth to meet you.

I have to-day, after receipt of your letter, once more thought the matter through, and must stick by this: my study of art, my authorship, both require the time I am yet to spend here. In art I must bring my affairs to such a point that all becomes personal knowledge (*anschauende Kentniss*), and nothing remains tradition and name, and I will of necessity extort this result in half a year, and nowhere but in Rome is this to be extorted. My bits of things (*Sächelchen*), for very diminutive they seem to me, I must conclude at least with composure and pleasure.

Then will everything draw me back to the Fatherland. And though I were to lead an isolated private life, I have so much to bring up and integrate that I see no rest before me for ten years.

In natural history I bring with me for you things you do not expect. I believe I am coming very near to the *How* of organisation. You will contemplate with joy these manifestations—not fulgurations—of God, and instruct me who in old and modern times has found and thought the same, or contemplated such things from exactly the same side or from a standpoint not far removed from mine.

NARRATIVE.—AUGUST.

At the beginning of this month my purpose became settled to stay another winter in Rome. I both felt and clearly perceived that were I to leave now it would be in a state of complete immaturity, and that, moreover, nowhere else would I find such scope and such quiet for the conclusion of my works. And now when I sent an intimation of this home, a new period began for me.

The great heat which gradually intensified, imposing limit and measure on a too impetuous activity, caused those places to be especially desirable which allowed one to pass his time in quiet and coolness. The Sistine chapel offered the most beautiful opportunity for this. Just at this time Michel Angelo had anew gained the reverence of artists; besides his other great qualities he was said to be unsurpassed in colouring, and it became the fashion to dispute which had the more genius, he or Raphael. The transfiguration of the latter was withal very rigorously blamed, the *Disputa* was named as the best of his works; all which indicated the predilection that afterwards asserted itself in favour of the old school. This the quiet observer could regard as but a symptom of half and impeded talents, and in no way indentify himself with it.

It is so difficult to comprehend *one* great talent, let alone *two* simultaneously! By partisanship we lighten the task for ourselves. For this reason the estimation of artists and authors is always vacillating, and the one or the other exclusively rules the day. Suchlike disputes did not lead me astray. I left them to themselves and busied myself with the contemplation of all that was valuable and worthy. The predilection for the great

Florentine passed from artists to virtuosos. Bury and Lips were at this time both commissioned by Count Friess to prepare water-colour copies in the Sistine chapel. The keeper was well paid, he admitted us in by the back door beside the altar, and we stayed there at pleasure. There was no want of refreshments, and I remember once, wearied by the great heat of the day, taking a siesta on the papal chair.

Careful tracings were made of the lower heads and figures of the altar pictures which could be reached with the ladder, first with white chalk on black gauze frames, then with red chalk on large sheets of paper.

Turning to the more ancient artists, people praised in like measure Leonardo da Vinci, whose highly-prized picture, "Christ among the Pharisees," I visited with Angelica in the Aldobrandini Gallery. It had grown a habit for her to drive by my place on Sundays at noon with her husband and Hofrath Reiffenstein, and then, with all possible composure, we made our way through heat intense as that of an oven to some collection or other, where we lingered two or three hours, turning in at the end to her house to a well-spread table. Eminently instructive it was, in the presence of such important works of art, to exchange ideas with these three persons, every one of whom was in her and his way theoretically, practically, aesthetically and technically cultivated.

Ritter Worthley, who had returned from Greece, kindly let us see the drawings he had brought with him, among which the copies of Phidias's works in the front of the Acropolis left a decided and ineffaceable impression on me, an impression all the stronger that, under the stimulus of the mighty figures of Michel Angelo, I had more than ever before turned my attention and study to the human body.

A considerable epoch, however, in the eventful world of art was inaugurated at the end of the month by the exhibition of the French Academy. By David's *Horatii*, the French bore off the palm in the field of art. Tischbein was thereby incited to commence in life-size his "Hector challenging Paris in the presence of Helena." By Drouais, Gagnereaux, the Marés, Gauffier, St. Ours, the reputation of the French is maintained; while Boguet, a landscape painter in the style of Poussin, acquires distinction.

Moritz had meanwhile been cultivating the old mythology. He had come to Rome in order, in his former fashion, to procure himself, by means of a book of travels, the wherewithal for travelling. A bookseller had advanced him funds, but, during his residence at Rome, he soon learned that a light loose diary is not a publication to be ventured on with impunity. Through his daily conversations, through his contemplation of eminent works of art, the thought suggested itself to him to frame in a purely human sense a theory of the gods of the ancients, and to publish such a work with illustrative lithographic sketches. He laboured diligently at his task, nor was our circle wanting in suggestive conversations with him on the subject.

An exchange of ideas in the highest degree agreeable and instructive, having, too, an immediate relation to my wishes and purposes, I opened with the sculptor Trippel in his studio as he was modelling my bust that he had to execute in marble for the Prince of Waldeck. No conditions could have been more favourable for a special study of the human figure, and for enlightenment on its proportions both fixed and varying. This portion of time was rendered doubly interesting to me by the fact that Trippel made the acquaintance of an Apollo's head, which had hitherto escaped notice, in the collection of the Giustiniani Palace. He regarded it as one of the noblest works of art, and cherished the hope of purchasing it, a hope, however, not destined to be fulfilled. This antique has since become celebrated, and came later into the hands of Herr von Portalis at Neufchatel.

But as the sailor who ventures out to sea is constrained by wind and weather to steer now in this, now in that direction, so was it with me. Verschaffeldt opened a course of perspective, to which we assembled in the evening, when a numerous company listened to his doctrines and at once reduced them to practice. An excellent feature in these lectures was that the lecturer confined himself within the sphere of the sufficient, and did not confuse us with more than we required.

Out of this contemplative, active, busy calm, where I found myself so blessed, people would gladly have wrenched me. The unlucky concert we had given came

to be much the talk of Rome, where all manner of gossip is as lively as in small towns. I and my literary works were now become the objects of attention; I had read the *Iphigenia* and other things to my friends, which was also talked of. Cardinal Buoncompagni desired to see me, but I clung fast to my familiar hermitage, which I could do all the better since Hofrath Reiffenstein obstinately asserted that as I had not let myself be presented by him no one else could do it. This proved greatly to my advantage, and I always made use of his authority to secure myself in the retirement I had expressly chosen.

SEPTEMBER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, 1 *September*, 1787.

To-day I can say *Egmont* is done; for some time I have been working at it here and there. I send it by way of Zürich, wishing Kayser to compose some interludes, and what else in the way of music may be needed. Then I wish you joy of it.

My art studies make very good progress. My principle is of universal application, and unlocks everything to me. All that artists have painfully to grope after in detail stands free and open to me in its integrity. I am perfectly sensible of how much I do not know, and see my way clearly to all knowledge and all comprehension.

Herder's divinity has had a very good effect on Moritz; undoubtedly it is an epoch in his life, his mind has taken a bias in that direction, for which it was prepared through his intercourse with me; like well dried wood, he broke at once into a bright flame.

Rome, 3 *September*.

'Tis a year to-day since I left Carlsbad. What a year, and what a remarkable epoch for me is this day—this day, the Duke's birthday, and the birthday to me also

of a new life! What use I have made of this year I cannot now count up either to myself or to others, I hope the time will come, the fair hour, when I shall be able to sum it all up with you.

Now for the first time my studies here commence; had I left earlier, I had not seen Rome at all. One has no thought whatever of all that is here to be seen and learnt; outside, no conception of it is possible.

I have again come to the study of the Egyptian things. These days I have been several times to see the great obelisk which is still lying in a court in a broken state, amid filth and rubbish. It was the obelisk of Sesostris, set up in Rome to the honour of Augustus, and stood as gnomon to the great sun-dial drawn on the ground of the Campus Martius. This, the oldest and most splendid of many monuments, now lies there broken, some sides of it disfigured, probably by fire. And nevertheless it yet lies there, and the sides not destroyed are still as fresh as though they had been made yesterday, and of the most beautiful work of their kind. I am getting a sphinx at the top, as also the faces of sphinxes, men and birds, moulded from it and cast in gypsum. It is necessary to make acquisition of these invaluable treasures, especially as it is said the Pope wants to set up the obelisk again, when the hieroglyphs will no longer be within reach. I will have the same thing done with the best Etrurian things as well, etc. I am now modelling in clay after these images in order to rightly appropriate everything.

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Rome, 5 *September*.

I must write on a morning which will be a festal morning for me; for to-day, properly, *Egmont* is quite fully completed. The title and the persons are written down and some gaps I had left filled up. I now rejoice beforehand in the hour when you will receive and read it. Some drawings are to accompany it.

———

Rome, 6 *September*.

I had purposed writing you a great deal, and in the last letter telling you all manner of things; now I

have been interrupted, and to-morrow I set off for Frascati. This letter must go on Saturday, and now only a parting word or two more. Probably you have at present beautiful weather also, as we are enjoying under this pure heaven. I have ever new thoughts, and the subjects around me being thousandfold they call forth in response now this and now that idea in me. The currents streaming along many channels, all converge, however, to one point, and I am able to say that I now see whither I and my faculties are definitely tending—so old must one grow to gain a tolerable idea of his own state. It is, therefore, not the Swabians alone that need forty years to learn sense.

I hear Herder is unwell, and am anxious about it; I hope soon to hear better news.

Things go ever well with me in body and soul, and I can almost hope a radical healing. Everything flows without impediment from my hand, and sometimes there wafts on me a breeze from the season of youth. *Egmont* goes with this letter, but will arrive later, as I send it by the mail-coach. I am full of curiosity and longing to hear what you will say to it. Perhaps it were good to begin with the printing at once. I should be glad to have the pieces come so fresh in the hands of the public. See how you will manage it; I will not be behindhand with the rest of the volume.

"*God*" gives me the best of company. Moritz has been really edified by the book; it was just this work that was wanting, which, like a corner stone, concludes and consolidates all his thoughts that would otherwise fall asunder. Things are going right bravely. *Me* he has encouraged to push further forward in Nature, where, particularly in botany, I have come on a ἓν καὶ πᾶν (one and everything) which sets me in astonishment; how comprehensive it is I cannot myself yet say.

The principle I observe in explaining works of art, and at once interpreting in relation to the whole those points in reference to which artists and connoisseurs have, since the restoration of art, been groping and studying themselves to distraction, I find more correct on every application. It is, in point of fact, a Columbus's egg. Without

telling them of the master-key I possess, I now go through the different parts in order with the artists, and see what advancement they have made, how much they have mastered and how far they fall short. The door is open to me and I stand on the threshold, though, alas! I shall be able only to look about me in the temple, when I must off again.

So much is indubitable, the old artists have had just as great a knowledge of Nature, and just as sure a conception of what is capable of representation, as also of *how* things are to be represented, as Homer. Unfortunately, the number of works of art of the first class is all too little. Once, however, these are seen, one has no other wish than rightly to understand them and then in peace to pursue his way. These high works of art are also the highest works of Nature, produced by men in accordance with true and natural laws. All arbitrariness, all self-conceit is banished; all is necessity, God.

In a few days I shall see the works of a clever architect who was himself in Palmyra, and has drawn the objects with great understanding and taste. I shall at once send you intelligence regarding these things, and longingly await your thoughts on such important ruins.

Rejoice with me that I am happy. Verily I can say I never was so to the measure I now am. To be able with all composure and purity to satisfy an innate passion, and to be assured of lasting profit in permanent enjoyment, is surely no small thing. Could I but communicate to my beloved ones some of my enjoyments and my feelings!

I hope the dark clouds in the political heavens will soon disperse. Our modern wars make many unhappy while they last, and no one happy when they are over.

Rome, 14 *September*, 1787.

It is well, my dear ones, that I am a man who lives by his exertions. These past days I have again worked more than enjoyed. The week is now going to an end, and you shall get a sheet from me.

It is a pity the aloe in Belvedere chooses just the year when I am absent for blooming. In Sicily I was too

early for such a sight; here, this year, there is but one blooming, not large, and standing too high to get at. It is, no doubt, an Indian growth, and not properly at home even in this country.

The Englishman's descriptions give me little pleasure. The clergy in England require to be very much on their guard, on the other hand they have the rest of the community very much in their leashes. The free Englishman must in moral writings jog along in a very straight-laced fashion. The tailed-men (*Schwanzmenschen*, ourang-outangs) give me no surprise; according to the description the thing is quite natural. Far more wonderful things are to be seen every day which, however, we pay no heed to, because not so nearly related to us.

That B., like other people, who in the vigour of their days have had no genuine divine reverence, should become pious, as it is called, in old age, is all very well, if only you are not to edify yourself in fellowship with them.

For some days I was with Hofrath Reiffenstein in Frascati; Angelica came on Sunday to fetch us. The place is a paradise.

Erwin and Elmire is already the half of it re-written. I have tried to infuse more life and interest into the piece; the extremely flat dialogue I have entirely flung away. It is school-boy work, or rather rubbish. The pretty songs, on which everything turns, have of course been preserved.

The arts are also pursued with might and main.

My bust is a great success. Everyone is pleased with it. Certainly, it is worked in a beautiful and noble style, and I have no objection to the impression being left on the world that I looked like it. It is now being commenced in marble at once, and will finally be worked in marble from nature. The transport is such a trouble, or I would send you a cast; perhaps I may find opportunity to do so by ship, for in any case I must in the end pack off some chests.

Is Kranz, then, not yet arrived, to whom I gave a box for the children?

They now have, again, quite a charming operetta in the theatre at Valle, after two which turned out miser-

able failures. The people play with much animation and things all harmonise with each other. We shall soon be going to the country. It has rained several times, the weather has cooled, and the fields are again looking green.

The papers will have told you, or are telling you, of the great eruption of Etna.

Rome, 15 *September*.

Now I, too, have read *Trenck's* life. It is interesting enough, and there is no want of reflections to be made on it.

My next letter will tell you of the acquaintance I am to make to-morrow of a remarkable traveller.

Rejoice, for the rest, in my residence here! Rome is now quite familiar to me, and there is scarcely anything more left in it which is beyond my strength. The objects have gradually lifted me up to their height. I enjoy with ever more purity, ever more knowledge; good fortune will ever help me further forward.

Enclosed herewith is a copy I have made of a drawing, and which I beg to communicate to my friends. For this reason, too, is Rome so interesting that it is a centre whither so much gravitates. The things of Cassas are exceedingly beautiful. I have in thought stolen much from him I will bring with me for you.

I am ever diligent. I have now drawn a little head from a gypsum cast to try whether my principle stands the test. I find it completely answerable, facilitating the work to an astonishing degree. People would not believe I did the head, and yet it is a mere nothing. I now see clearly how far with application things can be brought.

On Monday we go again to Frascati. I will take care to post you a letter this day week. After that I shall be going to Albano. It is now my wish to know nothing more, but to produce something and duly practise my faculty. To know and not to do—I have been ill with that illness from youth up, God grant I may at last get over it!

Rome, 22 September.

Yesterday there was a procession in which the blood of St. Francis was carried about. I was making observations on heads and faces while the clerical orders were marching past.

I have procured a collection of two hundred of the best antique gem-engravings. They are the most beautiful specimens in existence of the old works, and in part also chosen for the pretty thoughts they represent. You cannot take anything more precious with you from Rome, especially as the engravings are so exceedingly beautiful and sharp.

How many good things I shall bring with me when I return with my little ship! yet, best of all, a joyous heart, more capable than ever of enjoying the happiness love and friendship are pleased to bestow on me. Now, I must undertake nothing again which does not fall within the sphere of my capacity, outside which I only tire myself out and profit nothing.

Just one slip, my dear ones, must I hastily send you with to-day's post. This was a very remarkable day for me. Letters from many friends, from the Dowager-Duchess, news of the celebration of my birthday, and finally my writings.

It really affects me strangely that these four small volumes, the results of half a lifetime, should visit me at Rome. I can verily say there is not one letter in them which has not been lived, felt, enjoyed, suffered, thought; and for that reason they now all address me so much more vitally. It is my care to see that the four following ones do not fall behind them. I thank you for all you have done in connection with these sheets, and would like to be able to bring joy to you too. Take on you with true hearts the care of the following ones as well.

You vex me in regard to the *Provinces*, and I confess the expression is very inappropriate. You may, however, see by it how in Rome you get accustomed to think of everything in a grandiose style. Really, I seem to get naturalised; for the Romans are blamed for

their disposition to know and talk only *cose grosse* (big things).

I am ever diligent, keeping now to the human figure. O how wide and long is art, and how infinite grows the world if one will but rightly study the finite!

On Tuesday the 25th I go to Frascati, where also I shall toil and moil. Things begin now to move. If only they once went rightly!

It has struck me that in a large city, in a wide circle, the very poorest, the very lowliest has a feeling of himself, whereas in a small place the best and richest citizen can have no feeling of himself, cannot draw breath.

Frascati, 28 *September*, 1787.

I am very happy here, drawing, painting, water-colouring, pasting, the whole day long into the night; handicraft and art plied nightly quite *ex professo*. Hofrath Reiffenstein, my landlord, keeps me company, and gay and blithe are we. In the evening, the villas are visited by moonlight, and even in dusk the most striking subjects are drawn. Some we have hunted up which I should like only once to execute. Now I hope the time of completion will also come. Completion is unattainable only if you aim very high.

Yesterday we drove to Albano and back again; on this journey, too, many birds of fancy were shot in flight. Here, sitting in the very midst of plenitude, one is at liberty to help himself, and I am burning with eagerness to bag each and everything, and I feel my appetite refining in proportion to the number of new objects I take in. If, instead of all this talk, I could only once send you something good! A few trifles with a countryman from here for you.

Probably I shall have the joy of seeing Kayser in Rome. In this way music, too, would be added to my acquisitions, completing the circle the arts are drawing around me, as if they would have me all to themselves, and shut out my personal friends. And yet I hardly dare touch the subject of how very lonely I often feel, and what longing seizes

me to be among you. At bottom I live on in a state of intoxication, unwilling and unable to emerge into sobriety.

With Moritz I have right good hours, and have commenced to explain to him my system of vegetation, writing down each time in his presence how far we have advanced. In this way alone can I bring any of my thoughts to paper. How comprehensible, however, the most abstract part of my theory is, when set forth in the right method to an apprehensive mind, is evidenced in my new scholar. He takes a great pleasure in the doctrine, and is himself always ready with inferences. Still, in any case, the conception is not easy to present in writing, and impossible to understand from reading alone, even were everything adequately and sharply described.

You see, then, how happy I live, finding nothing foreign, but realising all I lived in the life of my father, husbanding my patrimony. Greet all who bear me a kindness, who help me directly or indirectly, who sustain and further me.

Narrative.—September.

The 3rd of September was doubly and thrice memorable to me. It was the birthday of my Prince, who returned my true affection with such manifold bounty; it was the anniversary of my Hegira from Carlsbad, and yet I was not in a position to recount all the influence my translation into a completely new world had exercised on me, all the treasures and acquisitions it had secured me; I had no time even for so much reflection.

Rome has the peculiarly great advantage of being a centre of artistic activity. Cultivated travellers are sure to make it at least a house of call, finding themselves greatly indebted to their longer or shorter stay here. If they pursue their travels further, diligently storing up treasures on their way, and return home laden with spoil, they deem it at once a debt of honour and a pleasure to exhibit their booty, and gratefully distribute presents from it to their former instructors, distant and at hand.

A French architect of the name of Cassas has returned from his journey to the East. He has taken the measure of the most important old monuments, especially of such as have not yet been publicly described; he has also taken drawings of particular places, has by pictures illustrated decayed and vanished conditions of life, and has shown us a part of his drawings, sketched with great precision and taste with the pen, and enlivened by water-colour.

1. The Seraglio of Constantinople seen from the sea, with a part of the town and the mosque of St. Sophia. Situated on the most charming peak of Europe, the residence of the Grand-Seignior is built in as joyous a style as is conceivable. Tall and ever inviolate trees stand in large groups for the most part conjoined behind each other; below, you look not on great walls and palaces, but on little houses, lattice-works, passages, kiosks outspread tapestries, all so domestically small and so pleasantly commingled that the view is a luxury to the eye. The drawing being coloured the effect is altogether delightful. A beautiful outspreading sea laves a coast studded with those ornamental designs. Beyond is Asia, and your eye follows the strait cleaving its way towards the Dardanelles. The drawing is about seven feet long, and three to four feet deep.

2. General view of the ruins of Palmyra, of the same size. Cassas showed us first a ground-plan of the town as he had traced it out amid the ruins. A colonnade about an Italian mile long ran from the gate to the Temple of the Sun, not in a straight line but making a gentle bend in the middle, the colonnade being formed by four rows of pillars ten diameters high. It is not seen to be covered in at the top, but he thinks this was done by means of tapestries. On the large drawing a part of the colonnade is still seen standing entire in front. A caravan just passing across is presented with much taste. Behind, stands the Temple of the Sun, and on the right side extends a wide plain on which janizaries are hastening forward in full career. The strangest peculiarity, however, is that a blue line like a line of sea incloses the picture. Cassas explained to us that the horizon of the

desert appears as blue as the sea in the distance, producing in nature the same illusion of briny waters as at first surprised us in the picture, knowing as we did that Palyrma was far enough removed from the ocean.

3. The graves of Palmyra.

4. Restoration of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek; also a landscape with the ruins as they now actually stand.

5. The large mosque at Jerusalem built on the site of Solomon's Temple.

6. Ruins of a small temple in Phœnicia.

7. Country at the foot of Mount Lebanon, graceful as can be conceived. A little pine wood, water, weeping willows at the side of it, and graves interpersed, the mountain in the distance.

8. Turkish graves. Each gravestone bears a head-dress of the dead, and the Turks being distinguished from each other by the head-dress you see at once the dignity of the interred. On the graves of virgins flowers are carefully cultivated.

9. Egyptian Pyramids with the Great Sphinx head. The latter was, said Cassas, hewn in a chalk rock, and as it had flaws and inequalities, the colossus was pasted over with stucco and painted, as is yet to be observed in the folds of the head dress. A part of the face is about ten feet long, on the underlip Cassas was able to walk with convenience.

10. A pyramid *restored* as indicated by some original documents, from actual observation and from conjectures. From four sides it has projecting halls with obelisks standing beside them; passages occupied with sphinxes conduct to the halls, such as are yet to be found in Upper Egypt. This drawing is the most prodigious architectural idea I have seen in my life, and I do not believe it is possible to go further in that direction.

In the evening, after leisurely surveying these beautiful things, we went to the gardens on the Palatine, the spaces between the ruins of the imperial palaces having been gracefully cultivated. There, in a free social square, where, under splendid trees, the fragments of adorned capitals, of smooth and channelled pillars, shattered bas-

reliefs, &c., were disposed in a wide circle, like tables, chairs and benches arranged in the open air for a lively party, there we enjoyed a charming entertainment to our hearts' content, and, surveying the scene, as we did, with purified and cultivated eyes by sunset, we had to confess that this picture happily crowned all the others which had been shown us that day. Drawn and coloured in the taste of Cassas it would everywhere excite delight. In this way, by artistic works, the eye becomes gradually trained to ever greater susceptibility in the presence of nature and to ever more open sense of the beauties she displays.

Next day, however, it could not but give rise to jocular remarks that the great and immense things we had seen at the hands of the French artist should induce us to betake ourselves to a mean and despicably cramped place. The splendid Egyptian monuments reminded us of the mighty obelisk which, raised by Augustus on the Campus Martius to serve as a sun-dial, was now lying in fragments, inclosed by a wooden paling in a filthy corner awaiting the bold architect who might be called to set it up again. (*N.B.*— It is now again raised on the Square of Monte Citorio, and as in the time of the Romans again serves in the way of a sun-dial). It is hewn out of genuine Egyptian granite and thickly besprinkled with neat naïve figures, though in the well-known style. Standing, as we did, beside its pinnacle, formerly piercing the higher strata of air, we thought it remarkable to see on the tapering slopes the prettiest images of sphinx after sphinx, a sight in earlier times allowed to no human eye, but only to the beams of the sun. Here we observed how the devotional part of art is not planned with a view to its visual effect. We made arrangements for getting casts taken of these sacred images that we might contemplate at our ease the figures which used to cleave the region of the clouds.

In the repulsive place in which we found ourselves in contemplation of the worthiest of works we could not forbear regarding Rome as a *quodlibet*, though unique in its way; for in this respect also the immense locality possesses the greatest advantages. Here accident produced nothing, but only destroyed things; all ruins are vener-

able; the unshapeliness of the ruins points to primeval regularity, which was again displayed in new and grand forms of churches and palaces.

The casts above referred to, which were soon got ready, called to my remembrance the fact that in the large Dehn collection of plaster-of-Paris casts, the engravings of which were collectively and severally for sale, some Egyptian things were also to be seen; and one thing following on the other, I selected out of the said collection the most excellent specimens and bought them from the possessors. Such engravings are a treasure of the greatest value, and form a nucleus which the amateur of limited means can lay by him to future profit.

The first four volumes of my writings, published by Göschen, had arrived, and the splendid copy was at once placed in Angelica's hands, a work which, in her opinion, gave her renewed occasion to praise her mother-tongue.

I dared not, however, give way to the considerations which pressed on me in the retrospect of my past exertions. I did not know how far the way I had now struck into would lead me; I could not see how far my former endeavours would succeed, nor how far the result would reward the pains I had taken.

I had, however, neither time nor other opportunity to look thoughtfully backwards. The ideas with which I had become inoculated on organic nature, its formation and transformation, allowed me no pause, and one consequence unfolding itself after the other to me, I needed daily and hourly for my own satisfaction some means or other of communication. I tried how Moritz would suit me in this respect, and set forth to him to the best of my ability the metamorphosis of plants. Like an empty cask eager to be filled and parching for water, he guzzled down all I presented to him and cried for more, encouraging me at all events to continue my discourses.

At this juncture there reached us a remarkable book, which, if it did not directly assist us in our business, was yet of important stimulus; Herder's work, which, under a laconic title, in the form of conversations, presented many different views on God and Divine subjects. This book transported me into those times when, at

the side of my excellent friend, I was often induced to hold oral conversations with him on these matters. This volume, revolving on the highest religious themes, contrasted strangely with the reverence we were called on to pay to a saint whose festival occurred at this time.

On the 21st September the memory of St. Francis was celebrated, and his blood carried about the town by a long-extended procession of monks and believers. Seeing so many monks march past, I had my attention drawn to their heads, which their simple dress rendered conspicuous. I was struck by the fact that hair and beard are necessarily involved in our conception of a male individual. Sharply mustering the passing ranks of men, I was amazed in observing how a face set in hair and beard showed quite a different figure from that of one of those beardless people. It was now clear to me how such a beardless face represented in a picture could not fail to exercise quite a peculiar effect on the observer.

Hofrath Reiffenstein, who had duly studied his office of guiding and entertaining strangers, could of course in following his business not help becoming all too soon aware how people visiting Rome, mainly for the sake of diverting themselves with sight-seeing, must suffer dreadfully from *ennui*, being deprived in a foreign country of the means they had at home to fill up leisure hours. As a practical shrewd man he was also very sensible what a fagging business was mere sight-seeing, and how indispensable it was for him to supply his friends with some species of self-activity. He had therefore selected two subjects as a safety-valve for their otherwise imprisoned steam—wax-painting and the fabrication of plaster of Paris casts. The art of applying a wax-soap as colour-cement had again lately come into vogue, this means of doing something in a new fashion being hailed with lively pleasure by artists who were tired of doing the same thing in the old style, and had no mind to try anything new.

The bold undertaking of copying the Loggie of Raphael, and of repeating in St. Petersburg all the architecture of the second storey of the portico, with its fullness of decorations, was favoured by this new technical art, and,

indeed, without it the design would perhaps not have been practicable. Panels, wall-spaces, socles, pilasters, capitals, and cornices of the same kind as the original were made of the strongest planks and logs of durable chestnut wood, and covered with linen, which being primed, served as a sure foundation for the encaustic. This work, which occupied Unterberger, in particular, several years, and which, under the guidance of Reiffenstein, he executed with great conscientiousness, had been sent away before I arrived, and all I could see and make acquaintance with was some remains of that great enterprise.

Through the fame of this work, encaustic came into high repute. Strangers of talent had to become practically acquainted with it. Prepared sets of colours were to be had cheap; you bought the soap yourself; in short, you had always something to do and bustle about, serving to fill up all your loose idle moments. Mediocre artists were also engaged as teachers and assistants, and I have several times seen strangers packing up their Roman encaustic works executed by themselves with the utmost complacency, and returning to their native country with them.

The other business, that of fabricating plaster of Paris casts, was better adapted for men. A large old kitchen vault in Reiffenstein's quarter of the town offered the best opportunity for this. Here you had more than sufficient room for such a business. The refractory non-fusible mass was ground to a fine powder and sifted, the dough kneaded out of that was pressed into plaster of Paris moulds, carefully dried, and then inclosed in an iron ring and brought to a glow. The molten glass-mass was further pressed. By all this process was turned out in the end a small work of art which could not but be regarded with self-congratulation by the artist to whose fingers it owed its existence.

Hofrath Reiffenstein, who had introduced me, with my own will no doubt, to this species of activity, very soon observed that continuous occupation of this kind was not to my taste, and that my native bias was to the utmost cultivation of hand and eye, by copying nature and works of art. The great heat had scarcely abated when he

conducted me in the company of some artists to Frascati, where, in a well-arranged private house, lodging and the satisfaction of your immediate wants were to be had, where you passed the whole day in the open air and assembled at night round a large maple table. Georg Schütz, a Frankfort man of parts, but without any eminent talent, and practising art with a certain easy air rather than with any consuming earnestness (for which reason. the Romans called him *Il Barone*), accompanied me in my travels and was in many respects serviceable to me. If it is considered how architecture reigned here in her highest glory for hundreds of years, and how, on the mighty sub-structures that remain, the artistic thoughts of excellent minds superimposed themselves, it will be comprehended how the sight, under every degree of light, of those manifold horizontal and of those thousand vertical lines, intercepted and adorned like dumb music, must charm mind and eye, and how everything petty and narrow in us must in such contemplation be scared away. The abundance of images seen by moonlight, in particular, is affecting above all conception, each particular figure which might entertain or perhaps disturb us shrinking out of detached view, and only the great masses of light and shade, of grandly graceful, symmetrically harmonious giant-figures addressing the eye. On the other hand, there was no want in the evening of instructive—though often also bantering—conversation.

Thus it must not be denied that young artists, observing the peculiarities of the resolute Reiffenstein—peculiarities wont to be called weaknesses—often secretly made them the subject of jest and ridicule. One evening the Apollo Belvedere, as an exhaustless source of artistic entertainment, was again discussed, and it being remarked that in the excellent head of this statue the ears are not particularly well done, we came to speak of the dignity and beauty of this organ, and of the rarity of beautiful specimens of it in nature and in art. Now Schütz, being distinguished for his pretty ears, I begged him to sit by the lamp till I had carefully drawn the exquisitely shaped valve. He thus came to sit in a stiff model attitude right opposite Hofrath Reiffenstein, from whom he could not

divert his eyes. Our *savant* now commenced delivering his maxims, which had been commended on more than one occasion, how, namely, it was not advisable to begin with the study of the best masters, but, setting out with the Carraccis in the Farnesian Gallery, you should gradually advance to Raphael, ultimately copying the Apollo Belvedere, the highest crown of art, till you knew it by heart.

The good Schütz at all this was seized by an inward fit of laughter, which was hardly to be restrained from open explosion, and the pain he had in stifling it went on increasing the longer I tried to keep him quiet. Any individual eccentricity or pedantry on the part of the teacher is so apt to provoke the unkind ridicule of his pupils.

A splendid, though not unexpected, view was afforded us from the windows of the villa of Prince Aldobrandini, who, at present living in the country, sent us a friendly invitation, and in the company of his clerical and lay housemates entertained us at a sumptuous repast. It need not be said that the castle was so planned as to command in one view the splendour of mountain and plain. A great deal is said about pleasure-houses, but we had only to look round about us here to be convinced that a house could hardly have a more pleasurable site than this.

Here, however, I feel myself urged to interpolate a remark, the serious significance of which I may well emphasize. It throws light on the foregoing as also on the succeeding parts. Many a good spirit, too, intent on self-culture, may be incited by it to self-examination.

Minds of much worth are not content with enjoyment, but press forward towards knowledge. They are therefore incited to self-activity, sensible that however it may fare with them there is no true road to knowledge but that of production, and that a man is incapable of judging rightly that which he cannot himself produce. Pushing forward under the light of this truth, one is apt, however, to get into certain false tendencies which become the more vexatious the purer, the more honest one's intentions are. At this stage in my course, nevertheless, doubts and mis-

givings began to suggest themselves; to my great discomposure I began to surmise that the express aim and goal of my residence here might hardly be attained.

After spending some happy days we returned to Rome, where, in a bright well-thronged salon, we were compensated for the loss of the freedom of the open sky by a new and highly graceful opera. The bench for German artists, one in the front rank of the pit, was as usual crowded, and this time there was no want on our part of clapping applause and of exclamations by way of paying the debt we owed for past and present enjoyments. Nay, by a call of "Zitto!" (hush!) at first gentle, then louder, and at last imperious, uttered at every ritornello (encoring) of a popular air or other pleasing part, we brought the whole of the loud talking public to silence, on which account our friends kindly directed the most interesting of their performances towards our side.

OCTOBER.

Correspondence.

Frascati, 2 *October*, 1787.

I must begin a sheet in time, if you are to receive it in good time. To tell the truth, I have much and not much to say. I am constantly drawing, and yet in secret my thoughts steal away to my friends. These days I have again felt much longing for home; perhaps just because all goes so well with me, and I yet feel that what is dearest to me is wanting. I am in a most strange situation, and will rally all my powers, utilize each day, do what is to be done, and so work this winter through.

You cannot imagine how useful, but yet how hard it was for me to live the whole year absolutely among strangers, especially as Tischbein—in confidence be it said—did not join in with me as I expected. He is a really good fellow, but not so pure, so natural, so open as his letters. His character, not to do him injustice, I can describe only by word of mouth—and what signifies such

a description? The life of a man, *that* is his character. Now I am in hopes of getting Kayser; he will be a great joy to me. Heaven grant nothing come between!

My first business is and remains, to bring myself so far forward in drawing as to do some things with facility, and not slide backwards again, nor stick in the same spot, dawdling away, as, alas! I have done, the fairest season of my life. Yet I musn't be unfair to myself either. Drawing for the sake of drawing would be like speaking for the sake of speaking. Supposing I had nothing to express, supposing no idea charmed me, and I had to hunt up with pains for fit subjects to draw, and with all my toilsome search perhaps hardly find them—of what good would be to me the technical skill in drawing without the pictures in me, passionately clamouring for visual embodiment? In these lands here you *must* become an artist, you get fuller and fuller every day, and it grows at last a necessity for you to deliver yourself of something. With my structure and my knowledge of the way, I am convinced I should in a few years advance very far.

You want me, my dear ones, to speak about myself; well, this is how I'll do it: when we meet again you shall hear a great deal indeed. I have had occasion to think much about myself and others, about the world and history, of all which I shall communicate to you in my way no little that is good, even if not new. Ultimately all will be comprehended and included in *Wilhelm*.

Moritz has hitherto continued my dearest companion, though at first I was afraid, and am still almost afraid, he might, through intercourse with me, grow only wiser and not a more accurate, better or happier man—an apprehension, which, to be quite frank, makes me always rather shy of him.

In general, too, my intercourse with different people suits me very well. I observe the temper and conduct of each. The one plays his part, the other not; the one gets forward, the other hardly budges a step. One stores, the other scatters; to the one everything suffices, to the other nothing. This one has talent, but neglects it; that one has none, and is diligent, and so on. All this I watch, and myself in the midst of it; it amuses me, and having

no interest in the people, nothing to answer for in them, the game gives me no ill-humour. Only then, my friends, when a man acting in his own partial way claims for himself and urges his claim on me, that a complete whole is thus to be evolved, to exist and to remain, *then*, indeed, there is no other course open for me but to part from him —or go mad.

Albano, 5 *October*, 1787.

I will see that this letter still goes with the morning's post, and will therefore write down only the thousandth part of all I have to say.

Your sheets I received at the same time with the *Scattered*, or rather *Collected*, *Papers*, the *Ideas* and the four morocco volumes, yesterday, as I was about to go off to Frascati. I have now, then, a treasure with me on the whole *villeggiatura* (excursion).

Persepolis I read last night. It gives me no end of pleasure, and this is all I can say, *that* style and art not having made its way here. I will now look up the books quoted in some library or other, and thank you anew. Go on, I beg you, or go on because you cannot help going on! Shed your light on everything!

The *Ideas*, the *Poems*, are not yet touched. My writings may now go. I will work on faithfully. The four copperplates to the last volumes are to be done here.

With the persons mentioned our relation was, on both sides, but a good-natured armistice; I was well aware of it; only that can be which can be. The estrangement will grow ever wider, and at last, if the affair goes happily, it will result in a gentle, indifferent separation. The one is a fool, chokeful of silly pretensions. "*My mother has geese*," patters along with easier naïveté than "*To God on high alone be praise.*" He is, once for all, too, a "*They let the straw and hay, the straw and hay, not go astray*," &c. Away with such a pack! Their first ingratitude is better than their last. The other thinks he comes from a foreign country to *his own*, and he comes to people who *seek themselves*, without being willing to confess it. He will find himself a stranger without perhaps knowing why. I must be very much at fault if the *Magnanimity of Alci-*

biades is not a juggler's trick of the Zurich prophet, who is cunning enough with big and small balls to substitute one for the other, and confound them together with incredible dexterity, making, in accordance with his disposition for theological fiction, truth appear as error, error as truth. The devil take or keep him, the devil, who, from the beginning, is a friend of lying, demonology, presentiments, longings, &c.

I must take a new sheet, and beg of you to read with the mind, rather than the eyes, as I write with the soul, rather than the hands.

Do thou go on, dear brother, meditating, finding, uniting, inventing, writing, without heeding others. One must write as he lives, first, for his own sake, and then for the sake of kindred beings as well.

Plato would suffer no ἀγεωμέτρητον (non-geometrician) in his school. Were I in a position to form one, I should admit into mine no one who had not earnestly and constitutionally chosen some branch of natural science as his study. Lately I found in a sorry apostolic-capuchin-like declamation of the Zurich prophet, the senseless words, "Everything which has life lives from something outside of it"—or something like that. Such an absurdity a missionary like him can pen with all complacency, and on his revising it no good genius will ever pluck him by the sleeve in the way of admonition. Not the most elementary, simplest truths of nature have they taken home to themselves, and yet they would fain sit round the "throne" on the chairs belonging to others or to no one. Never heed all that, as I never heed it, though of course I have at present an easier time of it in that respect.

I have no mind to give any description of my life; it appears all too happy. Above everything I am busy with landscape-drawing, to which this heaven and this earth supremely invite. I have even come upon some idylls. What and all shall I not do yet! I see well that one of our sort needs but to have new subjects always about him, and then he is all snug.

Live well and happy, and if at any time you are like to be in trouble, just think how you are *together*, and of all you are to each other, whereas I, self-exiled, intentionally

straying, purposely unwise, everywhere a stranger, and everywhere at home, rather leave my life to go its own course than direct it, and in any case know not where it is all to end.

Farewell! My duty to the Duchess! With Hofrath Reiffenstein I have in Frascati projected her whole stay. If everything goes well, it will be a masterpiece. We are now in the thick of negotiations about a villa, which is in some measure sequestrated, and is therefore going to be *let*, whereas the others are either occupied or would be given up by great families only from courtesy, which would involve us in obligations and relationships. I will write as soon as I have more definite news about it. In Rome there is also a beautiful open residence with a garden ready for her. I should like her to feel everywhere at home; otherwise she would enjoy nothing: the time passes away, the money is spent, and you look about you as after a bird that has escaped your hands. If I can arrange everything so that her foot may not dash against a stone, I will do it.

Now I can no further, though there is still space left. Farewell, and pardon these hasty lines.

Castel Gandolfo, 8 *October, properly* 12*th;*

—for this week is gone without my getting to write to you. This slip only goes in haste to Rome, that it may yet reach your hands.

We live here as in a watering place; only in the morning I keep out of the way for the sake of drawing; then you must give all the day to society, which for the short time I am to be here is all very well for me. I see people once more without any great loss of time, and a great number at once.

Angelica is also here and lodging close by; then we have some sprightly girls, some married ladies, Herr von Maron, brother-in-law of Mengs, with his people, partly in the house and partly in the neighbourhood. It is a merry company, and we are never at a loss for something to laugh at. In the evening we go to the play, where Punchinello is the principal figure, and the bonmots of the

evening serve us for the next day. *Tout comme chez nous* —only under a cheerful delicious heaven. To-day a wind has blown up which keeps me indoors. If anything could draw me out of myself it would be these days; but I am always falling back on myself, and my nature leans all to the side of art. Every day a new light springs upon me, and it appears as if I would learn seeing at least.

Erwin and Elmire is as good as done. All that is wanted is but a couple of mornings when I'm in the humour for writing. Everything is thought out.

Herder has challenged me to supply Forster, on his voyage round the world, with some questions and suggestions. I know not where I am to get the time and composure for that, though I should like to do it with all my heart. We will see.

You probably are now having cold, dull days; we expect to have another month's walking weather. How much pleasure Herder's *Ideas* give me, I cannot say. As I have no Messias to look for, this is to me the dearest gospel. Greet all—in my thoughts I am ever with you;—and love me.*

You received no letter from me last mail. The commotion in Castello was quite too much, and then, besides, I wanted to draw. With us here things go as in a watering place, and living in a house where there were constant visitors, I had to accommodate myself to the conditions. On this occasion I met more Italians than I had hitherto done in the course of a year, and am, too, satisfied with this experience.

A Milan lady interested me the eight days of her stay here. She distinguished herself to great advantage in comparison with the Roman ladies, by her naturalness, her common-sense and her good manners. Angelica was, as she ever is, sensible, good, polite, affable. One must be her friend; you learn a great deal from her, especially how to work; for it is incredible how much she despatches.

These past days the weather has been cool, and I am glad to be in Rome again.

* From here to the next date is placed by Düntzer under 23 October.—Tr.

Yesterday evening, on going to bed, I felt a very sensible pleasure in being here; it was to me like lying down on a right broad, sure ground.

I should like well to speak with Herder about his *God*. As a main point I have to remark, people take this book like others for *meat*, when, properly, it is the *dish*. Who puts nothing into it will find it empty. Let me allegorize a little further, and Herder will best explain my allegory. With lever and rollers you can get tolerably heavy things along; to raise the pieces of the obelisk you need more elaborate machines, mighty windlasses, &c. The greater the weight, the more subtle the purpose, as in the case of a watch, for example, the more composite, the more skilful must the mechanism be, though essentially the truest unity will also prevail. An analogous statement applies to all hypotheses, or rather all *principles*. He who has not much to put in motion will content himself with a lever and will despise my compound pulley. Of what use is a perpetual screw to a stone-cutter? If Lavater applies all his strength to the verification of a myth; if Jacobi toils himself to death in idolizing an inane childish sentiment; if Clodius, the errand-boy that he is, would fain set up for a prophet; it is plain they must all detest the realities, the depths, the greatness of nature. Would the one, think you, dare say with impunity *all that lives, lives by something outside of it?* would the second not be ashamed of such confusion of ideas, of the muddling together of the words *knowledge* and *belief*, *tradition* and *experience?* would not the third perforce take his seat two or three places lower? were they not pothering with all their zeal about placing chairs for themselves round the throne of the Lamb; did they not all carefully avoid the honest ground of nature, where each man counts only for what he is, and where there is no respect of persons.

Turn now to a book such as the third part of the *Ideas*, and say whether its genuineness, its greatness, its worth, all the nobility of its substance and style is not perfectly commensurate with the noble conception of God and the world whence it is derived?

If, therefore, in connection with this publication of

Herder's, there is anything wanting, it is not in the article offered to the public, but in the purchasers; it is not in the machine, but in the people who don't know how to use it. As regards myself, too, when in metaphysical conversations the above-mentioned persons regarded me as incompetent, I have always laughed in my sleeve. Artist, moreover, as I am, this was for me a matter of no consequence. It was on the contrary rather in my favour that the principle by and through which I worked was concealed. I leave every one the comfortable use of his lever, whilst I have long employed the perpetual screw, and with ever more joy and convenience.

Castel Gandolfo, 12 *October*, 1787.

To Herder.

Only a hasty word, and, first, the liveliest thanks for the *Ideas!* They have come to me as the dearest gospel, whither the most interesting studies of my life all converge. The view people have been so long struggling after is now displayed to them in all its fulness. How much joy as an incentive to all good have you by this book given and renewed to me! As yet I have got but halfway through it. I beg you get copied out completely for me as soon as possible the passage from Camper cited by you on page 159, that I may see what rules of Greek art he has discovered. I remember but the course of his demonstration of the profile from the copper-plate. Write to me about it and otherwise excerpt for me what seems to you useful for me, so that I may know the ultimate point which has been reached in this speculation; for I am ever the new-born child. Is there anything to the point on this subject in Lavater's physiognomy? Your challenge in respect to Forster I shall gladly respond to, though I don't yet quite see how it is possible; for detached questions I cannot possibly put, but I must set forth my hypotheses in full. You know how hard this will be for me in writing. Let me know the last moment by which my paper must be ready and whither I am to send it. I sit in the forest and cannot see the wood for the trees. If I

undertake it I shall have recourse to dictation; for properly I look on it as a prognostication. It appears I am to set my house in order on all sides and conclude my books.

The hardest thing is I have to take all absolutely out of my head; not a single slip have I of all my collections, not a drawing; not a scrap have I with me, and the newest books are all totally wanting here.

I shall stay a fortnight good yet in Castello, living a watering-place life. I draw in the morning, and then it's all people after people. I am glad to get them all in a lot; a plaguy business it would be had I to take them singly. Angelica is here and helps me through everything.

The Pope is said to have got news of Amsterdam's being taken by the Prussians. The next newspapers will bring us certainty. That would be the first expedition in which our century would show itself in all its greatness. That I call a *sodezza* (a feat of courage). Without drawing a sword, with a couple of shells, and nobody interesting himself further in the matter! Farewell! I am a child of peace, and will keep peace for ever and ever with the whole world, having once concluded peace with myself.

Rome, 27 *October*, 1787.

I am again arrived in this circle of enchantment, and find myself at once anew enchanted, contented, working away quietly, forgetting everything outside of me, but visited by the kind and peaceful forms of my friends. These first days I have spent writing letters and have also looked a little through the drawings I made in the country. The next week shall open new work for me. It is too flattering for me to dare tell what hopes Angelica holds out for me under certain conditions in respect to landscape-drawing. I will at least press on in order to approach the goal I shall never reach.

I await, with longing, news of the arrival of *Egmont* and your reception of it. I have assuredly already written that Kayser is coming hither. I expect him in a few days, with the score of our masques. You may imagine what a

festival it will be. My hand will at once be put to a new opera, and in his presence and with his counsel, *Claudine* and *Erwin* will be improved.

Herder's *Ideas* I have now read through, and rejoice exceedingly in the book. The conclusion is splendid, true and quickening, and, like the book itself, he will with the course of time and perhaps under foreign names benefit mankind. The more this style of thought gains ground, the happier will it be for the thoughtful man. I have, too, this year among strangers given heed on this point, and found that all men of true sense, with more or less emphasis, in accents gentler or louder, know and confess that the only thing of any significance in a man's life are the eminent moments, and that the whole merit of a rational man consists in so acting that his life, so far as it depends on him, may comprise the greatest possible extent and intensity of rational, happy moments.

I would have to write another book, were I to tell all I have thought about this and the other book. I am now again reading chance passages to draw delight from each page, for all through it is deliciously thought and written.

Especially beautiful do I find the *Greek Age*. That in the *Roman* I should miss *some body* (*Körperlichkeit*), so to speak, may, perhaps, be conceived without my saying it. That is only natural. At present there rests in my mind a huge image of all the State was in itself; to me it is like my Fatherland, something exclusive. The value, too, of this particular existence must be determined in relation to the prodigious world-whole, when, of course, a great deal would shrink together and much disappear as smoke. The Coliseum, for example, always remains imposing in my eyes, when I think at what time it was built, and that the people which filled up this huge circle were no longer the old Romans.

A book on painting and sculpture in Rome has also come to us. It is the product of a German, and what is worse, of a German chevalier. Apparently a young man of energy, but full of pretension, who has taken the trouble to run about, note, hear, listen, read. He has known how to give the work an air of entirety; there is in it much that is true and good alongside of much false

and stupid, much that is thought out with much that is stale gossip, much *longueurs* and *échappades*. Even in the distance, whoever looks through it will see what a monstrous intermediate between compilation and first-hand work is this voluminous *opus*.

The arrival of *Egmont* rejoices and composes me, and I am longing for a word about it, which is no doubt on the way. The morocco copy has come; I have given it to Angelica. With Kayser's opera we will set more prudently to work than we were advised. Your proposal is very good. When Kayser comes you will hear further.

The *Review* is quite in the style of the old, too much and too little. It is now my sole concern to *produce*, since I see how a *production*, even were it not the most perfect, is always getting reviewed for thousands of years, that is, something of its existence is retailed down to each particular date.

Every one wonders how I have come through without tribute; people do not, however, know how I have behaved. Our October was not the fairest, though we have had heavenly days.

A new epoch now begins for me. In consequence of the many objects I have seen and recognised, my mind is so widened that it becomes necessary for me to restrict myself to *some* work or other. A man's individuality is a strange thing. Mine I have now learnt right well to know, having this year on one hand depended exclusively on myself, and on the other been associating with entirely foreign people.

Narrative.—October.

At the beginning of this month, under mild, joyous, splendid weather, we enjoyed a regular *villeggiatura* in Castel Gandolfo, getting quite initiated and naturalised into the centre of this incomparable region. Mr. Jenkins, the opulent English art-dealer, occupied there a very stately mansion, the former residence of the Jesuit General, where numerous friends found no lack of rooms for comfortable accommodation, of salons for gay society, of arcades for delicious pleasure walks.

One will obtain the best idea of such an autumn residence, if one thinks of it as of a watering-place. Persons formerly altogether strangers are here, by accident, brought into the most immediate contact. You meet each other at breakfast, at dinners, in walks, in pleasure excursions; you join in conversation earnest and jocular; in a trice, before you are in the least aware of it, you are friends and confidants. Strange, indeed, it were, if here, where there is not even the diversion which illness and convalescence themselves give to the mind, but where the most perfect leisure reigns all around—strange it were if the most decided elective affinities did not here operate. with even unusual force. Hofrath Reiffenstein had—and rightly too—deemed it advisable for us to repair thither at an early date, in order that we might find time and scope for our walks and artistic wanderings among the mountains, before society should flock in large bevies on us and solicit our participation in common entertainments. We were, therefore, the first visitors to the place, and in well-planned expeditions, following the lead of our experienced guide, we reaped the fairest enjoyment and instruction.

After a time, however, I noticed the arrival of a truly pretty Roman young lady and her mother, near neighbours of ours in the Corso. Since my "milording," they had returned my greeting with more than usual friendliness, yet had I never addressed them, though I had frequently passed close by them as they sat in the evening in front of their door. On the contrary, I held faithfully by my vow not to divert my mind from my main business by involving myself in any such relationships. Now, however, in this new sphere we found ourselves all at once brought together like quite old acquaintances. The concert offered material for an opening conversation, and really nothing pleasanter can be conceived than the cheerful natural speech of a Roman lady relating in a lively, graceful manner some action of real life, discoursing rapidly, yet distinctly in the sweet sounding Roman tongue, and all in a noble accent, which to the listener gives to the middle-class an elevation above their station, imparting a certain nobility even to the most natural and

common things. I was indeed aware of such qualities and properties, but had never before come on such an enjoyable display of them.

At the same time they introduced me to a young lady of Milan, the sister of a clerk of Mr. Jenkins, a young man who by reason of his efficiency and uprightness was held in great favour by his principal. The two young ladies appeared to be intimate friends.

These two beauties, for beauties they really deserve to be called, stood not in harsh but yet decided contrast to each other. The Roman lady of dark brown hair, brown complexion, brown eyes, and of a somewhat earnest and reserved manner; the Milan lady of light brown hair, of clear soft skin, eyes almost blue, of an open, gracefully inquiring, rather than forward, manner. I sat engaged in a kind of lottery game between the two ladies, and had taken the Roman lady into partnership with me in the play. In the course of the game it happened that I tried my luck with the Milan beauty as well, by bets or otherwise. In short, with her, too, there sprang up a kind of partnership, and in my simplicity I did not notice that this divided interest on my part was not favourably regarded, till at last, when the play was over, the mother finding me apart, assured the respected stranger, politely indeed, yet with a maternal earnestness, that having once taken up with her daughter, it was not good manners in me to show such attentions to another. In a *villegiatura* it was deemed etiquette for persons who had once so far struck up partnership with each other to keep together to the end in the exchange of innocent graceful attentions. I made my best excuses, yet with the explanation that it was not well possible for a stranger to divine such rules, it being the custom in our country to show to each and all the ladies of one party the same deference and politeness, and all the more in the case of two ladies who were intimate friends.

Alas! however, while I was thus trying to excuse myself, I found, in the strangest manner, that my affections had taken a decided bias in favour of the Milan beauty. I found that impetuously, swiftly as lightning, I had been attracted to her, a fate not so unusual in the

case of a vacant heart, which in its complacent and tranquil confidence fears nothing, desires nothing, till all at once it comes into the immediate presence of an object it cannot but esteem superlatively precious. In such a moment there is no presentiment of the danger lurking in the flattering features which bewitch us.

Next morning we found ourselves all three alone, and my predilection towards the Milan lady increased. She had the great advantage over her friend that a tone of aspiration was observable in her utterances. She complained not of neglected but of all too circumscribed education. We are not taught writing, she said, for fear we should write love letters. We should not be taught reading had we not to busy ourselves with the prayer books; and as to foreign languages, nobody will think of instructing us in *them;* I would give everything to learn English. I often hear Mr. Jenkins with my brother, Madame Angelica, Signor Zucchi, and Signors Volpato and Cammoccini talking in English to each other, and I listen to them with a feeling like envy, and the yard long newspapers lie there before me on the table, containing news of all the world, as I see, and I know not what they say!

"The more's the pity," said I, "as English is so easy to learn; you could understand it in a short time." "Let us at once make an experiment," I continued, taking up one of the endless English papers lying about in a heap.

I glanced swiftly into it, and found an article recording how a lady had fallen into the water but had been happily rescued and restored to her friends. There were circumstances complicating the case and rendering it interesting: it was doubtful whether she had voluntarily plunged into the water to drown herself, as also which of her admirers, the favoured or slighted one, had ventured in to her rescue. I pointed out the passage to her, requesting her to peruse it carefully. I then translated all the substantives to her and examined her to see whether she kept their meaning in mind. Very soon she looked over the positions of these principal and root words, and made herself familiar with the place they took in the periods. I next went over the qualifying, acting, determining words, drawing her

attention to the manner in which they animated the whole, and catechised her for a long time, till at last, without any challenge on my part, she read out the whole piece to me as though it were Italian, her pretty figure all in graceful agitation during this exercise. Hardly ever have I seen such joy of heart and mind as she expressed while thanking me in the most charming manner for the insight I had given her into this new world. She could scarcely keep her composure, as she perceived the possibility of attaining the fulfilment of her most ardent desire—already experimentally attained so soon.

The company had increased, and Angelica, too, had arrived; at a large covered table I was assigned a place at her right, and while the others were mutually offering places, my pupil, who stood at the opposite side of the table from me, hesitated not a single moment to make her way round and sit down beside me. My serious neighbour appeared to notice this with some surprise, nor did it need the glance of a shrewd woman to suspect there must have been some previous passage, and that in fact a friend, who had hitherto avoided the ladies even to the extent of dull discourtesy, had at last fallen an easy conquest into the hands of one of them.

Outwardly, no doubt, I put a good face on the affair, but was betrayed by a certain embarrassment I showed in dividing my attentions between my two neighbours. My elder, tender, and now silent friend, I endeavoured to entertain by enlivening talk, while by a friendly, quiet, but rather deprecating interest, I tried to compose my new acquaintance, who would still expatiate on the foreign language, and as if blinded by a light she had long been waiting for, could not at once readjust herself to the situation.

This state of excitement into which I had fallen was, however, destined to undergo a remarkable revolution. Seeking towards evening for the young ladies, I found the elder ones in a pavilion which offered the most splendid of views. My eyes swept round the horizon, but something else than the picturesque landscape hovered before them; the whole scene was pervaded by a tint not

to be ascribed solely to the setting of the sun, or the murmurs of the evening zephyrs. The glowing illumination of the elevated points, the cool, blue dusk deepening in the hollows, all this pictured itself to me as more glorious than it ever seemed before in oil or water colours. I could not enough contemplate it all, yet I felt a longing to leave the place, and pay homage to the last glance of the sun in a small and sympathetic company.

Unfortunately, however, I could not refuse the invitation of the mother and her neighbours to join them, especially as they had made room for me at the window commanding the finest view. Listening to their speeches I could not help observing how they constantly and endlessly turned on the subject of "dowry." All kinds of requirements came to be spoken of, the number and quality of the different gifts, the bestowals of the family, the varied contributions of male and female friends, still in part a secret, and what not other details; all this I had patiently to hear, the ladies having secured me for a late walk.

The conversation at last came to the subject of the bridegroom's merits. He was favourably enough described, yet they would not, either, conceal his defects, hoping, however, that the grace, the understanding and the amiability of his bride would suffice to mitigate and subdue them in the future wedded state.

At last when the sun was just sinking in the distant sea, and through the long shadows and broken rays of light affording an invaluable view, impatient of all this discourse, I asked, in the most modest manner, who, then, was this bride? With surprise they inquired whether I was ignorant of what was universally known. It then, for the first time, occurred to them that I was no housemate but a stranger.

It is now, of course, unnecessary to say what horror seized me when I learnt how it was just the pupil who had but lately become so dear to me. The sun set, and under some pretext or other, I withdrew from the company that all unwittingly had stung me with so cruel a smart.

The transformation of soft affections one has for a time heedlessly indulged into the most painful of experiences,

when one wakens and finds it all a dream, is a matter of every day occurrence. Perhaps, however, some peculiar interest will be felt in the present case, in which a lively mutual goodwill is nipped in the bud, and the presentiment of all the future bliss which such a relation promises is at once blasted. I came late home, and early next morning, excusing myself from attendance at dinner, I set off with my portfolio under my arm, on a long excursion.

I had years and experience sufficient to enable me at once to rally myself, though the effort was painful. "It would be strange, indeed," I exclaimed, "should a fate like that of Werther's seek thee out in Rome to destroy for thee conditions of so much consequence, and hitherto so well maintained."

I again turned me instantly to nature as a subject for landscapes, a field I had been meanwhile neglecting, and endeavoured to copy her in this respect with all possible fidelity. I was, however, more successful in mastering her with my eyes. All the little skill in technicalities I possessed hardly sufficed for the most unassuming sketch. All the sensuous fulness, on the other hand, which that region offers us in rocks and trees, in acclivities and declivities, in peaceful lakes, and lively streams; all this was grasped by my eye more appreciatively, if possible, than ever before, and I could hardly resent the wound which had to such degree sharpened my inward and outward sense.

From this point onwards I can dispose of my experiences in brief strokes. Crowds of visitors thronged the house, and the houses of the neighbourhood. It was now possible for people to avoid each other without appearance of singularity, and a cordial politeness, to which I was disposed by my thwarted affection, caused me to meet with a good reception everywhere in society. My behaviour was generally pleasing, and I encountered no unpleasantness, no misunderstanding, except once at the hands of our host, Mr. Jenkins. I had once brought home with me, from a wide tour among the mountains and woods, the most delicious mushrooms, and handed them over to the cook, who, highly pleased at securing an article of food rare and

greatly prized in those districts, prepared them in the most tasteful manner, and placed them on the table. Every one praised them as exceedingly savoury. When, however, to my honour, it was betrayed that I had gathered them in the wilds, our English host took umbrage, though only in secret, at a stranger having contributed to the banquet a dish of which the head of the house knew nothing, which he had not himself ordered and arranged; it was not good manners for any one to surprise him at his own table, and supply dainties, of which he, the host, could give no account. All this Hofrath Reiffenstein had to set forth diplomatically to me after dinner, to which, suffering as I was from an inward pain that had little connection with the matter of mushrooms, I modestly rejoined that I had supposed the cook would report the matter to his master, but that in future, should any like delicacies fall into my hands during my rambles, I should not fail to lay them personally before our excellent host for his own examination and satisfaction. To be candid, it must be confessed that our host's displeasure arose only from the circumstance that this generally ambiguous article of food had been put on the table without due examination. The cook had, of course, assured me of the fact, which he also called to his master's memory, that such a vegetable, as a particular rarity, was seldom indeed, but in every case with great satisfaction, prepared for the table at this season of the year.

This culinary adventure suggested to me, in my quiet humour, the thought how, infected by a quite peculiar poison, I had myself, by a similar imprudence, fallen into the danger of poisoning a whole party.

It was easy for me to carry out the resolution I had adopted. I contrived at once to evade the English lessons by absenting myself in the morning, and never again approached the pupil I secretly loved, except in the company of several persons.

Very soon this relationship, too, adjusted itself in my so busy mind; and that in a very pleasing way; for as I now regarded her as bride, as future spouse, her character elevated itself in my eyes out of the state of trivial girl-

hood. And now, turning to her the old affection, but in a higher, unegoistic form, as one who has emancipated himself from the trammels of giddy-minded youth, I very soon attained to the friendliest easy feeling in relation to her. My service—if my free attentions towards her may be so named—was altogether innocent of importunity, and on meeting her partook rather of the character of reverence. She, too, when she came to understand how the relationship in which she stood was known to me, had reason to be perfectly satisfied with my behaviour. The rest of the world, moreover, seeing how I mixed freely with every one, noticed nothing or put no ill construction on anything, and so the days and hours pursued their quiet, comfortable course.

Much might be said of our manifold entertainment. Among other things there was a theatre there, where the Punchinello we had so often clapped hands to during Carnival, and who, during the rest of his time, plied his cobbler trade, appeared in our rural retreat also as a respectable little citizen, amused us with his pantomimic, mimic and laconic absurdities, and transported us into a highly enjoyable nullity of existence.

Letters from home had, meanwhile, made me perceive that my so long projected, ever postponed, and finally so hastily undertaken journey to Italy, had excited some degree of restlessness and impatience among the friends I had left behind, had even called forth in them the wish to follow me and share in the happiness of which my joyous and instructive letters conveyed the most favourable impression. No doubt, too, in the intellectual and art-loving circle of the Duchess Amalia, Italy was at all times wont to be regarded as the new Jerusalem for people of true culture; and in all hearts and minds there ever prevailed a longing for the soil such as only Mignon could adequately express. The dams of pent-up feeling at last burst, and gradually it came clearly to light that the Duchess Amalia, with her circle on one side, and Herder and the younger Dalberg on the other, were making earnest preparations for crossing the Alps. My advice to them was to let the winter pass by and to make for Rome in the mid season of the year, then to press further

and enjoy all that the environs of the old world city, etc., as also the lower part of Italy, might offer.

This my advice, honest and practical though it was, was not without some reference to my own advantage. Hitherto I had been spending remarkable days of my life in the most foreign situations, among entirely foreign people, and was truly rejoicing afresh in a state of pure and whole humanity, as I had now long found it in accidental but yet natural relations with strangers. An exclusive home circle, on the other hand, a life among completely known and kindred persons, brings us in the end into the strangest predicament. Out of mutual endurance, sympathy and deprivation arises a certain half-way feeling of resignation in which by force of habit, pain and joy, chagrin and comfort mutually cancel each other. In this way is generated a compromising factor, so to speak, which altogether abolishes the character of particular events, so that at last, in striving after convenience, you give yourself with free soul neither to pain nor pleasure.

Seized by such considerations and presentiments, I definitely decided not to await the arrival of my friends in Italy. That my way of looking at things would not at once become theirs, was all the more evident to me that I had myself been struggling for a whole year to get rid of those chimerical representations and forms of thought prevalent in the north, and under a heaven-blue vault to habituate myself to freer views and a freer sense of life. In the middle of my Italian residence the travellers from Germany I met were always my principal grievance. That which it was obligatory on them to drop acquaintance with they sought out, and that which they had long been aspiring after, they could not recognise, though it lay under their noses. I found it always hard enough by thinking and working to keep on the way I had recognised and chosen as the right one. Germans, who were strangers to me, I could avoid. Persons, however, so nearly connected with me, so revered and loved, would by their errors and half perceptions, nay, even by their falling into my way of thinking, have disturbed and encumbered me. The traveller from the

north fancies he comes to Rome to supplement his existence, to fill up the gaps in his manhood. Gradually, however, to his great discomfort, he becomes sensible that nothing less is necessary on his part than an entire change of sense, than a beginning at the beginning.

Though all this was perfectly clear to me, I prudently let the day and hour for taking action on it remain in uncertainty, and meanwhile continued unintermittently to make the best use of my time. Independent reflection, attention to the views of others, practical experiments on my own part—these ceaselessly followed each other to their mutual relief and mutual benefit.

In this, too, I was particularly assisted by the participation of Heinrich Meyer from Zurich, whose intercourse with me, though not frequent, was beneficial. Diligent and strict with himself, this artist turned his time to better account than did the circle of younger men, who carelessly imagined they could combine earnest progress in artistic thought and skill with a gay, tumultuous life.

NOVEMBER.

Correspondence.

Rome, 3 *November*, 1787.

Kayser is come, though the whole week I have not written about it. He is first tuning his pianoforte, and gradually the opera will be produced. His presence again curiously fits in with my labours, and I see one needs but quietly to pursue one's course; the days bring with them the best gifts as well as the worst mishaps,

The reception of my *Egmont* makes me happy, and I trust it will lose nothing by a second reading. At all events I know how much I have worked into it, more than can be read out of it all at once. The features in it you praise were those I was aiming to produce: if you tell me I have been successful in this, my purpose by it has been attained. It was a harder task than can be expressed, a task, indeed, I could never have accomplished without boundless freedom outwardly and inwardly. Just

think of all that is implied in undertaking a work written twelve years earlier, in completing it without recasting it. The particular circumstances of the time have both aggravated and facilitated the labour. There are yet two stones lying on the road before me, *Faust* and *Tasso*. The merciful gods being now, however, apparently inclined to release me for the future from the punishment of Sisyphus, I hope to get these clumps also fixed on the top of the hill. This attained, I will take in hand something fresh, desirous as I am to deserve the approval your love bestows on me undeservedly.

What you say about *Clara* I do not quite understand, and await your next letter. I see well that you miss a *nuance* between the girl and the goddess. As, however, I have kept her relation to Egmont exclusively in view; as I found her love more on the conception she has of the perfection of her lover, and make her bliss consist more in the enjoyment of the boundless feeling that *such* a man should belong to her than in any voluptuousness; as, further, I make her appear in the character of a heroine; as, moreover, with the intense feeling of the eternity of love, she wanders after her lover, and at last, through a transfiguring dream, appears glorified before his soul, I do not know where I am to put the intermediate *nuance*, though I confess that from the exigencies of the dramatic pasteboard and lath work the shades of character I refer to above are perhaps too far removed and disconnected, or rather their connection is too slightly indicated. Perhaps a second reading will help the matter; perhaps your next letter will give me more particulars.

Angelica has drawn and Lips engraved a frontispiece for *Egmont*, such as at least would not have been drawn and engraved in Germany.

Unfortunately I must for the present wholly lay aside plastic art, otherwise I shall not get done with my dramatic pieces, which, to be anything, require all my composure and quiet industry. *Claudine* is now fairly in hand, is, so to say, being executed quite anew, and the old chaff of my existence winnowed out.

Rome, 10*th November*, 1787.

Kayser is now here, and music being added to the rest, life becomes three-fold. He is an excellent, good man, and fits in with us who veritably lead a life as natural as is anywhere to be found on this globe. Tischbein returns from Naples, and quarters and everything else must be re-arranged for both here; yet with such good natures as we are, things will get all into their proper groove again in a week.

I have proposed to the Dowager-Duchess that she allow me the sum of two hundred zechini to be laid out in the purchase of different little works of art. Back me up in this proposal as you find it in my letter to her. I do not need the money at once, nor all in a lump. This is an important affair, the whole compass of which you will easily comprehend; and you would still more recognise the necessity and expediency of my counsel and request, were you aware of the situation here, which is all clear to me. By a collection of trifles I prepare her much pleasure; and when she sees the things here I gradually get made, then I shall still with them the desire of possession which arises in the breast of every new-comer, whoever he or she be, and which with a painful resignation she might suppress or gratify at much cost and loss. Whole sheets might yet be written on this subject.

The news of the approval my *Egmont* meets gladdens me to the heart. I have never written any piece with more freedom of mind, nor have finished any with greater conscientiousness. Yet it is difficult, after you have done something different, to satisfy the reader; he always desires something in the style of the former.

Rome, 24*th November*.

In your last letter you make inquiry about the colour of the landscape in these regions. In this I can answer you that in bright days, especially in Autumn, the landscape is so rich in colours that it must appear bright in every copy. I hope in a short time to send you some drawings by a German now in Naples; the water-colours are so far

below the splendour of nature and yet you will fancy them to be impossible. The prettiest thing about it is that at a short distance the lively colours become subdued by the atmospheric tone, and that the contrasts of cold and warm tones—as they are called—stand displayed to view. The blue, clear shades contrast so charmingly with the bright green, yellow, red and brown, and mingle with the blue-tinted, dewy distance. It is at once splendour and harmony, a graduation in the whole, of which in the north you have no conception. With you all is either hard or dull, bright or monotonous. At all events, I remember seldom to have seen single pictures giving any foretaste of what I now see daily and hourly before me. Perhaps now, however, that my eye is more trained, I might find more beauties in the north too.

For the rest, I can truly say that I now see almost clear before me the right road to all plastic arts, but am also the better able to measure their distance and remoteness. I am already too old ever to become anything better than a bungler. I see also how others get on, find many on the right track, but no one making rapid progress. With this, too, therefore, it is as with Happiness and Wisdom, they hover before us as original images, but at most we touch in reality only the hem of their garments.

Kayser's arrival, and getting the household arrangements with him a little settled, has kept me back to some extent: my works have been suspended. Now things are again on the move and my operas are near being done. He is very brave, sensible, orderly and sedate, as sure and steady in his art as possible; a man of healthful influence. Withal, too, he has a goodness of heart, a true eye for life and society, which makes his otherwise strict character more lissome and imparts to his intercourse a peculiar winning grace.

NARRATIVE.—NOVEMBER.

While, therefore, I was nursing the secret thought of a gradual emancipation, a new tie was prepared for me by

the arrival of a resolute early friend, Christoph Kayser, a native of Frankfort, who had come hither at the same time with Klinger and the rest of us. Endowed by nature with peculiar musical talent, he had years ago, while undertaking the composition of *Jest, Cunning and Revenge*, also begun suitable music for *Egmont*. I had announced to him from Rome the despatch of this latter work, of which I retained a copy in my hands. Instead of a voluminous correspondence on the subject it was deemed advisable he should join us without delay. He therefore straightway fled express to us through Italy, reached us in a short time, and was received as a friend by the circle of artists who had fixed their head-quarters in the Corso opposite Rondanini.

Here, however, instead of the necessary composure and unity, there soon appeared distraction and rupture.

First of all, several days passed in procuring a pianoforte, trying it, tuning it, and rightly placing it, points which could never be settled to the satisfaction of the self-willed artist's humour. Very soon, however, the expense of trouble and time was compensated by the performances of a very expert talent, completely in harmony with the spirit of the time, and able to render with facility the most difficult works then produced. To enable the musical historian at once to distinguish the period in question, I remark that at that time Schubert was deemed beyond the reach of rivalry, and that the test of a practised pianoforte player was then understood to be the execution of variations, in which a simple theme, elaborated in the most artful manner, holds the listener in astonishment till at last its recurrence to a natural form allows him to draw free breath again.

Kayser brought with him the symphony to *Egmont*, and on this side, therefore, encouraged my further endeavours, which, both from external impulse and inward bias, were more than ever directed to the musical drama.

Erwin und Elmire, as also *Claudine von Villa Bella*, had now also to be sent to Germany; but through my elaboration of *Egmont*, the standard I imposed on myself, in respect to the satisfactoriness of my work, had risen to such a degree that I could no longer prevail on myself to let them pass in their first form. A great deal in them in

the way of lyrics was dear and precious to me, as testifying to many hours of foolish, perhaps, but yet happy, experience, as well as hours of pain and distress, to all which youth, in its heedless impetuousness, is so exposed. The prose dialogue, on the other hand, had too great a resemblance to those French operettas, for which indeed we cherish a kindly remembrance, as having first presented to us on our boards a cheerful musical existence, but which no longer satisfied me, a naturalised Italian, impatient of seeing the melodious song concatenated by anything inferior to a recitative or declamatory song. In this sense both operas will now be found fashioned. The compositions made for them have here and there given pleasure, and holding their own as they did in their day, they have with the text swum down the dramatic stream.

It is customary to rail at the Italian texts, and to repeat phrases in vogue respecting them which mean nothing. They are no doubt light and frolicsome, imposing no greater demands on the composer and singer than both are ready to comply with. Without venturing on any wide discussion of the subject, I recall the text of the *Secret Marriage*. The author of this opera is unknown, but whoever he be, he is one of the most skilful who have ever worked in this department. I made it my aim to labour in the same sense, and in like freedom to work for definite objects, and I know not myself how far I have approached my goal. Unfortunately, however, I had for a considerable time been involved with my friend Kayser in an enterprise which gradually gave me ever more misgivings and appeared ever less practicable.

Let that very innocent season in the history of the German Opera be called to mind when a simple interlude like the *Serva Padrona*, by Pergolese, was sure of good reception and applause. At that time appeared a German Buffo of the name of Berger with his wife, an attractive stately, clever woman. These two, assuming but a sorry disguise, and having but a poor exhibition to make in the way of music, gave many private representations of joyous, diverting effect, their pieces always ending in the exposure and humiliation of an old enamoured fool.

I therefore hit on the conception of a third intermediary and easily supplied voice, and so years ago there arose the opera, *Jest, Cunning and Revenge*, which I sent to Kayser in Zurich; but who, as an earnest, conscientious, man, went too seriously to work, treating the piece too elaborately. I had myself transgressed the limits of the interlude, and the unimposing subject developed so many singing pieces, that even with a spare cursory music, three persons could hardly have got to the end of the representation. Kayser however, worked out the airs in full, according to old style, and happily enough, too, in particular parts, it may be asserted, as also not without grace when viewed as a whole.

But how and where was this to be represented? Unhappily it suffered, according to former economical principles, from a paucity of voices. It did not go beyond a trio, and at last we should have been only too happy to animate the doctor's treacle pots, in order to gain an orchestra. All our endeavours, therefore, in the way of simplification and limitation went for naught when Mozart stepped on the scene. The *Abduction from the Seraglio* put everything else in the shade, and as far as concerned the theatre, complete silence settled down on our carefully laboured piece.

Our Kayser's presence now raised and developed our love of music, which had hitherto been confined to theatrical exhibitions. He was careful in his attendance at church festivals, and we found ourselves induced to listen with him to the festive music performed on such occasions We found it no doubt already much secularized, and provided with a complete orchestra, though song still ever predominated. I remember hearing for the first time, on a St. Cecilia's day, a bravura with accompanying chorus. Its influence on me was extraordinary, such as it still ever exercises on the public when the like comes to be performed in an opera.

Besides this, Kayser had the additional virtue, that, being interested in the old music, and earnestly intent on tracing the history of music, he busied himself much in libraries, his diligence meeting with special reward in the

Minerva. His book-hunting had, moreover, this result, that he drew our attention to the older copper-plates of the sixteenth century; not neglecting to bring to our remembrance, for example, the *Speculum Romanæ Magnificentiæ*, the architecture of Lomazzo, as also the later *Admiranda Romæ* and other such works. These collections of books and plates, to which the rest of us, also, accordingly made pilgrimage, have a particularly high value when seen in good copies; they bring home to us that earlier period in which antiquity was regarded with earnestness and awe, and its remains were copied in energetic characters. In this way we approached the Colossi, for example, as they yet stood on the old spot in the Colonna gardens; while the half ruin of the Septizonium of Severus still presented us with a tolerable conception of this vanished building. St. Peter's too, without façade, the great centre without cupola, the old Vatican, in whose court gymnastics could yet be held—everything carried your mind back into the olden time, and also showed you clearly what changes the two following centuries had effected, and how, in spite of obstacles, they had laboured to restore the destroyed and to overtake the neglected.

Heinrich Meyer, from Zurich, whom I have already often had occasion to mention, however retired he lived, and however diligent he was, scarcely ever failed to show himself where anything of consequence was to be seen or learnt; for other people sought and desired his society, which was ever as modest as it was instructive. He quietly pursued the sure path which had been opened by Winckelmann and Mengs, and knowing as he did how to represent in a praiseworthy manner in Seidelmann's style antique busts with sepia, no one found more opportunity than he to examine and make acquaintance with the gentle gradations of earlier and later art.

When, accordingly, we made preparations for paying a torchlight visit to the museums both of the Vatican and of the Capitol, a visit desired alike by all strangers, artists, connoisseurs and laics, Meyer joined us; and among my papers I find an essay of his conferring permanent signifi-

cance on a delightful walk of this kind among the most splendid remains of art, which hovers before the soul like a rapturous though gradually vanishing dream—and on its advantageous effects on knowledge and insight.

"The custom of visiting the great Roman Museums, for example the Museo Pio-Clementino, in the Vatican, the Capitoline, &c., by the light of wax-torches appears to have been rather new in the 80's of the last century; it is, however, not known to me when exactly it commenced.

"*The advantages of torch-illumination.*—Each subject thereby comes to be contemplated singly and detached from all the others, the spectator's attention being directed exclusively on it. Then, in the powerful, effective torch-light, all the tender *nuances* of the works come far more distinctly to light; all disturbing reflections (especially noxious in the case of brilliantly polished statues) cease, the shades become more definite, the illumined parts come out more clearly. A main advantage, however, unquestionably is that works unfavourably situated are by this means seen to due advantage. The *Laocoon*, for example, in the niche where it stood, could be properly seen only by torch-light, no immediate sun-light falling on it, but only a reflection from the small round court of the Belvedere which is surrounded by a columnal hall. The same was the case with the *Apollo* and the so-called *Antinous* (Mercury). Still more necessary was torch-illumination to see and appreciate the merits of the *Nile* as also *Meleager*. To no other antique is torch-illumination so advantageous as to the so-called *Phocion*, as only in that way, and not by ordinary light, on account of its unfavourable situation, can you perceive the parts of the body shining with such wonderful tenderness through the simple dress. Beautifully, too, comes out the excellent torso of a sitting *Bacchus*, as also the upper part of a Bacchus-statue with beautiful head, and the half-figure of a *Triton*; above all else, however, the wonder of art, the celebrated Torso which can never be enough praised.

"The monuments in the Capitoline Museum are in

general, it is true, of less importance than those in the Museo Pio-Clementino, yet there are some of great consequence; and it is well, in order to become duly instructed in their merits, to see them under torch-illumination. The so-called *Pyrrhus*, of excellent workmanship, stands on the stair, where it receives no day-light at all. On the gallery in front of the pillars stands a beautiful half-figure taken for a draped Venus, which receives but a sorry light from three sides. The naked *Venus*, the most beautiful statue of the kind in Rome, does not appear to advantage by day-light, set up as it is in a corner room; and the beautiful draped *Juno*, so-called, is placed on the wall between windows which afford it but a poor side-light. The celebrated *Ariadne*-head, again, in the miscellaneous room, appears in all its glory only by torch-light. There are other objects, besides, in this museum unfavourably placed, where torch-illumination is altogether necessary to see them rightly and estimate them according to their merits.

"As so many usages, however, are, through fashion, turned to abuses, so is it, also, with torch-illumination. It can be of advantage only when the purpose intended by it is understood. In the case of monuments which, like those we have above enumerated, receive but a pitiful share of day-light, torch-illumination is necessary, bringing into more distinct view, as it does, the reliefs and depths and the transition of the parts into each other. Eminently favourable, however, is this device in the case of works of the very best period of art, when the torch-bearer and the spectator know how to use it. Its service is to show better the proportions of a work of that class and bring out its tenderest *nuances*. Works of the old style of art, on the other hand, those of powerful, and even those of high style, have not much to gain by torch-illumination, if they otherwise stand in clear light; for how should the artists of that time, not being versed in the properties of light and shade, have planned and wrought their works with a view to light and shade? The same remark applies to works of a later period when the artists began to grow more careless, and taste had so far degenerated that, in plastic works, attention was no longer paid to

light and shade, and the doctrine of proportions was forgotten. What use can torch-illumination serve in the case of monuments of this kind?"

On such a festive occasion it is proper to call to remembrance Herr Hirt as well, who, in more than one way, was of service and furtherance to our society. Born at Fürstenberg in 1759, after completing his studies in the ancient authors he felt an irresistible impulse to betake himself to Rome. He arrived there several years before me, and studied in the most earnest fashion old and modern architecture and sculpture of every kind, qualifying himself as an instructive guide for inquisitive strangers. To me, too, with self-sacrificing kindness, he rendered this politeness.

His main study was architecture, though he did not withhold his attention from classical localities and so many other remarkable things. His theoretic views on art gave rise to lively discussions in controversial and partisan Rome. From diverging views there arises, especially in that city, where in all places and at all times the talk turns on art, all manner of speech on one side and the other, stimulating and instructing the mind in the presence of such important objects. Our Hirt's principle was based on the derivation of Greek and Roman architecture from the oldest and most necessary wooden erections, a principle which determined his distribution of praise and blame in regard to modern structures; and in support of this position of his he was expert in citing history and extant examples. Others, on the other hand, maintained that in architecture, as in every other art, tasteful fictions also played their part, a feature which the architect ought never to leave out of account, seeing that in the manifold cases which come before him he is obliged to help himself, now in this and now in that manner, and to deviate from strict rule.

In respect to beauty, too, he often fell into discrepancy with other artists, basing it as he did on the characteristic, a position in which he was so far supported by those who maintained that a predominating character must, assuredly, be at the basis of every artistic work, but that

the manipulation must be directed by the sense of beauty and by taste, whose office it is to present each particular character in its due proportion and grace.

Art, however, consisting in doing and not in speaking, and yet people being always disposed more for speaking than doing, it may easily be comprehended that such discussions as the above knew no end, being still continued down to the latest times in all their pristine keenness.

If the difference of views among the artists gave rise to many unpleasantnesses, and even to estrangements between each other, it sometimes served, though seldom, to give rise to amusing occurrences. The following instance may be given :—

A number of artists, having spent the afternoon in the Vatican, and going home late, to avoid the long way through the town to their quarters, directed their steps to the gate of the Colonnade, along the vineyards stretching to the Tiber. On the road they had struck up an argument and came in full dispute to the banks of the river, continuing the discussion in the boat in which they were ferried across. Landing at Ripetta they found it would be necessary to separate there, and thus see their arguments, which had just been fairly started on both sides, strangled in the birth. They therefore unanimously agreed to keep together and be ferried across and back again till they had concluded the debate. On touching Ripetta a second time they were just in the full flood of their argument, and demanded of the ferryman to repeat the transit. He, for his part, made no objections, seeing each crossing entitled him to a bajocco from each person, a gain not otherwise to be expected at that late hour of the day. In all stillness, therefore, he went on rowing back and forward, and when his little son, fairly puzzled at the affair, asked his father what it meant, the boatman replied with entire composure, "It's more than I know, but in any case they are crazy."

About this time, enclosed in a packet from home, I received the following letter :—

"Monsieur, je ne suis pas étonné que vous ayez de

mauvais lecteurs; tant de gens aiment mieux parler que sentir, mais il faut les plaindre et se féliciter de ne pas leur ressembler.

"Oui, Monsieur, je vous dois la meilleure action de ma vie, par conséquent la racine de plusieurs autres, et pour moi votre livre est bon. Si j'avais le bonheur d'habiter le même pays que vous, j'irais vous embrasser et vous dire mon secret, mais malheureusement j'en habite un, où personne ne croirait au motif qui vient de me déterminer à cette démarche. Soyez satisfait, Monsieur, d'avoir pu à 300 lieues de votre demeure ramener le cœur d'un jeune homme à l'honnêteté et à la vertu, toute une famille va être tranquille, et mon cœur jouit d'une bonne action. Si j'avais des talens, des lumières ou un rang qui me fit influer sur le sort des hommes, je vous dirais mon nom, mais je ne suis rien et je suis ce que je ne voudrais être. Je souhaite, Monsieur, que vous soyez jeune, que vous ayez le goût d'écrire, que vous soyez l'époux d'une Charlotte qui n'avait point vu de Werther, et vous serez le plus heureux des hommes; car je crois que vous aimez la vertu." *

DECEMBER.

Correspondence.

Rome, 1 *December*, 1787.

So much I can assure you, I am on the most important points more than certain, and though my *knowledge* could expand *ad infinitum*, yet I have a sure, clear and communicable conception of the finite-infinite.

* Sir,—I am not astonished you should have bad readers, so many people like talking better than feeling; one must pity them and congratulate himself on not being like them.

Yes, sir, I am indebted to you for the best action I have ever done in my life and consequently for many others proceeding from it, so that in its effect on me your book is good. Had I the happiness of living in your country I should go and embrace you and tell you my secret. Unhappily, however, I live in a country where such a step on my part would be misconstrued. Rest satisfied, sir, in having, at a distance of 300 leagues from your home, been able to reclaim a young man to honesty and virtue, thus restoring a whole family to peace and making my heart rejoice in having done a good action. Had I talents, learning

I have still the most wonderful things in view, and keep my knowledge-faculty in check that only my productive power may somewhat exert itself. For I have in my eye glorious things, as plain as your hand when once you have laid hold of them.

Rome, 7 *December*, 1787.

This week has been spent in drawing, as the poetry would not get on. It is necessary to watch every opportunity and make the best of each recurring day. Our house-academy is always making progress, and we are endeavouring to waken the old *Angantyr* out of sleep. We are busy in the evening with perspective, and in this work I always seek to learn better and more surely how to draw some parts of the human body. Thoroughness in anything is, however, all too hard and demands no end of application.

Angelica is altogether dear and good, she makes me her debtor in every way. We spend Sunday together, and during the week I see her once in the evening. She works so much and so well that you have not the least idea how it is possible, and yet you are always thinking she is doing nothing.

Rome, 8 *December*.

However greatly delighted I am that my little song has pleased you, you do not imagine what joy it gives me to produce a tone which finds response in you. That was just what I desired in the case of *Egmont*, of which you say so little, and that it gives you pain rather than pleasure. Oh, we know well enough that we can hardly tune so great a composition with perfect purity; at bottom no one has such a correct conception of the difficulty of art as the artist himself.

There is far more positive—that is teachable and com-

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or rank qualifying me to influence the fate of men, I should tell you my name; but I am nothing, and I am what I would not be. Sir, I wish you youth, a taste for writing, that you may be the husband of a Charlotte who had seen no Werther, and then will you be the happiest of men; for I believe you love virtue.

municable—in art than is generally supposed; and there are very many mechanical arts whereby the most intellectual effects may be produced—though of course intellect is always necessary to their successful use. If one knows these small artifices, then much which appears wonderful will be seen to be play, and nowhere, I believe, can you learn more in matters high and low than in Rome.

Rome, 15 *December*.

I write to you late only for the sake of writing a little. This week I have spent with great enjoyment. Last week things would not go on at all, neither one thing nor another; and on Monday the weather being so beautiful, and my knowledge of the atmosphere giving me hope of some good days, I set out with Kayser and my second Fritz, and from Monday till this evening have been going the round of the places I already knew, and several parts till then unknown to me.

On Tuesday evening we reached Frascati, on Wednesday we visited the most beautiful villas, and in particular the precious *Antinous* on Monte Dragone. On Thursday we went from Frascati to Monte Caro by way of Rocca di Papa, of which you shall some time have drawings, for words and descriptions are in vain; then to Albano downwards. On Friday Kayser left us, not feeling quite well, and, with Fritz the second, I made for Aricia, Genzano, then along the lake of Nemi back to Albano again. To-day we have been to Castel Gandolfo and Marino, thence back to Rome. The weather favoured us incredibly; it was almost the most beautiful weather of the whole year. Besides the evergreens, some oaks are yet in foliage, and young chestnuts are still in leaf, though yellow. There are tones in the landscape of the greatest beauty, and grand, splendid forms appear in nocturnal dusk. I have had great enjoyment, which in the distance I communicate to you. I have been very happy and well.

Rome, 21 *December*, 1787.

My drawing and study of art help rather than impede my poetical faculty; for it is necessary to write only a

little, but to draw much. I wish I could only communicate to you the conception of plastic art I now have; however subordinate it is, it is joyous, because true and pointing ever further. The understanding and reasoning of the great masters is incredible. If on my arrival in Italy I was new-born, I now begin to be educated anew.

What I have hitherto sent are but slight experiments. With Thurneisen I send a roll on which the best are foreign things which will gladden you.

Rome, 25 *December*.

This time Christ has been born amid thunder and lightning; we had a storm just about midnight.

The splendour of the great works of art no longer blinds me; I roam now in contemplation, in true discriminating knowledge. How much in this respect I owe to a quiet, solitarily diligent Swiss of the name of Meyer I cannot say. He it was who first opened my eyes to detail, to the qualities of particular forms; he has initiated me into true *making*. He is modest, and in a little enjoys sufficiency. Verily he enjoys the works of art better than the great possessors who do not understand them, better than other artists who are carried away by a too anxious desire to imitate the inimitable. He has a heavenly clearness of ideas and an angelic goodness of heart. He never talks with me, but I would fain write down everything he says; so definite, correct, are his words, marking out the single true line. His instruction imparts to me more than any other man could give me, and his removal will be for me a gap not to be filled up. By his side I trust in the course of time to attain in drawing a degree of excellence I myself now scarcely dare imagine. All I learnt, thought and undertook in Germany holds the same relation to his instruction as the bark of a tree to the kernel of the fruit. I have no words to express the calm, wakeful bliss with which I now begin to contemplate the works of art; my mind is widened enough to comprehend them, and cultivates itself ever more to a proper estimate of them.

There are, again, strangers here with whom I some-

times visit a gallery; they seem to me like so many wasps in my room flying to the windows, taking the clear panes for the air, bounding off again and humming about the walls.

I should not wish even an enemy banished into a taciturn forlorn situation. And, as formerly, to be deemed moody and contracted suits me less than ever. Think, then, my dear friend, do and work the best for me, and preserve me my life, which will otherwise perish without profiting any one! Yes, I must say, this year I have morally been much spoiled. Quite cut off from all the world, I have for a time stood alone. Now a small circle has again drawn round me, all good, all on the *right road* —and it is taken as a token that in thought and action they are all the more advancing on the right road that they are able to hold out in my company, that they like me and find pleasure in my presence. For merciless and intolerant I am to all saunterers or strayers on the way who would yet be taken for messengers and travellers. I ply them with jest and ridicule till they either mend their figure or part from me. Of course I am referring only to good, upright men; dolts and perverse heads are at once unceremoniously winnowed out. Two men, nay three, already thank me for their conversion in mind and life, and will thank me their life long. It is then, when my character is exerting influence that I feel the *soundness* and *breadth* of my nature. My feet only get sore in pinching shoes, and I see nothing when I am set in front of a wall.

Narrative.—December.

The month of December entered with cheerful, pretty equable weather, which gave rise to a thought destined to afford a good and merry company agreeable days. We said to ourselves, "Suppose we had just entered Rome, and as strangers, having but little time at our disposal, had to instruct ourselves with all speed regarding the objects of greatest excellence. Under this supposition let us set out on a tour of inspection, renovating in our minds and senses what we already know."

No sooner said than begun and carried out, too, with a considerable degree of steadiness. Pity only there are so few records left of the many good things we observed and thought on this occasion. Letters, notes, drawings and plans in connection with this adventure are almost entirely wanting; a little, however, in reference to it must be communicated.

In the lower part of Rome, at no great distance from the Tiber, stands a moderately large church, called *Of the three Springs*, fountains which, as is related, gushed forth on the shedding of St. Paul's blood when he was beheaded, and which still continue to gush forth to the present day. Independently of this, the church stands on a low site, and the jets of water springing forth in its interior no doubt increase its clammy dampness. The inside is little adorned, and almost left to itself, being kept only in a tolerably clean, although mouldering, state, for the sake of the few occasional services held in it. One ornament, however, of great attraction it possesses, the bright life-size paintings, from the designs of Raphael, of Christ and His Apostles, ranged in a series on the pillars of the nave. This extraordinary genius, who has elsewhere, in the fitting place, presented those pious men in a group, dressed in agreement with each other, has here portrayed the apostles, singly, with individual distinctiveness, as no longer a company following their Master, but as, after their Lord's ascension, so many separate persons, each standing on his own feet, having to work and endure through life in accordance with his own character.

That people may instruct themselves, however, even at a distance in the excellencies of those pictures, there are left us from the faithful hand of Marco Antonio copies of the original drawings, which enabled us frequently to refresh our memory with them and write down our thoughts regarding them. (See the essay *On Christ and the Twelve Apostles* which appeared in the *Deutsche Merkur*, 1789.)

Not far from this modest little church is the larger monument dedicated to the great apostle, the church called *St. Paul before the Walls*, a monument constructed in a great and richly artistic style out of old and splendid remains.

The entry into this church gives you a sublime impression; the series of mighty pillars bear aloft high painted walls which, closed above by the crossed woodwork of the roof, convey, it is true, to our spoiled eye the appearance of a barn-like structure, although the whole, if on festival days the beams were draped with tapestry, would produce an incredible effect. Many wonderful remains of colossal and highly-ornamented architecture on capitals are here preserved in dignity, snatched from the ruins of the Palace of Caracalla, which formerly stood near by, but has now almost entirely disappeared.

Then the race-course, which still has the name of that Emperor, although now largely fallen into decay, still gives us a conception of immense space. Were a draftsman to place himself on the left wing of the competing charioteers as they start on their course, he would have to the right, towering above the ruined seats of the spectators, the grave of Cecilia Metella with its more modern surroundings, whence runs out *ad infinitum* the line of the old seats, while in the distance notable villas and pavilions attract the eye. Leaving those distant views the artist has no difficulty in following, straight in front of him, the ruins of the Spina, and if endowed with architectural fancy he might in some measure realise the overweening pride of those days. Would but a talented and well-instructed artist undertake the task, the spectacle in ruins as it now stands before our eyes would in any case still yield an agreeable picture, which of course would have to be twice as long as it was deep.

The Pyramid of Cestius was on this occasion only greeted by our eyes from the outside, while the ruins of the baths of Antoninus or Caracalla, of which Piranesi has given us so many powerfully illusive representations, could hardly in the presence of them give any satisfaction even to the eye accustomed to paintings. We, however, called vividly to remembrance Hermann von Schwanenfelt who, with his tender graver, instinct with the purest feeling of nature and art, knew how to reanimate those scenes of the past and to transform them into the most graceful supports of the living present.

On the square of St. Peter in Mentorio we saluted the

gushing water of the *Acqua Paola* which, pouring in five streams through the doors and gates of a triumphal arch, fills to the brim a proportionately large basin. Along an aqueduct restored by Paul V., this abundant stream pursues its way behind the lake of Bracciano for twenty-five Italian miles, through a wonderful zigzag of varying heights, and supplies water for many mills and factories, spreading itself out at last in the Trastevere.

Surveying this sight, lovers of architecture praised the happy thought of giving to these waters an open, visible, triumphant entry. By pillars and arches, by entablatures and attics you are reminded of those sumptuous gates through which formerly war-conquerors were wont to enter. In the present case the peaceful nourisher entered with like strength and power, receiving as the reward of his laborious and long career the thanks and admiration of all beholders.

A man from the north, who had shortly before arrived among us, expressed the opinion that it would have been better to have towered up savage rocks here as a natural association for the issue of these floods into the light of day. In reply, it was pointed out to him that this being not a natural but an artificial stream, people were perfectly justified in celebrating its arrival in a corresponding manner.

On this point, however, as little unanimity was come to as on the splendid picture of the *Transfiguration* which was hung up in the closely adjacent cloister for our astonishment. A great deal of talk accordingly took place, the quieter portion of our company, however, feeling aggrieved at hearing a repetition of the old censure as to double treatment. In the world, it is true, a worthless coin will often obtain a certain currency alongside of a valid one, especially in the hurry and scurry of business, when transactions are to be despatched speedily and off-hand. It nevertheless remains very strange that any one could ever entertain misgivings as to the great unity of such a conception as the one above referred to. In the absence of the Master disconsolate parents present a possessed boy to the disciples of the Holy One; they have already, perhaps, tried experiments to exorcise the spirit; a book

has even been opened to see whether some traditional formula might not be found operative against this affliction, but all in vain. At this moment appears the only powerful One, and that in a transfigured form recognised by his great predecessors; hastily the disciples point up to such a vision as the single source of cure. How now separate the upper and under part? Both are one: below, the suffering and needy; above, the efficient and succouring; both referring to each other, fitting into each other. To express the meaning in another form, is it possible to separate from this picture an ideal reference to the actual?

Those who shared this view strengthened themselves on this occasion also in their conviction. Raphael, they said to each other, distinguished himself by the accuracy of his thinking; and is it to be supposed that this divinely-gifted man in the bloom of his life thought falsely, acted falsely? No; like nature, he is always right, and there most thoroughly where we least comprehend him.

A resolution like ours, to remain with each other in united good fellowship, during a hasty survey of Rome, could not be carried out in its perfect integrity. Now one and now another of us failed to present himself, accidentally prevented perhaps; outsiders, again, attached themselves to us to contemplate in their way this or the other remarkable sight. The kernel of our original body, however, always held together, directing who might be admitted into our midst and who rejected, where to linger on our expedition and where to hasten our steps. Occasionally, of course, we could not help hearing very strange utterances. There is a certain kind of empiric judgment which English and French travellers in particular have brought into vogue. On surveying any work of art you express your immediate impression, without having subjected yourself to any previous preparation for estimating the particular work, heedless of the many conditions which specially pertain to every artist, such as his peculiar talent, his predecessors and masters, the place and time in which he laboured, his patrons and customers. Nothing of all those particulars, so pertinent towards a true appre-

ciation of any work, is taken into consideration, and so by way of criticism, you hear a dreadful medley of praise and blame, of affirmation and negation; a confusion of opinions, totally ignoring the characteristics of any production.

Our good Volkmann, a careful man and useful enough as a guide, seems to have been altogether infected by those foreign critics; for which reason his own judgments appear so odd. Can one, for example, express himself more unhappily than he does regarding the church of *S. Maria della Pace?*

"On the first chapel Raphael has painted some sibyls which have undergone much injury. The drawing is correct, but the composition weak, a drawback to be attributed presumably to the inconvenience of the place. The second chapel is adorned with arabesques from Michel Angelo's drawings. They are highly valued, but are not simple enough. Under the dome are three pictures. The first, representing the visitation of Mary, by Carl Maratti, is coldly painted, but well arranged. The second represents the birth of Mary by Cavalier Vanni, in the manner of Peter of Cortona, and the third the death of Mary by Maria Morandi. The composition is somewhat confused, degenerating into crudeness. On the vault above the choir Albani has, with weak colour, copied the Ascension. The paintings derived from him on the pillars under the dome are better advised. Bramante designed the court of the cloister belonging to this church."

Inadequate, vacillating opinions like these altogther confuse the spectator who chooses such a book for his guide. A great deal, too, is quite false; for example, what is here said about the sibyls. Raphael was never put out by the space or want of space allowed him by the architect; it rather belongs to the greatness and elegance of his genius that he knew how to fill and adorn every place in the most tasteful manner, as is so conspicuously manifested in the Farnesina. Even the splendid pictures of the "Fair of Bolsena," the "Deliverance of Peter from Prison," and the "Parnassus" would, without the extraordinary limitations of space, not be so incomparably clever. In the sibyls, too, the concealed symmetry, on

which all depends, asserts itself in the style of the highest genius; for, as in the organisation of nature, so also in art, the perfection of the expression of life is displayed within the narrowest limits.

However that may be, let every one with perfect liberty choose his own mode and style of judging works of art. In the course of this social tour there reigned in my mind a sense of the ever-living presence of the *classical.* In other words, I had the conviction, both in my bodily senses and in my soul, that I walked the ground of past, present and future greatness. The transitory nature of the greatest and most splendid achievements lies in the quality of time, and of the moral and physical elements operating on each other. In our very general survey we could pass by works in ruins without any feeling of sadness. On the contrary we rather rejoiced that so much was preserved, and so much restored more magnificently than it had ever stood.

St. Peter's church is conceived as greatly as, indeed, with more greatness and boldness than, any of the old temples. It was our happiness to contemplate not alone what two thousand years had wasted, but also what higher culture had been able to produce in place of the old.

The vacillation of artistic taste itself, the aspiration after simple greatness, and the return to complicate smallness, all this indicated life and movement. The history of art and of man lay synchronically displayed before our eyes.

We need not therefore, feel depressed when the observation forces itself on our attention that greatness is transitory. Rather, when we find the past has been great, we ought to feel encouraged to achieve for our part, too, something of importance which may serve, even when in ruins, to stimulate our successors to activity, as our predecessors for their part have not failed to hand down to us matter of noble stimulus.

These contemplations, in the highest degree instructive and elevating, were not indeed disturbed and interrupted,

but yet interwoven with a painful feeling which accompanied me everywhere. I learned that the pretty Milan lady's intended had, under I know not what pretext, taken back his word, and severed connection with his betrothed. I now indeed deemed myself so far happy in not having indulged my inclinations, but having on the contrary very early withdrawn myself from the dear girl, so that after making minute inquiries under cloak of those country-visits, I had the satisfaction of ascertaining that any connection between the lady and me had not been so much as thought of in the severance of the ties. Still it was extremely painful for me to behold the winning picture which had hitherto accompanied me as a bright and friendly image now all overcast and disfigured; for I soon heard that from the shock and horror of the event the dear creature had fallen into a violent fever threatening her very life. Making inquiries day by day, at first twice a day, as to her state, I found a sad impossible task thrown on my imagination, the task of figuring those bright features, compatible alone with the open joyous day—the expression of an unembarrassed, still progressive life—now soiled with tears and marred with suffering; the task of conceiving so fresh a youthful figure now, in the early spring of her life, blasted and emaciated by trouble of soul and body.

In such a frame of mind it was no doubt a great counterpoise to have a series of such important sights appealing to eye and mind before me, and I gazed at them all with a feeling quickened by sadness.

If after so many centuries the old monuments had mostly crumbled into unshapely masses, suggesting melancholy reflections to the spectator, we were also overtaken by a feeling of grief when splendid modern structures reminded us of the decline of so many families in these later times. Even what had been preserved down to the present in vigorous life seemed to be the prey of some secret worm; for how would any terrestrial institutions be maintained intact in our days without due physical force, by mere moral and religious props? And, as a cheerful spirit imparts fresh life even to a ruin, just as sunken walls and rent blocks are invested with new

undying vegetation, so, on the other hand, a feeling of sadness divests the living present of its fairest ornament, presenting it naked as a skeleton.

I could not make up my mind even to join in a mountain expedition that we had planned in a pleasant party before winter, till I got word of her recovery in the very place where, in the loveliest autumnal days, I had first made the acquaintance of so bright and amiable a creature.

The very first letter I received from Weimar touching *Egmont* contained some criticisms on one thing and another which called forth anew in me the remark that the unpoetical lover of art, ensconced in his burgess-like comfort, is apt to take offence at any part of a poetical work which entails trouble on him, such as the solution, colouring or concealment of a problem. The somnolent reader wants everything to pursue its natural course, little imagining in his obstinate conceit how the extraordinary may also be natural. A letter to the effect just indicated had arrived. I took it with me to the Villa Borghese, where, on opening it, I read how some scenes in my *Egmont* were deemed too long. I ruminated on the matter, but was quite at a loss how to shorten passages in which I had such important motives to develope. The part which seemed to come in for the greatest blame, at the hands of my female friends, was the laconic bequest with which Egmont commends Clara to Ferdinand.

An extract from my letters at that time will best explain my views and position in this affair.

"How glad I should be could I comply with your wishes, and give some modification to Egmont's bequest! On a splendid morning I at once hastened with your letter to the Villa Borghese, and followed in thought for two hours the course of the piece, the characters and the conditions; but found nothing it devolved on me to abridge. How much I desire to write out to you all my deliberations, all my arguments *pro* and *con!* They would take a bookful of paper, and contain a dissertation on the economy of my piece. On Sunday I went to Angelica, and submitted the question to her. She has studied the

work, and has a copy of it. Would you had been present, as, with such womanly tenderness, she opened up the whole play, developing one part out of another, concluding at last by showing that the explicit declaration you desire from the lips of the hero was included by *implication* in the vision. As the vision, explained Angelica, only represents what was passing in the mind of the sleeping hero, no words could more strongly express his love and esteem for Clara than did this dream, which, instead of raising the loving creature up to him, elevates her above him. Nay, she takes much pleasure in the thought that he who passed his whole waking life as in a dream, who so dearly valued life and love, or rather valued them only in the way of enjoyment—that he should at last wake when dreaming, and let us know what a deep hold his beloved one had on his heart, what a high and distinguished place she there occupied. She added further explanations, how in the scene with Ferdinand Clara could be remembered only in a subordinate way, in order not to weaken the interest in the departure of the young friend who, moreover, at this moment, was not in a position to hear or understand anything in respect to Egmont's love for Clara."

Moritz as Etymologist.

Long ago it was truly said by a wise man, "The person unable to cope with the necessary and useful likes to busy himself with the unnecessary and useless!" Many a one might perhaps be disposed to apply this remark to the following:—

Our comrade Moritz, though living in the midst of the highest art and the fairest scenes of nature, would not desist from puzzling and perplexing himself concerning the inward recesses of man, his structure and developements; applying himself principally to the generalities of languages.

At that time, in consequence of Herder's prize-writing, "On the Origin of Languages," and in conformity with the then-prevailing mode of thought, the idea had gained

ground that the human race had not, as the offspring of one pair, spread itself from the higher regions of the East over the whole earth; but that at some remarkably productive period of the globe, after nature had in graduated scale produced the most varied animals, the human species in more or less complete structure came to birth in this or that place, in many favourable situations. In most intimate relation to his physical organs and his mental capacities, language developed as a constitutional faculty of man. There was, therefore, no need, as regards speech, either of supernatural direction or of transmission from one pair downwards. In this sense it is we are to seek for a universal language, of which each autochthonic family has endeavoured to give a manifestation. The affinity of all languages is rooted in the *unanimity of the idea* in conformity with which the creative power formed the human race and its organization. Hence follows, that partly from inward impulse, partly from outward inducement, the very limited number of vowels and consonants was rightly or wrongly applied to the expression of feelings and ideas; for it was natural, nay, inevitable, that the most divergent autochthons should partly concur with, partly deviate from each other, and so in the future deprave or improve this or that language. What holds good with respect to the root words, also holds good with respect to the derivations by which the relations to each other of particular conceptions and ideas are expressed and more precisely distinguished. All this might be so far well and good, and as something unsearchable, and never to be determined with certainty, left to itself.

On this subject I find the following items in my papers:

"It is pleasant to me that out of his state of brooding inertia, out of his dejection and self-distrust, Moritz should turn to some kind of activity; for in that case he becomes quite amiable. His whimsicalities then gain a true basis, his reveries purpose and meaning. He is now busy with an idea which I also have broached, and which gives us great entertainment. The idea is difficult to communicate, so crazy it seems to sound. Yet I will attempt it.

"He has invented an alphabet of the understanding

and feeling, showing that the letters are not arbitrary, but have their basis in human nature, all referring to various parts of the inward sense which they respectively express. Languages may now be criticised according to this alphabet, and it is found that all peoples have attempted to express themselves in conformity with the inward sense, though by reason of arbitrariness and accident all have strayed from the right road. Consequently, in languages we have to search after those expressions which have most happily hit the mark; we find them now in this language, now in that. We then alter the expressions till they appear to us quite right, invent new expressions, and so on. Nay, if we will play the game rightly, we make names for men, examining whether his name suits this or that man, and so on.

"The etymological game already occupies many people, and so it gives us, too, a great deal to do by way of entertainment. As soon as we meet, it is produced like a game of chess, and a hundred kinds of combinations are attempted, so that anyone who happened to overhear us would necessarily take us for lunatics. I for my part would not like to entrust the secret to any but my most intimate friends. In short, it is the wittiest game in the world, and incredibly exercises the linguistic sense."

JANUARY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, 5 *January*, 1788.

Pardon me if I write but a little to-day. This year has been entered on with earnestness and diligence, and I am hardly able to look about me.

After a pause of some weeks, in which I have played the part of a sufferer, I have, again, the fairest revelations, as I may venture to call them. It is allowed me to cast glances into the nature of things and their relations, glances which disclose to me an abyss of wealth. These are the consequences of my constant learning, and that

from other persons. If a man teaches himself, the labour of producing and working up the raw material is thrown on *one* person, and progress is necessarily so much slower.

The study of the human body now entirely occupies me; everything else vanishes. In relation to this the course of events with me has, all my life through, been remarkable, as it is now again. This is not for words; what I shall yet do, time must show.

The operas are no entertainment for me, the inwardly and everlastingly true can alone give me joy.

An epoch is coming to a head towards Easter, I feel, but what it is all going to be I know not.

Rome, 10 *January*, 1788.

Erwin and Elmire goes with this letter. May the little play give you pleasure! Yet an operetta, when good, can never give satisfaction in reading, the music is needed to express the whole conception which was in the mind of the poet. *Claudine* follows shortly. Both pieces have more in them than is seen on the face of them, as now for the first time I have rightly studied with Kayser the form of the opera.

Drawing the human body is diligently prosecuted, as also the perspective lesson in the evening. I prepare myself against my dissolution that, should the heavenly Powers have determined it for Easter, I may resign myself to such a fate in all assurance of faith. God's will be done.

The interest in the human figure now throws everything else into the shade. I was well aware of it; but always shrank from it as one shrinks from the dazzling sun, knowing, too, that all study of such a subject outside of Rome was of no use. Without a leading thread, which only here does one learn to spin, it is impossible for one to find his way out of this labyrinth. Unfortunately my thread is not going to be long enough; still it will help me through the first stages.

If the completion of my writings is to go on under equally favourable constellations, then, in the course of this year, I must fall in love with a Princess to write

Tasso, and must give myself over to the Devil to write *Faust*, though I feel little mind either to the one or the other. Hitherto, at any rate, a like correspondence has prevailed between my writings and actual outward events. To make *Egmont* interesting to myself, the Roman Kaiser (Emperor) began with the Brabant tumults, and to give my operas some measure of completeness the Zurich Kayser came to Rome. This is indeed being *a distinguished Roman*, as Herder says, and I find it quite agreeable to be the final cause of events and actions which are not at all intentionally planned with a view to me. That may be called luck. The Princess and the Devil we will, therefore, await in patience.

Here again goes from Rome a little sample of German style and art, *Erwin and Elmire*. It was done sooner than *Claudine*, yet I do not wish it printed first.

You will soon perceive that everything is calculated with a view to the wants of the lyric stage, which I had here first the opportunity of studying: all persons to be engaged in a certain sequence, in a certain measure, so that every singer have sufficient pauses, and so on. There are a hundred things to be observed to which the Italian sacrifices all the sense of the poem. I should be glad should I have succeeded in satisfying those musical-theatrical requirements by a piece which is at the same time not quite senseless. I had still some consideration for the fact that the two operettas would in any case have to be read, and desired they should not disgrace their neighbour *Egmont*. It never comes into any one's head to read an Italian opera text except on the evening of the representation, and to bind it in one volume with a tragedy would in this country be deemed just as impossible as to sing in German.

In the case of *Erwin* I must still remark that you will frequently find the trochaic verse, especially in the second act; this is not done accidentally or from habit, but taken from Italian models. This measure is particularly suitable for music, and the composer, by various tacts and movements, can vary it in such a manner that the hearer

will not again recognise it, the Italians holding exclusively by smooth simple measures and rhythms.

The young Camper is a rattle-brain, knowing a great deal, easily apprehending and skimming over things.

Good luck to the fourth part of the *Ideas!* The third is to us a holy book, which I keep closed. Now, for the first time, has Moritz got a reading of it, and accounts himself happy to live in this epoch of the education of the human race. He has had a very good feeling of the book, and was quite transported with the closing part.

If I could only once entertain you on the Capitol for all the good you have done me! It is one of my most earnest wishes.

My Titanic ideas were but air-images foretokening a more serious epoch. I am now rightly engaged in the study of the human figure, which is the non-plus-ultra of all human knowledge and action. My diligent preparation in the study of universal nature, particularly osteology, helps me to make vigorous steps. Now for the first time I see, now I enjoy the highest remains of antiquity, the statues. Nay, I now clearly perceive how one may study his whole life long, and yet at the end be disposed to call out, "Now I see, now I enjoy for the first time."

I scrape together every possible thing with a view to closing a certain epoch my eye now comprehends, so that at Easter I may leave Rome without strong reluctance, and I trust to be able in Germany to prosecute some studies comfortably and thoroughly, though slowly enough. Here the stream carries you away the moment you get into the boat.

NARRATIVE.—JANUARY.

O Cupid, you wanton, self-willed boy!
You begged me only for some hours' lodging!
But days and nights how many have you stayed,
And still in my house you're lording and hectoring.

From my roomy bed you've hustled me out,
I crouch all night on the earth, maddened to see
How you insolently poke my fire into flames,
Wasting my winter's fuel and scorching poor me.

You've tumbled my goods all higgledy-piggledy,
I search to and fro, in a desperate maze;
You kick up such a racket, I fear my poor soul
Must flee to escape you and leave you my hut.

If the above lines be taken, not in a literal sense, not as referring to the demon commonly called Amor, but as indicating a legion of active spirits addressing the most inward powers of man, challenging them to activity, constraining them hither and thither and distracting them by variety of interests, they will then serve to convey to the reader some idea of the situation in which I was placed, a situation further detailed in the foregoing extracts from letters and notes. The reader will acknowledge that great exertion was required on my part to hold my own against so many influences, not to flag in my activity, nor grow indolent in my receptivity.

Admission into the Society of the Arcadians.

As early as the end of last year I was assailed with a proposal which I regarded as one of the consequences of that unhappy concert by which we frivolously trifled away our *incognito*. There might, however, be other reasons for my being urged from several sides to allow myself to be received as a notable shepherd into the Arcadia. I resisted for a long time, but had at last to yield to the entreaty of friends, who seemed to set some particular store by this affair.

It is generally known what is understood by this Arcadian company; it may, however, not be unacceptable to the reader to hear some particulars.

During the course of the seventeenth century Italian poesy had probably degenerated in many respects. At all events, towards the end of this period cultivated, well meaning men reproach it with complete inanity of substance—of inward beauty, as it was then called. As regards form, too—outward beauty—it was wholly a perversity, having—by barbarous expressions, intolerable stiffness of movement, vicious figures and tropes, more

particularly by never-ceasing extravagant hyperboles, metonymies and metaphors—utterly scared away all that was graceful and sweet, all that was delightful in language and style.

As, however, is usually the case, those who had strayed into these errant courses inveighed against the genuine and excellent, obstinately defending their own errors. This growing at last unendurable to all cultivated and sensible people, a number of circumspect and energetic men met in the year 1690 to confer on some new course to be adopted.

To prevent their meetings from acquiring notoriety, and so provoking opposition, they betook themselves to the open air, to rural garden surroundings, of which Rome includes so many even within its walls. In this way they gained the further advantage of coming nearer to nature, and under the fresh breezes of heaven attaining to some presentiment of the primordial spirit of poetry. There in pleasant places they reclined on the lawns, or seated themselves on architectural ruins and blocks, cardinals who were also present being honoured only by a softer cushion. Here they deliberated with one another on their convictions, principles and aims; here they read poems into which it was endeavoured to breathe afresh the spirit of the higher antiquity of the noble Tuscan School. In such a situation one of the company exclaimed in transport, "Here is our Arcadia!" This gave rise to the name of the society and determined its idyllic direction. No great and influential man was to extend to them his protection; they would acknowledge no supreme head, no president. A *Custos* should open and close the Arcadian meetings, and in case of necessity a council of Seniors to be elected would stand as advisers by his side.

At this point the name of Crescimbeni comes up for honour, a man who was one of the founders of the society, and who, as the first custos, faithfully discharged the duties of that office for several years, watching over the interests of a better and purer taste and ever driving barbarism into narrower limits.

His dialogues on *Poesia volgare*—not to be taken in the sense of poetry of the people, but poetry such as befits

a nation, the product of decided and true talents, not the whims and oddities of particular confused heads—his dialogues in which he expounds the better doctrine are evidently the fruit of Arcadian conversations, and highly important when compared with our æsthetic efforts. From this point of view, too, the poems of Arcadia published by him deserve all attention. On this matter we allow ourselves only the following remark.

The worthy shepherds, camping in the open air on the green grass, had no doubt contemplated gaining by this means a nearer approach to Nature, in which state Love and Passion are wont to steal upon a human heart. This company, however consisted of reverend gentlemen and other worthy persons who could have no trade with the Amor of that Roman Triumvirate, whom therefore they expressly banned. Nothing consequently was left them but to allow their minds a superterrestrial and in a certain measure Platonic longing, and, in close union with this, expatiation in the allegorical. In this way their poems acquire quite a venerable, peculiar character, whilst they are able, too, in this style, to follow close in the footsteps of their great predecessors, Dante and Petrarch.

This company when I arrived in Rome had been in existence just a hundred years, and, with many a change of place and many a change of view, had externally always maintained its dignity, if it acquired no great reputation, and no stranger of any consequence was readily permitted to stay in Rome without being invited to join this body, and all the more that, with the moderate income they had at their disposal, the custos of this poetical domain could only in this way support himself.

The ceremony itself, however, proceeded in the following manner. In the ante-rooms of a dignified-looking building I was presented to a considerable clerical dignitary as the personage who was to introduce me and stand as my security so to say, or godfather. We entered a large salon already pretty well filled, and seated ourselves in the first row of chairs exactly in the middle, opposite a pulpit which had been set up. There entered ever more hearers; to my right, which had hitherto been vacant, there appeared a stately elderly man, whom, from his

dress and the reverence paid to him, I had to set down as a cardinal.

The custos from the pulpit gave a general introductory speech, then called up several persons, who delivered themselves partly in verse, partly in prose. This over, the custos again began a speech the contents and drift of which I pass over, seeing that in general it concurred with the diploma which I received and think of appending here. I was forthwith formally declared one of them, and amid great clapping of hands received into their company.

My so-called godfather and I had meanwhile stood up, and with many bows made our acknowledgments. He, however, delivered a well-reasoned, not too long, very appropriate speech; whereupon again rose universal applause, on the subsidence of which I had the opportunity of thanking the members individually and paying them my respects. The diploma, which I received next day, follows here in the original untranslated, seeing that in any other language its idiosyncrasy would be lost. In the meantime I endeavoured to put the custos on the best terms with his new associate.

C. U. C.

Nivildo Amarinzio,

Custode generale d' Arcadia.

Trovandosi per avventura a beare le sponde del Jebbro uno di quei Genj di prim' ordine, ch' oggi fioriscono nella Germania qual' è l' Inclito ed Erudito Signor DE GOETHE Consigliere attuale di Stato di Sua Altezza Serenissima il Duca di Sassonia-Weimar, ed avendo celato fra noi con filosofica moderazione la chiarezza della sua Nascita, de' suoi Ministerj, e della virtù sua, non ha potuto ascondere la luce, che hanno sparso le sue dottissime produzioni tanto in Prosa ch' in Poesia per cui si è reso celebre a tutto il Mondo Letterario. Quindi essendosi compiaciuto il suddetto rinomato Signor DE GOETHE d' intervenire in una delle pubbliche nostre Accademie, appena Egli comparve, come un nuovo astro di Cielo straniero tra le nostre selve, ed in

una delle nostre Geniali Adunanze, che gli Arcadi in gran numero convocati co' segni del più sincero giubilo ed applauso vollero distinguerlo come autore di tante celebrate opere, con annoverarlo a viva voce tra i più illustri membri della loro Pastoral società sotto il Nome di Megalio, et vollero altersi assegnare al Medesimo il possesso delle Campagne Melpomenie sacre alla Tragica Musa dichiarandolo con ciò Pastore Arcade di Numero. Nel tempo stesso il Ceto universale commise al Custode Generale di registrare l' atto pubblico e solenne di sì applaudita annoverazione tra i fasti d'Arcadia, e di presentare al chiarissimo Novello Compastore Megalio Melpomenio il presente Diploma in segno dell' altissima stima, che fa la nostra Pastorale Letteraria Repubblica de' chiari e nobili ingegni a perpetua memoria. Dato dalla Capanna del Serbatojo dentro il Bosco Parrasio alla Neomenia di Posideone Olimpiade DCXLI. Anno II. dalla Ristorazione d'Arcadia Olimpiade XXIV. Anno IV. Giorno lieto per General Chiamata.

Nivildo Amarinzio, Custode Generale.
Corimbo Melicronio } *Sotto-*
Florimonte Egiréo } *Custodi.*

The seal has the pan-pipes enclosed in a wreath half of laurel half of pine, and beneath *Gli Arcadi.*

FEBRUARY.

Correspondence.

Rome, 1 *February*, 1788.

How glad will I be when next Tuesday evening the fools are brought to peace! 'Tis a dreadful annoyance to see others mad while you are still in your sober senses.

As far as possible I have continued my studies. *Claudine*, too, has advanced, and, if all the genii do not refuse me their aid, the third act will this day week go off to Herder, and that will be the fifth volume off my hands. There will then begin a new task, in which no man can help or advise me. *Tasso* must be re-written. As it at present exists it is quite unavailable; I can neither con-

clude it so, nor throw everything in it overboard. Such trouble has God imposed on men!

The sixth volume will probably contain *Tasso*, *Lila*, *Jery and Bätely*; all re-cast and worked out, so that they shall not be recognised for the same works.

At the same time I have looked through my little poems, and have thought of the eighth volume, which I shall perhaps publish before the seventh. It is a strange thing, drawing a *summa summarum* of one's life. What little trace after all remains of one's existence!

Here they bother me about the translations of my *Werther*, showing me them, and asking which is the best, and whether the matter is all true. That is a plague which would pursue me to India.

Rome, 6 *February*, 1788.

Here is the third act of *Claudine*; I wish it may give you but half the pleasure I have in ending it. As I am now more particularly versed in the requirements of the lyric theatre, I have endeavoured, at many sacrifices, to meet the composer and actor half way. The stuff on which the knitting has to be made must have wide threads, and for a comic opera the material must be woven absolutely like Marli. Yet with this opera, as in the case of *Erwin*, I have had the reader too, in mind. In short, I have done what I could.

I am very quiet and unclouded, and, as I have already assured you, am prepared and resigned for any calling. For plastic art I am too old; it is all one, therefore, whether I botch a little more or less. My thirst is stilled. I am on the right way, the way of contemplation and of study. My enjoyment is peaceful and modest. On all give me your blessing. There is nothing pressing more nearly on my mind now than the concluding of my three last parts. Then to *Wilhelm*, and so on.

Rome, 9 *February*, 1788.

The fools kept up a thorough din on Monday and Tuesday also. Especially on Tuesday evening, when with the *Móccoli* the madness was in full flower. On Wednesday

you thanked God and the Church for the fasts. To no festino—so they call the masquerades—have I been. I am diligent as far as my brains will go. The fifth volume being now launched I will work through some of my art-studies, then at once proceed to the sixth. I have these days read Leonardo da Vinci's book on painting, and now comprehend why I have never been able to comprehend anything in it.

Oh, how happy I find the spectators! they think themselves so clever; they find out what is right. So also the amateurs, the connoisseurs. You cannot imagine what a comfortable people it is, while the good artist has always to sing a humble note. I have, however, lately a disgust I cannot express when I hear any one judge who is not a producer. Like tobacco smoke his speech at once sickens me.

Angelica has done herself a pleasure, and bought two pictures, one of Titian, the other of Paris Bordone, both at a high price. Being so rich that she does not consume her income, and yearly earns more into the bargain, she is to be praised for procuring herself something which gives her pleasure and raises her art-zeal. So soon as she had the pictures in the house she commenced painting in a new manner, to try how certain excellencies in those masters might be appropriated. She is indefatigable not only for work but also for study. It is for her a great pleasure to see things of art.

Kayser also sets to work like a valiant artist. His music to *Egmont* advances vigorously. I have not yet heard all. Everything as yet appears to me very appropriate to the purpose. He will also compose "*Cupido; cleiner, loser.*" I send it you at once, that it may often be sung in memory of me. It is also my favourite.

My head is confused from much writing, working and thinking. I am not getting more prudent, but make too great demands on, impose too much on myself.

Rome, 16 *February*, 1788.

With the Prussian courier, I received a short time ago a letter from our Duke, a letter so friendly, dear, good and saddening, such as I have seldom received! Being able

to write without any misgivings, he described to me the whole political situation, his own and so on. In reference to me he expressed himself in the most loving manner.

Rome, 22 *February*, 1788.

This week we have had an event which has saddened the whole assemblage of artists. A Frenchman of the name of Drouais, a young man of about twenty-five years old, the only son of a tender mother, rich and of fine culture, who was regarded as the most hopeful among all the students of art, has died of the small-pox. There reigns here, in consequence, a universal sadness and consternation. In his forsaken studio I have seen the life-size figure of a Philoctetes, who, fanning the wing of a slaughtered bird of prey, cools the pain of his wound; a beautifully thought out picture which has many merits in the execution, but is not finished.

I am diligent and happy, and in this temper of mind I await the future. Daily it grows clearer to me that the peculiar element to which I was destined from my birth was poetry, and that in the next ten years, for which at most I may work, I ought to cultivate this talent, and produce some fresh good work while the glow of youth is ready of itself, without any great study, to bring many enterprises to success. My lengthened residence in Rome will have the advantage of making me renounce the practice of plastic art.

Angelica pays me the compliment that she knows few in Rome who *see* into art better than I do. I know right well the vacant and defective places in my vision, and am truly sensible both of my continual improvement in this respect and of the methods by which I might still further cultivate my vision. In short, I have now attained my wish, that of no longer blindly groping in a region to which I am passionately attached.

I send you at the earliest a poem, *Amor as Landscape Painter*, and wish it luck. My little poems I have endeavoured to bring into a certain order; they make a strange appearance. The poems on *Hans Sachs* and

Mieding's Death, conclude the eighth volume, and with that my writings for the present. Should they meanwhile lay me to rest at the Pyramid, these two poems can stand for personalty and funeral oration.

Early to-morrow morning there is service at the Papal Chapel, and the famous old music then begins, to rise to the highest point in Passion-week. I will now go early thither every Sunday to get acquainted with the style. Kayser, who makes a special study of these things, will open up to me their meaning. We await with every post a printed copy of the music of Maunday Thursday from Zürich, where Kayser left it. In this way it will first be played on the pianoforte and then heard in the chapel.

Narrative.—February.

There is no want of subjects appealing to the eye of the born artist, a fact to which I was much indebted, even in the midst of the tumult of the Carnival follies. It was the second time I had seen the Carnival, and very soon it struck me that this popular festival, like any other recurring part of the web of life, must have its determined history.

This thought reconciled me to the hubbub. It now assumed in my eyes the character of an important natural production and national event. From this point of view the spectacle interested me. I observed minutely the course of the follies, and how withal everything went off in a certain prescribed form and appropriateness. Thereupon I noted down the particular events in their order, a preparation which, later on, I used for the essay appended. At the same time I requested my house-mate, Georg Schütz, to make a hasty drawing and colouring of the particular masks, a request which, with his usual courtesy, he complied with.

These drawings were afterwards etched in quarto, and illuminated according to the originals by Georg Melchior Kraus, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Director of the Free Drawing Institute at Weimar, for the first edition published by Unger, an edition now growing rare.

For the purposes above indicated, I was obliged, more than I should otherwise have done, to push my way among the masquerading multitude, an experience which, in spite of all artistic insight was often repugnant and offensive to me. My mind, accustomed to the noble subjects it had been studying the whole year in Rome, seemed ever sensible of being out of its right place.

But for the inner, better sense the most quickening sustenance was to be prepared. On the Venetian Piazza, where many coaches are in the habit of stopping, before they rejoin the lines of carriages in motion, to survey the masses of men as they flood past, I spied the carriage of Madame Angelica, and stepped up to the door to salute her. She had hardly leaned out to return my friendly greeting when she bent back, to let me see—the Milan lady sitting beside her, quite recovered! I found no change in her, for how was it possible that healthy youth should not speedily regain lost vigour? Nay, her eyes seemed to meet me fresher and brighter than ever, with a joy in them which pierced me to the core. In this posture we both continued mute for some time, till Madame Angelica took up the word, and, while my Milan fair one bent forward, said to me, "I must be interpreter, then, between you, for I see my young friend will not come out with what she has been so long wishing and determining to say, and which she has frequently repeated to me; namely, how very much indebted she is to you for the sympathy you showed her in her trouble and her fate. The first thing which on her return to life met her in the way of true solace, healing and restoring her, was the sympathy of her friends, and particularly yours. Out of the deepest solitude she again, all at once, found herself transported into the society of so many good men, and within the fairest circle."

"That is all true," said she, reaching me her hand across her friend, a hand I could well touch with my hand, but not with my lips.

With still satisfaction I replunged into the throng of madmen, nursing the tenderest feelings of gratitude towards Angelica, who, immediately after the catastrophe,

had consolingly adopted the good girl, and—a rare occurrence in Rome—introduced her—a stranger to herself as the young lady had hitherto been—into her noble circle. This affected me all the more, as I might flatter myself my interest in the good child had exercised no little influence in the affair.

The Senator of Rome, Prince Rezzonico, returning from Germany, had been already to see me. He had formed an intimate friendship with Herr and Frau Von Diede, and brought me occasional greetings from these esteemed patrons and friends. In my usual way, however, I declined any nearer relationship, but was at last irresistibly drawn into this circle.

The above mentioned friends, Herr and Frau von Diede, were making a return visit to their respected friend, and I could the less refuse to accept their pressing invitations that the lady, who was celebrated for her skill on the pianoforte, had promised to let us hear a performance at her hands on the occasion of a concert at the Senator's residence in the Capitol, and that our friend Kayser, whose ability had grown famous, had been flatteringly solicited to take part in these exhibitions. The incomparable prospect displayed at sunset from the windows of the Senator's house, in the direction of the Coliseum, with all that was embraced on the other sides, afforded to our artistic eyes the most glorious picture, though, to avoid the semblance of disrespect or inattention to the company, we could not devote ourselves to it as we should have liked. Frau von Diede played an important piece, displaying very high gifts; and soon after, the seat at the pianoforte was offered to our friend, a seat he quite worthily occupied, if one may believe the praise he earned. In such alternations the music flowed on for some time. A favourite air was also rendered by a lady, till at last the turn came round to Kayser again, who, taking a graceful theme for the basis of his performance, varied it in the most manifold manner.

Everything went off well, and the Senator, in conversation, said a great many friendly things to me, but yet could not help assuring me half regretfully, in that soft Venetian tone of his, that in reality he was no lover of

these variations, though, on the other hand, at all times quite transported by the expressive adagios of his lady friend.

Now I will not exactly assert that those tones, so full of longing, drawing themselves out in *adagio* and *largo*, were ever repugnant to me; still in music I had always a predilection for the stimulating element, seeing that our own feelings, our own ruminations over losses and failures, only too often of themselves threaten to sink and overpower our hearts.

Not that I could in any way grudge, or do other than most cordially allow, our Senator the delight with which he lent his ear to the tones that assured him of his entertaining, in the most splendid residence in the world, a friend so dearly beloved and revered.

For the rest of the company, in particular for us the German guests, it was an inestimable enjoyment to listen to an excellent lady, long known and esteemed by us, pouring herself forth in the tenderest tones at the pianoforte, and in the same moment to gaze from the window into the most unique landscape in the world, and then, with a little turning of the head, to survey, in the evening sunset glow, the grand picture which to the left stretched from the arch of Septimus Severus along the Campo Vaccino to the Temples of Minerva and of Peace, with the Coliseum towering behind. Next, turning the eye to the right, you pass by the arch of Titus and lose yourself in the labyrinth of the Palatine ruins, and its solitude gladdened by horticulture and wild vegetation.

(We beg the reader here to look at a drawing of the north-western aspect of Rome, taken from the tower of the Capitol, by Fries and Thürmer, in the year 1824, and engraved. It is taken from a point of view some stories higher than the one we occupied, and dating after the more modern excavations, but in the evening light and shade, as we also saw the landscape, so that, of course, the glowing colour with its shady-blue contrasts, and all the enchantment springing therefrom, would have to be added in thought to the engraving.)

In these hours we deemed it a happiness to contemplate, at our leisure, the most splendid picture, perhaps, Mengs

ever painted, the portrait of Clement XIII., Rezzonico, who installed our patron, the Senator, as his nephew in this post. As to its value I cite, by way of conclusion, a passage from the diary of our friend:

"Among the portraits painted by Mengs, the one in which his art is displayed to greatest advantage is the picture of the Pope Rezzonico. In this work the artist has imitated the Venetians in colouring and in treatment, and may congratulate himself on his happy success. The tone of the colouring is true and warm, the expression of the face animated and intellectual. The curtain of brocade of gold which sets off the head and the rest of the figure, was at the time regarded as a bold artifice in painting, but has succeeded excellently, the picture thereby acquiring a rich, harmonious appearance, grateful to the eye."

THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

In undertaking a description of the Roman Carnival, we cannot but fear the objection being raised that such a festival is a subject not properly admitting of description. So vast a throng of sensible objects would, it may be represented, require to pass in review immediately before the eye—would require to be personally seen and comprehended in his own way by each person wishing to obtain any idea of it.

This objection becomes all the more serious when we have ourselves to confess, that to the stranger viewing it for the first time, especially if he is disposed and qualified only to *see* it with his bodily eyes, the Roman Carnival affords neither an integral nor a joyous impression—is neither a particular gratification to the eye nor an exhilaration to the spirits.

The long and narrow street in which innumerable people lurch hither and thither, it is impossible to survey; it is scarcely possible to distinguish anything within the limits of the tumult which your eye can grasp. The movement is monotonous, the noise stupefying, the days of the festival close with no

sense of satisfaction. These misgivings, however, are soon dissipated when we enter into a more minute explanation, and indeed the reader will have to decide for himself at the end, whether our description justifies our attempt.

The Roman Carnival is a festival which, in point of fact, is not given to the people, but which the people give themselves.

The state makes little preparations, and but a small contribution to it. The merry round revolves of itself, and the police regulate the spontaneous movement with but a slack hand.

Here is no festival to dazzle the eyes of the spectator, like the many Church festivals of Rome; here are no fireworks affording the on-looker from St. Angelo a single overwhelming spectacle; here is no illumination of St. Peter's Church and dome, attracting and delighting a great concourse of strangers from all lands; here is no brilliant procession on whose approach the people are required to worship with awe. On the contrary, all that is here given is rather a simple sign that each man is at liberty to go fooling to the top of his bent, and that all licence is permissible short of blows and stabs.

The difference between high and low seems for the time being abolished, every one makes up to every one, every one treats with levity whatever he meets, and the mutual licence and wantonness is kept in balance only by the universal good humour.

In these holidays the Roman exults, down to our times, that the birth of Christ, though able indeed to postpone for some weeks, was not adequate to abolishing the feast of the Saturnalia and its privileges.

It shall be our endeavour to bring the riot and merriment of these days clearly before the imagination of our readers. We flatter ourselves we shall be of service to such persons as have once been present at the Roman Carnival, and would like to entertain themselves with a vivid remembrance of it, as also to those who still contemplate a journey thither, and whom these few leaves may provide a pleasing perspective of an over-thronged and tumultuous merry-making.

The Corso.

The Roman Carnival collects in the Corso. This street limits and determines the public celebration of these days. Anywhere else it would be a different sort of festival, and we have therefore first of all to describe the Corso.

Like several long streets of Italian towns, it derives its name from the horse-races which conclude the entertainment of each Carnival evening, and with which too, in other places, other festivals, such as that of the patron saint or the consecration of a church, are ended.

The street runs in a straight line from the Piazza del Popolo to the Piazza di Venezia; about three thousand five hundred paces long, and enclosed by high, mostly splendid buildings. Its breadth is not proportinate to its length, nor to the height of its edifices. The pavements for foot passengers take up on both sides from six to eight feet. The space in the middle for carriages is at most places from twelve to fourteen feet wide, and therefore, as will be readily calculated, allows but three vehicles at the most to drive abreast.

The obelisk on the Piazza del Popolo is, during the Carnival, the extreme limit of this street at the lower end, the Venetian Palace at the upper.

Driving in the Corso.

On all Sundays and festival days of the year the Roman Corso is a scene of animation. The Romans of wealth and distinction take their drives here an hour or an hour and a half before nightfall in a long continuous line. The carriages start from the Venetian Palace, keeping the left side, and in fine weather they pass the obelisk, drive through the gate, on to the Flaminian way, sometimes as far as Ponte Molle.

On returning at an earlier or later hour, they keep the other side, so that the two lines of carriages pass each other in opposite directions in the best order.

Ambassadors have the right of driving up and down between the rows; this distinction was also allowed the

Pretender, who stayed in Rome under the name of Duke of Albania.

The moment, however, the bells have sounded night this order is interrupted. Each one turns the way it pleases him, seeking his nearest road home, often to the inconvenience of many other equipages, which get impeded and stopped in the narrow space.

The evening drive, which is a brillant affair in all great Italian towns, and is imitated in each small town, if only with a few coaches, attracts many foot passengers into the Corso; each one coming to see or to be seen.

The Carnival, as we may soon more particularly observe, is, in fact, but a continuation or rather the climax of the usual Sunday and festival-day recreations; it is nothing eccentric, nothing foreign, nothing unique, but attaches itself quite naturally to the general Roman style of living.

Climate, Clerical Dress.

Just as little strange will appear to us a multitude of masks in the open air, seeing we are accustomed the whole year through to so many striking scenes of life under the bright glad heaven.

On the occasion of every festival the outspread tapestries, the scattered flowers, the painted cloths stretched above your head, transform the streets into great salons and galleries.

No corpse is brought to the grave without the accompaniment of the masked fraternities. The many monks' dresses habituate the eye to strange and peculiar figures. It indeed looks like Carnival the whole year round, the abbots in their black dress appearing among the other clerical masks to represent the more noble *tabarros* (cloaks).

Commencement.

With the beginning of the new year the playhouses are opened, and the Carnival has taken its start. Here and there in the boxes you notice a beauty, in the character of an officer, displaying to the people her epaulettes with the

greatest self-complacency. The driving in the Corso becomes more thronged. The general expectancy, however, is directed to the last eight days.

Preparations for the Concluding Days.

Many preparations announce to the public the approach of the paradisiacal hours.

The Corso, one of the few streets in Rome which are kept clean the whole year, gets now more carefully swept and tidied up. People are busy seeing that the small basalt blocks, square-hewn, pretty and uniform, of which the beautiful pavement consists, are in proper trim, any which are in any degree worn being removed and replaced by new basalt-wedges.

Besides this you observe living indications of the near approaching event. Each Carnival evening, as we have noticed, closes with a horse-race. The horses kept for racing are mostly little, and, on account of the foreign extraction of the best of them, are called "Barberi."

A racing horse, in a covering of white linen, closely fitted to the head, neck and body, and adorned with bright ribbons at the seams, is brought in front of the obelisk to the spot whence later on he is to start. He is trained to stand still for some time with his head directed to the Corso. He is next led gently along the street, and at the Venetian Palace is treated to some oats, to make him feel the greater inducement to speed swiftly to that place.

As this practice is repeated with most of the horses, to the number often of from fifteen to twenty, and this performance is always attended by a number of merry noisy boys, a foretaste is thus given to the inhabitants of the greater uproar and jubilee shortly to follow.

Formerly the first Roman houses kept race-horses in their mews, and it was deemed an honour to a house for one of its horses to have carried off a prize. Bets were laid, and the victory celebrated by a feast. Latterly, however, this fancy has much declined, and the desire to acquire reputation by horses has percolated down into the middle, nay into the lowest class of the people.

From those earlier times, probably, has been handed down the custom that a troop of riders, accompanied by trumpeters, go about through the whole of Rome exhibiting the prizes, and riding into the grounds of distinguished houses, where, after discoursing some trumpet air, they receive a gratuity.

The prize consists of a piece of gold or silver brocade, about three and a half ells long by not quite an ell broad, which, being attached to a piebald pole, is made to wave in the air. On its lower end is worked cross-wise the picture of some running horses.

This prize is called *Palio*, and as many days as the Carnival lasts so many of these quasi-standards are displayed by the procession just mentioned along the streets of Rome.

Meanwhile the Corso begins to alter its appearance. The obelisk now becomes the limit of the street. In front of it a grand stand is erected, with many rows of seats ranged above each other, and looking right into the Corso. Before this scaffold the lists are set up between which the horses must be brought out to run.

On both sides, moreover, great scaffolds are built, attached to the first houses of the Corso, the street in this way being continued into the square. On both sides of the lists stand small, raised and covered boxes for the persons who are to regulate the running of the horses.

Up the Corso you see further scaffolds raised in front of many houses. The squares of St. Carlo and of the Antoninus Column are separated by palings from the street, and everything sufficiently betokens that the whole celebration shall and will be confined within the long and narrow Corso.

Lastly the middle of the street is strewn with *puzzolane*, that the competing horses may not so easily slip on the smooth hard street.

Signal for the complete Carnival Licence.

In this way expectation is every day fed and kept on the strain till at last a bell from the Capitol, shortly after

noon, announces that people are now at full liberty to go fooling under the bright heaven.

Immediately on hearing it the serious Roman, who has been watchful the whole year round against falling into any slip, doffs his earnestness and gravity.

The bricklayers, who have been thumping away up to the last minute, pack up their tools and make merry over the end of their labour. All balconies, all windows are gradually hung with tapestries; on the raised pavements on both sides chairs are set out; the tenants of smaller houses and all children are in the street, which now ceases to be a street, and resembles rather a large festive salon, a vast adorned gallery.

Superintendence.

While the Corso grows ever more animated, and among the many persons walking in their usual dresses a Punchinello here and there shows himself, the military have mustered in front of the Porta del Popolo. Led by the general on horseback, in good order and new uniform, with clanging music, they march up the Corso, and at once occupy all the entrances to it, appoint a couple of guards to the principal places, and assume the oversight of the whole festivity.

The lenders of chairs and scaffolds now call diligently to the passers-by, "Luoghi! Luoghi, Padroni! Luoghi!" ("Places, gentlemen, places!")

Masks.

The masks now begin to multiply. Young men, dressed in the holiday attire of the women of the lowest class, exposing an open breast and displaying an impudent self-complacency, are mostly the first to be seen. They caress the men they meet, allow themselves all familiarities with the women they encounter, as being persons the same as themselves, and for the rest do whatever humour, wit or wantonness suggest.

Among other things, we remember a young man, who

played excellently the part of a passionate, brawling, untameable shrew, who went scolding the whole way along the Corso, railing at every one she came across, while those accompanying her took all manner of pains to reduce her to quietness.

Here comes a Punchinello, running with a large horn attached to bright cords dangling about his haunches. By a slight motion, while entertaining himself with the women, he contrives to assume the impudent shape of the old god of the gardens in holy Rome, and his insolence excites more mirth than indignation. Here comes another of like kidney, but more modest and placid, bringing his fair half along with him.

The women having just as much a mind to don the breeches as the men the petticoats, the fairer sex show no contempt for the favourite costume of Punchinello; and in this hermaphrodite figure, it must be allowed, they often show themselves in the highest degree charming.

With rapid steps, declaiming as before a Court of justice, an advocate pushes through the crowd. He bawls up at the windows, lays hold of passers-by masked or unmasked, threatens every person with a process, impeaches this man in a long narration with ridiculous crimes, and specifies to another the list of his debts. He rates the women for their coquetries, the girls for the number of their lovers. He appeals by way of proof to a book he carries about with him, producing documents as well, and setting everything forth with a shrill voice and fluent tongue. It is his aim to expose and confound every one. When you fancy he is at an end he is only beginning, when you think he is leaving he turns back. He flies at one without addressing him, he seizes hold of the other who is already past. Should he come across a brother of his profession, the folly rises to its height.

However, they cannot attract the attention of the public for a long time at once. The maddest impression is swallowed up in repetition and multiplicity.

The quakers make if not so much noise, yet at least as great a sensation as the advocates. The quaker masks appear to have grown so general, on account of the easiness

with which old-fashioned pieces of dress can be procured at the second-hand goods' stalls.

The main requirements in reference to these quaker masks is that the dress be old fashioned, yet in good preservation and of fine stuff. You seldom see one in other dress than velvet or silk, his vest being brocaded or laced, and, like the original, he must be of full body. His face is in a full mask with puffed cheeks and small eyes; his wig has odd pig-tails dangling to it; his hat is small and mostly bordered.

This figure, plainly, comes very near the *Buffo caricato* of the comic operas, and as the latter mostly represents a silly, enamoured gull, the quakers show themselves in the character of tasteless dandies. They hop about on their toes with great agility, and carry about large black rings without glass to serve them in the way of opera glasses, and with which they peer into every carriage, and gaze up at all windows. Usually they make a stiff deep bow, and, especially on meeting each other, express their joy by hopping several times straight up in the air, uttering at the same time a shrill, piercing, inarticulate cry, in which the consonants "brr" prevail.

You may often hear this note of salutation sounded by a quaker, and taken up by those of his persuasion next him, till in a short time the whole Corso is rent by their screams.

Wanton boys, again, blow into large twisted shells, assailing the ear with intolerable sounds.

What with the narrowness of the space and the similarity of the masks—for at all hours of the day there may be some hundreds of Punchinellos and about a hundred quakers running up and down the Corso—you soon perceive that few can have the intention of exciting a sensation or attracting attention to themselves. Any bent on that object would have to appear at an early hour in the Corso. Each one is much more intent on amusing himself, on giving free vent to his follies, and enjoying to the full the license of these days.

The girls and women, in particular, devise methods of their own for merry-making. Every one of them hates above everything to stay indoors, and, having but little

money to expend on a mask, they are inventive enough to devise all sorts of ways for disguising rather than adorning themselves.

The masks of beggars, male and female, are very easy to assume; beautiful hair is the first requirement, then a perfectly white mask, an earthen pipkin held by a coloured cord, a staff and a hat in the hand. With humble demeanour they step under the windows, bow before each person, receiving for alms sweets, nuts or other like dainty.

Others take it still easier, and, wrapping themselves up in cloaks, or appearing in a nice house-dress, their faces alone being masked, they go about for the most part without male attendants, carrying as their offensive and defensive weapon a small besom composed of cane-branches in blossom, which they in part use to ward off pestilent fellows, in part to flourish wantonly in the faces of acquaintances and strangers whom they meet without masks.

When four or five girls have once caught a man on whom they have designs, there is no deliverance for him. The throng prevents his escape, and let him turn how he will the besom is under his nose. To defend himself in earnest against such provocations would be a very dangerous experiment, seeing the masks are inviolate and under the special protection of the watch.

In the same way the usual dresses of all classes are made to serve as masks. Grooms with their big brushes fall to rubbing down any back they take a fancy to. Drivers offer their services with their usual importunity. Pretty, on the other hand, are the masks of the country girls, the Frascati maidens, fishers, Neapolitan watermen, Neapolitan bailiffs and Greeks.

Occasionally a theatrical mask is imitated. Some people again take little trouble about a mask, folding themselves up in tapestry or linen cloths, which they tie over the head.

A white figure is in the habit of stepping in the road of others, and hopping before them, by way of representing a ghost. Others distinguish themselves by odd combinations. The tabarro, however, as being the least distinctive, is deemed the noblest mask.

Witty and satirical masks are very rare, for these have a

particular purpose in view, and aim at being particularly noticed. Yet I once saw a Punchinello in the character of a cuckold. The horns were moveable, the wearer being able to draw them out and in like those of a snail. When he stopped before the window of a newly married couple, and slipped out only the faint tip of one horn, or stepping up to another window shot out both horns to their utmost length, vigorously ringing the bells attached to their ends, the public in a moment gave merry attention and often laughed loudly.

A wizard mingles among the crowd, shows the people a book with numbers, and reminds them of their passion for lotteries.

One stands in the throng with two faces, so that you are at a loss to distinguish the front from the back of him, whether he is coming towards you or going from you.

Nor must the stranger feel any ill-humour, should he in these days find himself made the subject of jest. The long clothes of the native of the North, his large buttons, his curious round hat strike the fancy of the Romans, who therefore take the foreigner for a mask.

The foreign painters, particularly those given to the study of landscapes and buildings, and who are to be found sitting everywhere in public places in Rome drawing, are studiously caricatured and show themselves very busy with large portfolios, long surtouts, and colossal pencils.

The German journeymen-bakers in Rome, who are often found drunk, are represented in their own or in a somewhat ornamental costume, staggering about with a bottle of wine.

We remember but one satirical mask. It had been proposed to raise an obelisk in front of the Church of Trinità dei Monti. The proposal, however, was not popular, partly because the place for its erection was very confined and partly because, for the sake of raising it to a certain height, it would be necessary to build a very high pedestal. It therefore occurred to one satirical wit to carry, by way of head-piece, an enormous white pedestal, crowned by an extremely small reddish obelisk. On the pedestal were large characters, the sense of which was guessed perhaps by only a few people.

Carriages.

While the masks are multiplying, the coaches gradually drive into the Corso in the order we have above described when speaking of the driving on Sundays and other holidays, with the difference only that the carriages coming from the Venetian Palace along the left-hand side of the street stop short at the point where the street now terminates, and then turning drive up on the other side.

We have already pointed out that, deducting the space appropriated for the foot pavements, the ground left in the middle of the Corso is at most places hardly more than the breadth of three carriages.

The foot pavements on each side are all blocked with scaffolds, or occupied with chairs, where many spectators are already seated. Alongside of the scaffolds and chairs there is a never-failing stream of carriages moving up or drifting down. The foot-passengers are therefore restricted to the interval between the carriage lines, of eight feet at most. Each one pushes and elbows his way about as best he can, and from all the windows and balconies a thronged populace looks down on a thronged populace.

In the first days of the Carnival only the ordinary carriages are to be seen, each person reserving for the following days anything ornamental or magnificent he has to bring out. Towards the end of the Carnival the more open carriages make their appearance, seating some six persons. Two ladies sit on raised seats opposite each other, displaying their whole figures; four gentlemen occupy the remaining four seats. Coachmen and servants are all in masks, the horses, too, being arrayed in gauze and flowers.

You often see a beautiful white poodle dog decked in rosy ribbons between the coachman's feet, while bells jingle from the horses' trappings; and the display rivets the attention of the public for a few moments.

As may be readily supposed, only beautiful women will mount a seat where they are so much in the eyes of the whole world, and only the fairest of the fair will there

appear with unmasked face. When such a queen of beauty takes the Corso, crowning the slow-paced carriage, she becomes the cynosure of all eyes, and from many sides she may hear the words of admiration addressed to her, "O quanto è bella!"

In earlier times, these equipages are said to have been more numerous and more costly, being also rendered more interesting by mythological and allegorical representations. Lately, however, for whatever reason, the more distinguished folk appear to be lost in the mass, being more intent on enjoyment than on showing themselves better than others.

The more the Carnival advances towards its termination, the more splendid do the equipages become.

Even seriously disposed people, who sit themselves without masks in their carriages, permit their coachman and servants to wear them. The coachmen usually select a female dress, and in the last days of the Carnival women alone appear to drive the horses. They are often prettily, nay charmingly dressed. A squat ugly fellow, on the other hand, in the tip-top of fashion, with high frisure and feathers, makes a striking caricature, and as the beauties above referred to have to hear their praises sounded, so must he swallow the affront, when some one steps up to him and shouts, "O fratello mio, che brutta puttana sei!" (Oh, my brother, what an ugly drab you are!)

It is a common thing for the coachman if he comes across one or two of his female friends in the crowd, to lift them up on to the box. They sit beside him, generally in men's clothes, and then the neat little punchinello-legs, with small feet and high heels, often play antics with the heads of the passers-by.

The servants act in a similar style, taking up their male and female friends at the back of the carriage, and all that is left now is a place on the boot, as is the fashion in the case of English country coaches.

The masters and mistresses seem well pleased to see their carriages thoroughly packed; everything is permitted: everything is proper in these days.

Crowds.

Let us now glance at the long, narrow street, where from all balconies and windows thronged on-lookers, standing above long dependent bright cloths, gaze down on scaffolds packed with spectators, and on long lines of chairs on both sides of the street. Between the two lines of chairs crawl two lines of carriages. Between the two carriage lines, again, is a space capable of accommodating a third line of carriages, but which is now wholly occupied by people not walking but elbowing and jostling hither and thither. All precautions are taken to keep the coaches a little apart from each other, to prevent collision in case of a block. Many of the passengers, however, for the sake of a little air, venture to slip out of the throng into the narrow spaces between the wheels of the preceding and the horses of the succeeding carriages, and the greater the danger and difficulty to the walkers, the more do their wantonness and boldness seem to increase.

Most of the foot-passengers moving between the two carriage lines, to avoid danger to limbs and dress, carefully leave an interval between themselves and the wheels and axles of the coaches. Whoever, then, is tired of dragging along with the slow dense mass, and has the courage to do so, may slip into the vacant line between the wheels and the foot-passengers—between the danger and the avoider of it—and may thus in a short time trip over a long stretch of road, till he stumbles against some new obstacle.

Our narrative seems already to trespass the bounds of credibility, and we should scarcely venture any farther were it not for the many people who have been present at the Carnival, and who can vouch for the perfect accuracy of our statements; and were the Carnival not a yearly festival which may in future be visited with our book in hand.

For what will our readers now say, when we assure them that all we have above related is but, as it were, the first stage of the throng, tumult, uproar, and riot?

PROCESSION OF THE GOVERNOR AND SENATOR.

While the coaches push slowly forwards, and at every block come to a stand-still, the foot-passengers have no few inconveniences to put up with.

The Pope's guard ride up and down individually among the throng to clear the occasional disorders and interruptions, and in endeavouring to get out of the way of the coach-horses, the foot-passenger only bobs up against the head of a saddle-horse. That, however, is not the worst of it.

The Governor drives in a large state-carriage with a retinue of several coaches along the interval between the two rows of other coaches. The Pope's guard and the servants who go in front warn the people to clear out of the way, this procession taking up for the moment the whole space shortly before occupied by the foot-passengers. The people jam themselves as best they can between the other carriages, and by hook or crook contrive to get to one side or the other. And as water when a ship cuts through it is parted only for a moment, at once commingling again behind the rudder, so the mass of masked and other foot-passengers at once re-unites behind the procession. Soon again, however, the straitened crowd is disturbed by some new movement.

The Senator advances with a similar procession. His great state-carriage and the carriages of his retinue swim as on the heads of the compressed crowd, and while every man, be he native or foreigner, is captivated and enchanted by the amiability of the present Senator, Prince Rezzonico, the Carnival is perhaps the only occasion when people wish him well out of their sight.

While these two processions of the heads of justice and police in Rome penetrated only the first day through the Corso for the sake of formally opening the Carnival, the Duke of Albania drove daily along the same route to the great inconvenience of the crowd; reminding Rome, the old ruler of kings, during a time of universal mummery, of the farce of his kingly pretensions.

The ambassadors, who had the same privilege of driving as he, used it sparingly and with humane discretion.

The Beau Monde at the Ruspoli Palace.

The free circulation of the Corso is, however, liable to interruptions and blocks other than those caused by these processions. At the Ruspoli Palace and its neighbourhood, where the street is not wider but the foot-pavements stand higher than elsewhere, the *beau monde* have taken possession of all the chairs. The fairest ladies of the middle-class charmingly masked, and waited upon by their friends, display their graces to the inquisitive eye of the passers-by. Whoever comes near them lingers to contemplate the fair rows, and each one endeavours, among the many male figures arrayed there, to single out the female ones, and in a pretty officer, perhaps, to discover the object of his longing. At this spot the movement first comes to a stand; the coaches stay as long as possible in this neighbourhood, and as one must come to a standstill at last, one prefers to remain in this pleasant society.

Comfits.

Hitherto our description has conveyed the idea of but a straitened or distressed situation. Now, however, we must relate how the compressed merriment is set in liveliest agitation by a petty warfare, carried on mostly in the way of jest, but often assuming an all-too-serious aspect.

Probably some time or other a fair one, to attract the notice of her passing friend amid all the hubbub and mummery, threw at him some sugared caraways, when, of course, nothing was more natural than that he should turn round and recognise his roguish fair one. This, at all events, has now grown a universal habit, and after a volley one often sees two friendly faces salute each other. Yet partly from economy, and partly from the abuse of the practice, genuine sweets are less used, and a cheaper and more plentiful stuff is demanded.

It has come to be a trade to carry about, among the crowd, for sale in large baskets gypsum trochisks, made by means of a funnel, and having the appearance of sugar-plums.

No man is safe from an attack; every one is, therefore, in a state of defence; and so, in wantonness or otherwise, there arises, now here, now there, a species of duel, skirmish, or battle. Foot-passengers, coach-drivers, spectators at windows, in stands, and on chairs, join in, reciprocally charging and defending.

The ladies have gilded and silver-plated little baskets full of these comfits, and their attendants stand sturdily to defend the fair ones. With their coach-windows dropped down the inmates await an onset. People jest with their friends, and defend themselves obstinately against strangers.

Nowhere, however, is this combat more earnest and general than in the neighbourhood of the Ruspoli Palace. All maskers who have places there are provided with baskets, bags, or handkerchiefs held by the four corners. They attack more than they are attacked. No coach passes with impunity, without suffering at the hands of some or other maskers. No foot-passenger is secure from them. An abbot in black dress becomes a target for missiles on all hands; and seeing that gypsum and chalk always leave their mark wherever they alight, the abbot soon gets spotted all over with white and grey. Often these affrays grow serious and general, and with astonishment you see how envy and personal hatred vent themselves in this way.

All unobserved a masked figure slips up, and with a handful of comfits pelts one of the first beauties so violently and unerringly that the masked face rattles, and the fair neck is marked. Her attendants on both sides are kindled into fury; with the contents of their baskets and bags they storm impetuously on the assailant. He is, however, too well masked and harnessed to suffer from the repeated discharges. The more invulnerable he is, the bolder he plies his onslaught. The defenders protect the lady with their tabarros. The assailant in the brunt of the battle assaults the neighbours too, and what with rudeness and violence generally offends every one, so that the surrounding people join issue and do not spare their comfits or the heavier ammunition, chiefly sugar almonds, that they have in reserve for such cases. At

last, overpowered on all sides and with his shot all spent, the assailant is obliged to beat a retreat.

Usually, one does not commit himself to such an adventure without a second to reinforce him with ammunition. The men, too, who drive a trade with gypsum comfits, generally hasten to the scene of such an engagement, ready to weigh out shot from their baskets to any number of pounds.

We have ourselves witnessed a battle of this kind, when the combatants, from want of other ammunition, threw their gilt baskets at each other's heads, and could not be prevailed on by the watch, who suffered from the discharges, to desist from further warfare.

Assuredly, many of these frays would end in stabbings, did not the wound-up *corde*, the well-known instrument of Italian police, at several corners, remind people at all moments in the midst of their frolics how dangerous it would be for them to have recourse to dangerous weapons.

Innumerable are these frays, and generally more in the way of jest than earnest.

Here comes, for example, an open carriage, full of Punchinellos, towards Ruspoli. They intend while passing by the onlookers to hit them all one after the other. Unfortunately, however, the throng is too great, and the carriage is brought to a halt in the middle. All the surrounding people are at once animated by one purpose, and from all sides hail-showers descend on the coach. The Punchinellos in the carriage spend all their ammunition, and for a long time are exposed to a cross-fire from all sides, till in the end the coach looks all covered over with snow and hail, in which state, amid universal ridicule and cries of indignation, it slowly moves off.

Dialogue at the Upper End of the Corso.

While in the middle of the Corso these lively and violent games occupy a large part of the fair sex, another part of the public finds at the upper end of the Corso another species of entertainment.

Not far from the French Academy appears, unexpectedly issuing from among the onlooking maskers on a scaffold, a so-called Capitano of the Italian Theatre, in Spanish dress, with feathered hat and large gloves, and begins in emphatic tones to relate his great deeds by land and water. He does not proceed far in his narrative till another Punchinello takes up a position over against him, suggests doubts and objections in reference to his statements, and while appearing to take all in good faith by the puns and platitudes he interjects he brings the great achievements of the hero into ridicule.

Here, too, each passer-by stands still to listen to the lively altercation.

King of the Punchinellos.

A new procession often increases the throng. A dozen Punchinellos choose a king, crown him, put a sceptre in his hand, attend him with music, and, in an ornamental little carriage, lead him up the Corso amid loud cries. All Punchinellos spring up to it as the procession advances, increase the train, and with shouting and brandishing of hats make room for it.

You then observe for the first time how each one endeavours to diversify these universal masks. One wears a wig, the other a woman's hood over his black face, the third for a cap has a cage stuck on his head with a pair of birds in it, dressed as abbot and dame, hopping about on the perches.

Side Streets.

The frightful crush we have endeavoured to the best of our ability to bring before the eyes of the readers drives, of course, a crowd of maskers out of the Corso into the neighbouring streets. There lovers walk more quietly and confidentially together, while madcaps find more scope there for their escapades.

A body of men, in the Sunday dress of the common people, in short doublets with gold-laced vests under them,

the hair gathered up in a long descending net, walk up and down with young men disguised as women. One of the women appears to be far advanced in the family way; they walk quietly up and down. All at once the men begin to quarrel; a lively exchange of words arises; the women thrust themselves into the affair; the brawl grows from bad to worse. At last the combatants draw large knives of silvered pasteboard and fall foul of each other. The women, with dreadful cries, rush in to keep them apart, one being pulled in this direction, another in that. The onlookers join in the affair as though it were all in earnest, and try to bring each party to reason.

Meanwhile, the woman who is far gone in the family way falls ill from the shock. A chair is brought. The other women run to her assistance. Her appearance is pitiable, and before you are aware of it, she brings to the world some unshapely brat, to the great merriment of the spectators. The play is over, and the troop move on to some other place to repeat the same, or produce another like farce.

The Roman, who is continually hearing stories of murder, is disposed on every occasion to play with ideas of murder. The very children have a game they call *chiesa*, corresponding with our "Frischauf in allen Ecken." Properly, however, it represents a murderer who seeks refuge on the step of a church. The others represent the constables who in all ways endeavour to catch him without, however, daring to touch the place of refuge.

In the side streets, especially the Strada Babuina, and the Spanish Place, the mirth goes on with equal liveliness.

The quakers, too, come in flocks, the more freely to display their finery. They have a manœuvre which makes every one laugh. They come marching, twelve at a time, perfectly straight on tip-toe, in short and rapid steps, forming an entirely even front. When they come to a square, wheeling to right or left, they all at once form a column and now trip away behind each other. All at once, again, with a right turn they are restored to their former order; then, before you know where you are, again left turn. The column is shoved as if on a spit into a doorway, and the fools have disappeared.

Evening.

Now, evening approaches and everything that has life presses ever more into the Corso. The coaches have already been long at a standstill, nay, sometimes two hours before nightfall no carriage can any longer move from the spot.

The Pope's guard and the watchmen are now busy getting all carriages as far as possible away from the middle, and into a perfectly straight row, and with all the multitudinous crowding no little disorder and irritation are occasioned. Everywhere there is kicking, pushing, and pulling. A horse kicking, those behind necessarily back out of the way, and a carriage with its horses is fairly squeezed into the middle. Straightway descend on the carriage the opprobrium of the guard, the curses and threatenings of the watch.

No use for the unlucky coachman to accomplish apparent impossibilities; imprecations and threats assail him. If he cannot fall in again he must without any fault of his own away into the nearest side street. Ordinarily, the side streets are themselves chokeful of carriages which have arrived too late, and could no longer get into the line, because the circulation was already stopped.

Preparations for the Race.

The moment of the horse-race is drawing ever nearer, a moment on which the minds of so many thousands of men are strained.

The lenders of chairs, the erectors of scaffolds are now more importunate than ever with their cries "Luoghi! Luoghi avanti! Luoghi nobili! Luoghi Padroni!" It is their pressing interest that in the last moments the places they have to dispose of be all taken even though at a less charge.

And fortunate it is that there is still a vacant chair here and there. For the General, with a part of the guard, now

rides down the Corso between the two rows of coaches, sweeping away the foot-passengers from the only space that yet remained to them. Each one then looks out for a chair, a place on a scaffold, on a coach, between the carriages, or at a friend's window, every one of which is now running over with spectators.

Meanwhile, the place in front of the obelisk is entirely cleared of the people, and affords perhaps one of the finest sights in the present world.

The three façades, hung with carpets, of the above-described grand stands enclose the place. Many thousands of heads look forth, ranged in row above row, giving the picture of an ancient amphitheatre or circus. Above the central scaffold towers up in the air the whole height of the obelisk, the scaffold covering but the pedestal. Here you first become aware of its prodigious height, serving as it does by way of measure of the vast human mass. The open space gives the eye a refreshing sense of rest, and you look all expectation on the empty lists fronted by a rope.

The General now comes down the Corso, as a sign that the place is all cleared, and behind him the guard allow no man to step out of the row of the coaches. He takes a place in one of the boxes.

The Race.

The order of the horses having been determined by lot, they are led by dressed-out grooms into the lists behind the rope. They have no covering of any kind on the body. Here and there spiked balls are attached to them by cords, and the place where they will be spurred is protected by leather till the moment of starting. Large sheets of tinsel are stuck over them. When brought into the lists they are, mostly, wild and impatient, and it needs all the grooms' strength and tact to keep them in.

Their eagerness for the race makes them intractable; the presence of so many people makes them shy. They often toss their heads over into the neighbouring list and

over the rope, and this movement and disorder intensify every moment the eager expectancy of the spectators.

The grooms are on the alert to the utmost degree, because at the moment of the start the skill of the man letting off the horse, as also accidental circumstances, tell greatly to the advantage of one horse or the other.

At last the rope falls, and the horses are off.

On the open square they endeavour to get ahead of each other, but when once they come into the narrow space between the two rows of coaches nearly all competition is useless.

One pair are generally in front, straining every muscle. Notwithstanding the scattered gravel fire strikes from the ground, the manes fly, the tinsel rustles, and you hardly catch a glance of them, when they are again out of sight. The rest of the horses impede each other, pushing and driving; and sometimes one clears the cavalcade and away, though late, after the other two, the riven pieces of tinsel fluttering over the forsaken track. Soon the horses are all vanished, the people reunite from both sides and again fill up the race-ground.

Other grooms await the arrival of the horses at the Venetian Palace. They contrive to catch and hold them fast in an enclosed place. The prize is awarded to the victor.

The holiday thus ends with an overpowering momentary sensation, swift as lightning; on which thousands of people have been strained for a considerable time, though most of them would be at a loss to explain the ground either of their expectation or of their gratification.

From the above description it may easily be inferred that this sport is apt to become dangerous both for animals and men. We will cite only a few instances. With the narrow passage between the carriages a back-wheel may readily project a little outwards, leaving, perhaps, a somewhat wider space behind it. In this case a horse racing past, and sore pressed by the other horses, will in all likelihood take advantage of the piece of ground left vacant, when almost inevitably he will stumble on the projecting wheel.

We have ourselves seen a case in which a horse in such a plight fell from the shock, the next three horses chasing up behind tumbled over the first, while the last horses happily cleared those that were fallen and continued their career.

A horse falling in this way is often killed on the spot, and not seldom spectators also receive mortal injuries. A great mischief may also arise when the horses suddenly turn about.

It has sometimes happened that malignant, envious people, on seeing a horse a long way ahead of his competitors, have shaken their cloaks in his eyes, and by this action have caused him to turn about and run to one side. Still worse is it when the grooms at the Venetian Square have not succeeded in catching the horses. They, then, irresistibly face round, and, the race-course being wholly refilled with the crowd, many accidents are occasioned that are either not heard of or unheeded.

An End of Order.

The horses generally do not leave the ground till the night has set in. As soon as they have reached the Venetian Palace, little mortars are let off. This signal is repeated in the middle of the Corso, and given for the last time in the neighbourhood of the obelisk.

At this moment the watch leave their posts, the order of the coaches is no longer kept, and assuredly even for the spectator who looks down tranquilly on all from his window, this is an anxious and vexatious moment, and a few remarks regarding it will not be out of place.

We have already observed above that the fall of night, which is decisive of so much in Italy, breaks up the usual drives on Sundays and festival days. There are no watch and no guards, but it is an old custom, an universal convention, that people drive up and down in the order we have described. So soon, however, as Ave Maria is rung, no one will give up his right of turning about at any time and in any way he pleases. The driving during Carnival on the Corso being subject to the same laws, though the crowding and other circumstances make

a great difference, no one will give up his right to abandon the established order.

When we look to the prodigious throng, and see the race-course, which had been cleared but for a moment, again inundated in a trice with people, it would seem only reasonable that each equipage should seek in due order the nearest side street and hasten home.

But as soon as the signal has been given, some carriages press into the middle of the street, jamming and confusing the foot-passengers; and as the one coach fancies a drive-up, the other a drive-down, in the narrow space, the two block up each other's way, and often prevent the more reasonable people who have kept the rank from making the least progress.

Let a returning horse now come upon such a complication, and danger, mischief, and vexation increase on all sides.

Night.

And yet, later on, all this muddle and confusion are for the most part happily cleared up. Night has fallen, and each one wishes himself the happiness of a little rest.

Theatres.

All face-masks are from this moment removed, and a great part of the public hasten to the theatre. Only in the boxes you may still see tabarros and ladies in mask-dresses. The whole pit appears again in ordinary costume.

The Aliberti and Argentina theatres give grave operas, with intercalated ballets; Valle and Capranica comedies and tragedies, with comic operas for interlude. Pace imitates them, though imperfectly; and so down to puppet-shows and rope-dancing booths there is a wide range of subordinate theatres.

The great Tordenone theatre, which was once burnt down and on being re-built immediately fell in, unfortunately no longer entertains the people with its blood-and-thunder tragedies and other wondrous representations.

The passion of the Romans for the theatre is great, and was formerly in the Carnival time still more ardent, because only at that season could it be gratified. At present there is at least one play-house open in summer and autumn as well as winter, and the public can in some measure satisfy its desires in this respect the greater part of the year.

It would lead us too far away from the purpose on hand were we to give a circumstantial description of the theatres and their idiosyncracies. Our readers will remember our treatment of this subject at another place.

Festine.

We shall, likewise, have little to relate about the so-called "Festine." They are great mask-balls occasionally given in the beautifully illuminated Aliberti theatre.

Here, too, tabarros have the reputation of being the most becoming mask both for gentlemen and ladies, and the whole salon is filled with black figures, a few character-masks being sprinkled among them.

All the greater curiosity, therefore, is excited when a few noble figures appear displaying, what is a rather rare sight, masks taken from various art-epochs and imitating in a masterly way various statues preserved in Rome. In this manner are shown Egyptian Gods, Priestesses, Bacchus and Ariadne, the Tragic Muse, the Historical Muse, a Town, Vestals, a Consul; all being in accordance with the costume more or less happily carried out.

Dances.

The dances during these holidays are generally in long rows according to English fashion. The only difference is that in their few rounds they mostly express pantomimically some characteristic action or other. For example, two lovers have a fall out, then a reconciliation; they part, and meet again.

The Romans, through these pantomimic ballets, are accustomed to strongly marked gesticulation. In their social dances, too, they love an expression which would appear to us exaggerated and affected. No one will readily engage in dancing who has not learned it artistically.

The minuet, in particular, is looked upon as a work of art, and represented, so to say, by but a few couples. A couple doing a performance of this kind is quite enclosed by the rest of the company, who watch their movements with admiration, and at the end shower their applauses on them.

Morning.

If the fashionable world amuses itself in this fashion till morning, in the Corso people are busy at break of day cleaning and sorting it. Particular attention is paid to the equal and clean dispersion of the puzzolane in the middle of the street.

It is not long before the grooms bring the race-horse, which yesterday showed the worst behaviour, before the obelisk. A little boy is mounted on it and another rider with a whip lashes it from behind, making it speed to the goal at its swiftest pace.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, after the bell has rung out the signal, there begins anew each day the round of the festival as already described. The walkers direct their steps to the Corso; the watch march up; balconies, windows, scaffolds are again hung with tapestries; the maskers multiply and give vent to their follies; the coaches drive up and down; the street is more or less thronged, according as weather or other circumstances are favourable or unfavourable. Towards the end, the Carnival naturally increases in spectators, masks, carriages, dresses, and noise. Nothing, however, which precedes comes at all near to the throng and excesses of the last day and evening.

Last Day.

Generally by two hours before night-fall the rows of coaches are entirely at a standstill. No carriage can any longer move from the spot, nor can any in the side streets squeeze in. The scaffolds and chairs are filled at an earlier hour, although the places are let out dearer. Every one seeks to secure a place at the earliest moment, and people await the running of the horses with more intense longing that ever

At last this moment also flies by. The signal is given that the festival is at an end. Neither carriage, nor masker, nor spectator, however, shifts ground.

All is quiet, all hushed, while the dusk gently deepens.

Moccoli.

Hardly have the shades of night crept over the narrow and lofty street when lights are seen shining forth here and there, at the windows, and on the scaffolds; in a short time the circulation of light has proceeded so far that the whole street is luminous with burning wax-tapers.

The balconies are adorned with transparent paper-lanterns. Each person holds his taper out of the window; all scaffolds are illuminated. The inside of the coaches, from whose roofs hang down small crystal chandeliers shedding light on the company, are very pretty, while in other carriages ladies, with bright tapers in their hands, seem to invite outsiders to contemplate their beauty.

The servants stick little tapers on the edges of the coach-roof. Open carriages appear with bright paper-lanterns. Many of the foot-passengers display high light-pyramids on their heads; others have their lights stuck on reeds fastened together, which often attain, with the rod, to a height of two or three stories.

It is now incumbent on every one to carry a taper in his hand, and the favourite imprecation of the Romans, "Sia ammazzato!" (Be murdered!) is heard from all ends and corners. "Sia ammazzato chi non porta moccolo!" (Murder to him who does not carry a taper!) you hear one calling out to the other, while at the same time trying to blow out his neighbour's taper. What with kindling and blowing out lights and the uncontrollable cry, "Sia ammazzato!" life and bustle and mutual interest pervade the prodigious crowd.

No matter whether the person next you is an acquaintance or a stranger, you equally try to blow out his light, and on his rekindling it to blow it out again. And the stronger the bellowing, "Sia ammazzato!" reverberates from all sides, the more does the expression lose its dread-

ful meaning, the more you forget you are in Rome, in a place where for a trifle such an imprecation might speedily be given effect to.

In time the expression loses all trace of horror. And as in other languages curses and disparaging phrases are often used as interjections of admiration and joy, so in Italian you often hear this evening "Sia ammazzato!" employed as watch-word, as cry of joy, as refrain for all jests, banterings, and compliments.

Thus we hear jestingly, "Sia ammazzato il Signore Abbate che fa l'amore!" (Be murdered the abbot who is making love!) Or one calls to his intimate friend passing by, "Sia ammazzato il Signore Filippo!" Or, in the way of flattery and compliment, "Sia ammazzata la bella Principessa!" "Sia ammazzata la Signora Angelica, la prima pittrice del secolo!" (Be murdered Signora Angelica, the first painter of the age!)

All these phrases are sung out swiftly and impetuously, with a long drawl on the penultimate or antepenultimate. Amid all this never-ceasing cry the blowing-out and kindling of tapers go on constantly. Whomsoever you meet in the house, on the stairs, whether you are in a room with company, or see your neighbour when looking out from your window, you everywhere endeavour to get the advantage of him in blowing out his light.

All ages and classes contend furiously with each other. They jump on the steps of each other's coaches. No pendant light, hardly a lantern is safe. The boy blows out his father's flame and never ceases crying, "Sia ammazzato il Signore Padre!" All in vain for the father to scold him for his impudence; the boy asserts the freedom of the evening, and only the more savagely murders his father. The tumult, while growing fainter on both ends of the Corso, becomes the more uncontrollable in the centre, so that at last there arises a crush past all conception; past the power of the liveliest memory to realise again.

No one dares move from the place where he stands or sits. The heat of such a throng of people, of so many lights, the smoke of tapers ever blown out and ever rekindled, the infinitude of cries from so many men who

bellow the more the less they can move a limb—all this, at last, makes the most robust senses giddy. It appears impossible that many accidents should not happen; that the coach-horses should not get wild; that many persons should not get crushed, squeezed, or otherwise hurt.

And yet, as each one ultimately longs more or less to get away, striking into the nearest lane he can reach, or seeking free air and relief in the nearest square, the mass of people is gradually broken up, dissolving from the ends of the street towards the middle, and this festival of general unrestrained licence, these modern Saturnalia close with a universal stupefaction.

The common people now hasten to feast till midnight on a well-prepared banquet of meat soon to be forbidden, while the more elegant world betakes itself to the play-houses to bid farewell to greatly curtailed pieces. At last the stroke of midnight puts an end to these pleasures also.

Ash-Wednesday.

And so vanishes the extravagant festival like a dream, like a tale—leaving, perhaps, less trace in the soul of the actors than remains in the minds of our readers to whom we have presented the whole in its connection.

If during the course of these follies the rude Punchinello has reminded us, though unbecomingly, of the joys of love to which we owe our existence, if a Baubo on the open square has desecrated the secrets of woman in child-bearing, if so many kindled tapers have put us in mind of the end of the holiday, we may in the midst of so much nonsense have had our attention drawn by means of these symbols to the most important scenes in our life.

Still more does the narrow, long, densely-packed street suggest to us the ways of the world, where each spectator and actor, with natural face or under mask, from balcony or scaffold, sees but a short distance before and around him, makes progress in coach or on foot only step by step, is rather pushed than walks, is detained more perforce than of free will, endeavours with all zeal to

attain a better and less confined position only to find himself in new embarrassments, till at last he is crushed out of the way.

Might we continue a more serious style of speech than the subject seems to allow, we should remark that the intensest and highest pleasures appear to us like the fleeting coursers but for a moment, rustling past us and leaving hardly any trace on our mind; that freedom and equality can only be enjoyed in the tumult of folly; and that the greatest pleasure only powerfully allures when it trenches upon danger, and temps us by the offer of bitter-sweet gratifications in its vicinity.

In this way, without premeditation, we should have concluded our Carnival, too, with Ash-Wednesday reflections. Not that we would cast any shade of sadness on our readers. On the contrary, seeing that life as a whole, like the Roman Carnival, stretches far beyond our ken, and is full of troubles and vexations, we would desire that every one should with us be reminded by this careless crowd of maskers of the importance of every momentary, and often apparently trivial enjoyment of life.

MARCH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, 1st March, 1788.

On Sunday we went into the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope with the cardinals attended mass. The latter, on account of Lent, being dressed not in red but in violet, afforded us a new spectacle. A few days before I had seen pictures of Albrecht Dürer, and was now glad to contemplate his representations in actual life. The whole formed a picture of unique though simple grandeur, and I do not wonder that strangers just arriving here in passion-week, when all the different ingredients are gathered together, should scarcely be able to keep their composure. The chapel itself is very familiar to me.

I dined in it last summer, and took my siesta on the Pope's throne. I know its pictures by heart. Yet, when everything pertaining to the function is assembled, the place is altogether different, and one can hardly recognise it again.

An old motet, composed by a Spaniard of the name of Morales, was sung, which gave us a foretaste of what was to come. Kayser is also of opinion that this music can and should be heard in this place alone, partly because nowhere else could singers be practised in such a service without organ and instrument, partly because the antique accessories of the Papal chapel, the *ensemble* of Michael Angelos—the Judgment Day, the Prophets and Bible history—are its sole fit accompaniments. Kayser will one day give definite account of all this. He is a great worshipper of the old music, and studies very diligently all connected with it.

We have, therefore, a remarkable collection of psalms in our house. They have been rendered into Italian verse, and at the beginning of this century set to music by a Venetian nobleman, Benedetto Marcello. In the case of many he has taken as his *motif* the intonation of the Jews, partly Spanish, partly German; in others he has adopted as his basis old Greek melodies, and developed them with great understanding, knowledge of art, and moderation. They are arranged partly as solo, partly as duet, and partly as chorus, and are incredibly original, although it is necessary first to acquire a sense for their appreciation. Kayser esteems them highly, and will copy some of them. Perhaps one might procure the whole work, which was printed in Venice in 1724, and contains the first fifty psalms. Herder should look about him; he will, perhaps, light on this interesting work in a catalogue.

I have had the courage to think over in one uninterrupted effort my last three volumes, and I now know exactly what I will do. Heaven grant the favourable mood and fortune for doing it!

It has been a week of rich experience for me, and seems like a month in my remembrance. First I drew up a plan for *Faust*, and I trust it will be a successful one. To write

out the piece now is, of course, a very different thing from what it was fifteen years ago. I think it will lose nothing by its long suspension, especially as I now believe I have recovered the thread. In respect, too, of the tone of the whole, I am in good spirits. I have already written out a new scene, and if I fumigate the paper, nobody, I should think, would recognise it from the old. The long rest and retirement I have enjoyed have wholly restored me to the *niveau* of my own powers, and I find myself in remarkable equality with myself—find that years and events have deducted little from my inner self. The old manuscript, when I see it before me, gives me sometimes many thoughts. It is my earliest utterance on the subject, its main scenes written off-hand without a rough draft. Now, the paper is so yellow with age, so out of order—the different parts having never been stitched together—so soft and fretted away at the edges, it really looks like the fragment of an old codex, and as in that past period, by thinking and divining, I transplanted myself into an earlier world, I now, by means of this old production, transplant myself again into a foretime I have myself lived through.

The plan of *Tasso* is now also arranged, and the miscellaneous poems for the last volume are mostly copied out. *The Artist's Earthly Pilgrimage* must be anew executed, and its *Apotheosis* added. Those youthful ideas I have now for the first time studied, and every detail is now quite vital in me. This gives me much pleasure, and I have the best hopes of the three last volumes. They already stand before me in prospect as a whole, and I only wish leisure and peace of mind to gradually realise my thoughts.

For the distribution of the different small poems I have taken an example from your collection of the *Scattered Leaves*, and trust I have found a good means of binding together such diverse things, as also an expedient for rendering in some measure enjoyable the pieces which are all too individual and momentary.

After making these reflections, the first edition of Meng's writings came into my hands, a book which is now to me of endless interest, seeing I have the sensuous

conceptions which are a necessary preliminary to the understanding of even a line of the work. In every respect it is an excellent book; one does not read a page of it without decided profit. His *Fragments on Beauty*, too, which many find so obscure, have afforded me happy lights in that direction.

Further, I have made all kinds of speculation on colours—a subject which is of near interest to me—that being the part which I had hitherto least comprehended. I see that with some practice and persevering reflection I shall be able to enrich myself by this additional fine sense of the superficial world.

I was one morning in the Borghese Gallery, which I had not seen for a year, and to my joy I found that I now contemplated it with much more understanding eyes than formerly. There are unspeakable treasures in the Prince's possession.

Rome, 8*th March*, 1788.

Another good, rich, and quiet week is past. On Sunday we neglected the Papal chapel; on the other hand I saw, with Angelica, a very beautiful picture which is reasonably taken for a Corregio.

I have seen the collection of the Academy of San Luca, wherein is Raphael's skull. This relic appears to me indubitable. An excellent bone-structure wherein a beautiful soul might freely dwell. The Duke wants a cast of it, which I shall probably be able to procure. The picture painted by him, and hanging in the same *salon*, is worthy of him.

I have also revisited the Capitol, and seen some other things I had omitted; in particular Cavaceppi's house I had always put off seeing. Among many precious things two casts of the heads of the colossal statues on Monte Cavallo have chiefly delighted me. At Cavaceppi's you can see them quite near, in all their greatness and beauty. Pity that time and weather have wasted away nearly a straw's thickness of the smooth surface of the face of the best of them, and that when you are close to it, it looks as if pock-pitted.

To-day were the obsequies of Cardinal Visconti in the church of San Carlo. As the Papal choir sang at the high-mass we went thither to get our ears thoroughly tuned for to-morrow. A requiem was sung by two sopranos, the rarest that can be heard.—N.B. On this occasion there was neither organ nor other instrument.

What a sorry instrument the organ is was brought strikingly home to me yesterday evening in the choir of St. Peter's. It accompanied the Vesper hymn. The instrument does not at all harmonise with the human voice, and is so powerful. How one is charmed, on the other hand, in the Sistine Chapel, where the voices are unaccompanied!

For some days now the weather has been dull and mild. The almond tree is, for the most part, past its blossom-time, and is now growing green; only a few blossoms are still to be seen on the tops. The peach tree now follows, adorning the gardens with its fair colour. *Viburnum tinus* blooms on all ruins. The dwarf-elder bushes are all shooting forth, as also others whose names I do not know. The walls and roofs are growing greener, some are adorned with flowers. From my new study, whither I have withdrawn because we expect Tischbein from Naples, I have a manifold view of innumerable little gardens, as also of the back galleries of many houses. It is all too enjoyable!

I have commenced a little modelling. As far as the knowledge is concerned, I proceed with accuracy and confidence. In the application, however, I am a little confused. Thus I am getting on like all my brethren.

Rome, 15th March, 1788.

Next week there is nothing to be thought or done here; one must follow the tumult of the festivities. After Easter I shall still see some things I have not yet seen, cut my thread, pay my bill, pack up my things, and off with Kayser. If all things go according to my wish and intention I shall be in Florence by the end of April. Meanwhile you shall hear again from me.

It was strange that on external impulse I was constrained

to adopt measures which involved me in new relations conducing to the ever greater adornment, profit, and happiness of my stay in Rome. Verily, I can say that in these last eight weeks I have enjoyed the highest satisfaction of my life, and have now at least one extreme point in relation to which I can in future determine the thermometer of my existence.

This week, in spite of bad weather, has passed off well. On Sunday, in the Sistine Chapel, we heard a motet of Palestrina. Tuesday offered us the happiness of listening to various parts of the passion-week music, sung in a salon in honour of a foreign lady. With the greatest ease, therefore, we followed this music, and could form for ourselves a provisional idea of it, singing it through, as we often did, at the piano. It is an incredibly great and simple work of art, the constantly renewed representation of which could only here, and under the conditions of this place, be maintained. On closer consideration, many vulgar traditions, tending to make the matter wonderful and unprecedented, fall away. Withal, however, it remains something extraordinary, and is quite a new conception. Kayser will one day be able to give account of it. He will receive permission to listen to a rehearsal in the chapel, permission otherwise allowed to nobody.

Further, I have this week modelled a foot, after preliminary study of the bones and muscles, and am praised by my master. Whoever should have worked through the whole body in this way would be a good deal the wiser for it; of course, I mean in Rome, with all its aids and the manifold counsel of experts. I have a skeleton foot—a beautiful cast from nature—half-a-dozen of the most beautiful antique feet and some bad ones; the first for imitation, the last for warning. Nature, too, I can call upon for advice. In every villa I enter I have the opportunity of observing this part of the body; pictures, too, show me what painters have thought and done in reference to this member. Three or four artists come daily to my room whose advice and remarks I utilise, though, strictly speaking, among all their observations Heinrich Meyer's counsel and assistance are of most furtherance to me. If with such a favourable wind, and in

such a happy element, a ship cannot get along, it must either have no sail or a crazy helmsman. With my general survey of art it had become highly necessary for me to devote myself diligently to special parts. It is pleasant to make some progress even in the endless.

I go on making my rounds and seeing the subjects hitherto neglected. Yesterday, for example, for the first time I was in Raphael's villa, where at the side of his beloved one he found still greater bliss than in all art and all fame. It is a holy monument. Prince Doria has acquired it, and seems disposed to treat it as it deserves to be treated. Raphael has portrayed his beloved twenty-eight times on the wall in all kinds of clothing and costume; even in the historical compositions his women resemble her. The situation of the house is very beautiful. It is easier to speak than write of it. One must observe all the details. I next went to the Villa Albani and only looked about in it in a general way. It was a splendid day.

It rained hard last night. The sun now reappears, and a paradise lies displayed before my windows. The almond tree is quite green, the peach blossoms begin to fall off, and the lemon flowers are breaking out on the top of the tree.

My departure from here saddens three persons to their very heart. They will never find again what they have possessed in me; I leave them with pain. In Rome I have for the first time found myself; for the first time come into harmony with myself, and grown happy and rational. As such, these three have, in different senses and degrees, known, possessed, and enjoyed me.

Rome, 22nd March, 1788.

To-day I will not go to St. Peter's, but will write a note. The holy week with its wonders and troubles is now over. To-morrow we shall receive one other benediction, and then turn our minds to quite a different life.

Through the favour and pains of good friends I have seen and heard everything. The sight of the washing of the feet and refreshing of the pilgrims was only to be had by great pushing and pressing.

The chapel music is inconceivably beautiful; in particular the *Miserere* of Allegri, and the so-called *Improperii*, the reproaches the crucified God makes against his people. They are sung early on Good Friday. The moment when the Pope, divested of all his splendour, rises from the throne to worship the cross, and while all others remain in their places and every one is still and the choir begins, *Populus meus, quid feci tibi?* is one of the most beautiful among all remarkable functions. All that shall now be told you by word of mouth, and what of the music is transportable Kayser will bring home with him. I have enjoyed to my fill all that was enjoyable in the performances, and have made my quiet reflections on the rest. Effect, as it is called, has not affected me; in truth nothing has imposed upon me, but I have admired everything; for it must be admitted that the Church has completely mastered the Christian traditions. In connection with the Papal functions, particularly in the Sistine Chapel, everything which would otherwise appear ungenial in the Catholic service is performed with great taste and unexceptional dignity. This, however, can only happen in a place where for centuries all arts have been at command.

But the present should hardly be the time for a detailed account of all this. Had I not in the interval, on that inducement, again kept quiet and trusted to a longer stay, I might away next week. Yet, this, too, is to my profit. I have again studied a good deal, and the epoch I had hoped for has rounded and concluded itself. It is always, no doubt, a strange sensation when you have all at once to abandon a course on which you have been advancing with vigorous steps; yet, you must accommodate yourself to such a change, when you see the reason of it, without grumbling. In every important separation lies a germ of distraction; one must be on one's guard against brooding over and nursing it into actuality.

I have received some beautiful drawings from Naples, from Kniep, the painter who accompanied me to Sicily. They are fair, lovely fruits of my journey, and will be to you most agreeable; for visual representations are the most

trustworthy. Some of them are most felicitously successful in the tone of their colour, and it will almost surpass your belief to see so beautiful a world.

Thus much I am able to say, I have grown ever happier during my stay in Rome; with every day my pleasure in it still increases, and if it seems sad that I should have to part from it at a time when I most deserved to stay, it is yet consoling to think I have remained so long in this city as to have attained to that point.

The Lord Christ is just this moment making his resurrection with a frightful din. Guns are firing from the castle, the bells are all ringing, and from all ends and corners you hear petards, crackers, and volley-firing.

Narrative.—March.

We have not forgotten how Philip Neri frequently, by way of duty, made a visit to the seven principal churches of Rome, thereby manifesting the fervour of his devotion. It must here, however, be remarked that a pilgrimage to these seven churches is demanded of every pilgrim who comes hither to the Jubilee; and seeing the visit must be paid in one day, and that the churches stand at a wide distance from each other, the visit may well be regarded as another fatiguing journey. The seven churches are those of St. Peter; Santa Maria Maggiore; San Lorenzo, beyond the walls; San Sebastian; St. John, Lateran; Santa Croce, of Jerusalem; St. Paul, before the walls.

Such a wide circuit is now traversed by pious inhabitants as well as foreigners in passion-week, especially on Good Friday. Its end and aim is rendered all the more attractive in that, to the spiritual advantage of indulgence to which souls thereby entitle themselves, a bodily enjoyment is added.

For whoever, after completion of the pilgrimage, returns with due testimonials to the gate of St. Paul, receives a ticket admitting him to take part in a pious popular festivity in the Villa Mattei, on fixed days. There

the visitors admitted receive a collation of bread, wine, and cheese or eggs; being accomodated with seats in the garden, especially in the small amphitheatre in it. Opposite, in the Casino of the villa, are assembled the higher guests—Cardinals, Prelates, Princes, and Lords—to enjoy the sight, and take their part in the benefaction founded by the Family Mattei.

We saw a procession of boys of from ten to twelve years old, not in clerical dress, but decked out like trade-apprentices on a holiday, in clothes of like colour and like cut, going in pairs. They might number about forty. They sang and piously recited their litanies, marching on quietly and modestly.

An old man of robust, tradesman-like appearance went by them, and seemed to order and direct them. It was remarkable to see the rear of the well-dressed row, as they marched along, closed by half a dozen beggarly, barefooted, ragged children, who, however, marched in an equally well-behaved manner. On making inquiry we learned that this man, a shoe-maker by trade, and childless, had felt himself induced at an earlier date to adopt and apprentice a poor boy, and, with the help of charitable people, to dress him and promote his further welfare. With the influence of this example he induced other masters to adopt children in the same way, whose progress he likewise watched over. In this manner a little band was collected, and on Sundays and Festival days, to save them from the bad influence of idleness, he kept them uninterruptedly engaged in works of piety, constraining them even to visit the seven churches in one day. So this pious institution waxed ever stronger. His meritorious wanderings, however, he still keeps up as formerly, and there being always more children offering to join than can be received into their body; in order to stimulate the general public charity, he adopts the expedient of attaching needy and ragged children to his procession. This device procures him on every occasion a contribution which suffices for the adoption of one or two more outcasts.

While we ascertained these particulars one of the elder well-clothed children came up to us, reaching us a plate, and with well-set words desiring a gift of us for the naked

and shoeless. Touched, as we strangers were, we did not fail to respond liberally to the petition, and the Romans, male and female, standing by, though not very liberal of their pence, added to their moderate donations many words in pious recognition of such a meritorious charity.

People were careful to learn that the pious children's father let his pupils share on each occasion in that benefaction, after they had edified themselves by a previous pilgrimage. In this way he could never fail of tolerable contributions towards his purpose.

On the Plastic Imitation of the Beautiful. By Karl Philipp Moritz. Brunswick, 1788.

Under this title a paper was printed, of scarcely four sheets, the manuscript of which Moritz had sent to Germany to appease his publisher in some measure for the advance he had made him for a descriptive tour in Italy. This latter work Moritz soon found by no means so easy a business as the penning of an eventful walking tour through England.

The paper above referred to I must not, however, omit mentioning, seeing it had its origin in our conversations, which Moritz utilised and elaborated. Whatever may be its intrinsic value, the work must possess some historical interest as an indication of the thoughts which in that period disclosed themselves to us, and which, later on developed, tested, applied and extended, harmonised happily enough with the century's mode of thought.

A few leaves from the centre of the discourse may here be intercalated; perhaps they may give occasion to the reprinting of the whole.

"In the case of a genius of plastic art the horizon of his active force must be as wide as Nature herself. That is to say, his organisation must be so finely woven, offering such an infinitude of points of contact with all-pervading Nature, that the extreme ends, as it were, of all relations of Nature on the large scale find their miniatured and orderly counterpart in him, and have a sufficiency of room not to cramp each other.

"If now an organisation of this finer texture on its full development at once conceives in the dim prescience of its active force, a whole adapted neither to its eye nor its ear, neither to its imagination nor its thoughts, an unrest, a misrelationship in the self-balancing powers, must necessarily arise and continue till they again get into their equilibrium.

"In the case of a soul whose merely active energy grasps in dim presentiment the noble and great *whole* of Nature, neither the clearly recognising power of thought, nor the still more lively pictorial power of imagination, nor the outward bodily sense, the clearest of mirrors, can any longer content itself with the contemplation of the *particular* in the concatenation of Nature.

"All the relations of that great whole, but dimly divined in the active energy, must necessarily, somehow or other, be made visible, audible, or, at least, conceivable to the imagination; and, for the attainment of this, the active energy in which they are dormant, must fashion them *after itself, out of itself*. It must seize all those relations of the great whole and the highest beauty in them on the extremities of its rays, as it were, in a focus. Out of this focus a pure and yet faithful picture of the highest beauty must round itself to the measure of the eye's capacity, a picture which, in its small compass, grasps the most perfect relations of the great whole of Nature just as truly and as rightly as Nature herself does.

"As, however, this copy of the highest beauty must necessarily attach itself to something, the plastic energy, determined by its own individuality, chooses some subject or other, visible, audible, or, at any rate, conceivable to the imagination, to which it transfers, in reduced scale, the resplendence of the highest beauty. And seeing, again, that this subject, were it *really* what it represents, could no longer consist with the concatenation of Nature, who allows no real self-sufficing whole to exist outside of herself, we are brought to the point we have already noted, namely, that the inward conception must, in every case, first transform itself into appearance before it can be fashioned by art into an independent whole, and

mirror forth, without obstruction, the relations of the great whole of Nature in her full compass.

"As now, however, those great relations, in whose complete compass the beautiful consists, no longer fall under the province of thought, so also the *vital* conception of the plastic imitation of the beautiful can, in the first moment of its origination, take place only in the feeling of the active energy which produces the beautiful; a state of being in which the artistic work all at once, in dim presentiment, appears before the soul as completed through all the stages of its gradual growth. In this moment of its first production the work exists, as a whole, in the mind of the artist before its actual existence; whence arises that unnameable charm which incites the creative genius to ever constant figuration.

"By reflection on the plastic imitation of the beautiful, combined with the pure enjoyment of the beautiful work of art, something approximating more nearly to that vital conception may arise in us and increase our enjoyment of the beautiful work. Still as our highest enjoyment of the beautiful can, nevertheless, by no possibilty include in it *the creation of the beautiful by our own energy*, the highest enjoyment of art remains ever with the creating genius alone which produces it, and the beautiful, therefore, has attained its highest purpose in the act of its origination, in the process of its formation. Our after-enjoyment, on the other hand, is but a *consequence* of its existence, and plastic genius lives, therefore, in the great plan of Nature first for its own sake, and only secondarily for our sakes, because besides plastic geniuses there are other beings incapable themselves of creating and moulding, but yet adequate to comprehending with their imagination a creation after it has once been produced.

"The character of the beautiful consists in the fact that its inner essence lies beyond the limits of thought, in the act of producing it, in the process of coming into existence. Just because the faculty of thought in the presence of a beautiful object has no power to ask why it is beautiful, the object is therefore beautiful. For in the power of thought there is totally wanting a

measure of comparison by which it might contemplate and judge the beautiful. For what else is real beauty to be compared with but with the sum of all the harmonious relations of the great whole of Nature, which can be embraced by no power of thought? Every particular beauty, scattered here and there, is beautiful only in so far as the sum of all the relations of the great whole is more or less revealed in it. It, therefore, can never be a criterion of the artistically beautiful, and just as little can it serve by way of prototype for the true imitation of the beautiful, the thing of highest beauty in Nature being never beautiful enough to pass for a symbol of the great and majestic relations of the all encompassing whole of Nature. The beautiful cannot therefore be *known*, the beautiful must be *produced* or *felt*.

"For, as in complete defect of a measure of comparison, the beautiful is once for all not subject to the power of thought, so to the extent we cannot produce the beautiful, we should be totally deprived of its enjoyment (seeing there is no object in the sensible world in which the beautiful is adequately represented) were it not for a substitute of the productive power which comes as near to the principal as possible without being the principal itself. This substitute is that which we call *taste* or sensibility to the beautiful, which, when it keeps within its bounds, can by means of quiet undisturbed contemplation supply the place of the higher enjoyment of the production of the beautiful.

"When, namely, the organism is not of such fine texture as to offer so many points of contact to the whole of Nature as are necessary to the complete reflection in miniature of all her great relations, a point being still wanting in us to the entire rounding of the circle, we may yet, in default of the power of *creating*, have the power of *feeling* the beautiful, though every attempt to adequately project this sense of the beautiful into objectivity would fail, and only make us the more dissatisfied with ourselves, the nearer our sensibility to the beautiful came into contact with our defective power to produce it.

"For, simply because the essence of the beautiful consists in its self-completeness, the absence of one relevant point

would be just as fatal as the absence of a thousand; dislocating, as it would, all the other points out of their proper place. This point of completion being wanting, the work of art would not be worth the toil of its commencement, nor the time it would take in its elaboration. It falls from bad to worthless, and its existence must necessarily become futile by the oblivion into which it sinks.

"And, as already said, the last point necessary to completion being wanting to the plastic ability inherent in the finer tissue of the organisation, this one defect is as fatal as a thousand. The highest merit it might possess in the way of sensibility to beauty is, as plastic energy, of just as little avail as the lowest. And if once sensibility oversteps its limits, it must necessarily degenerate, become paralysed and annihilated.

"The more perfect is the æsthetic sense towards a certain species of the beautiful, the more is it in danger of falling into self-deception and mistaking itself for creative faculty, thus destroying its peace by a thousand inadequate attempts.

"In enjoying, for example, the beautiful in some work of art, sensibility to beauty penetrates directly through the formation of that beautiful work into the plastic energy which created it, and dimly divines the higher degree of enjoyment of this very beauty in the feeling of the energy that was powerful enough to bring it forth out of itself. To attain this higher enjoyment, which is impossible in the contemplation of a *finished* work, sensibility, having once been too keenly stimulated, strives in vain to produce something similar out of itself, but abhors its own work, throws it away, and spoils for itself the pleasure of contemplation, refusing to enjoy a work of art just because it is there without its co-operation. Its one wish and endeavour is to share in the higher enjoyment denied it, and which it dimly divines; to see itself, with the consciousness of its own plastic energy, reflected in a beautiful work it has produced. This wish, however, will to all eternity be denied gratification, seeing that egoism is the father of it, and that the beautiful yields itself to be handled and gratefully moulded only for its own sake.

"Where in the plastic impulse to create, there blends the idea of the *enjoyment* of the beautiful which the production when completed will afford, and where this idea is the first and strongest impulse to activity, *there*, assuredly, the plastic impulse is not pure; the focus or completing point slips from the work itself into the *effect*; the rays become scattered; the work cannot round itself in itself.

"To fancy ourselves so near that highest enjoyment which springs from production of the beautiful, and yet to renounce it, appears no doubt a hard struggle. It will, however, become extremely light if, to ennoble its character, we eradicate every remaining trace of egoism from the plastic impulse we flatter ourselves we possess, and endeavour to banish from our minds, as much as possible, every idea of the enjoyment which the beautiful we wish to produce would afford us through the feeling of our own energy after it has been brought into existence. In this spirit, even if only with our last breath we could complete it, we should, nevertheless, strive towards the completion of it.

"If, then, the beautiful we divine retains purely in and for itself in its production enough charm to set in motion our power of activity, we may in all assurance follow our plastic impulse, seeing that it is genuine and pure. But if, with the total renunciation of enjoyment and of effect, charm also is lost, then we need have no further struggle. Peace is restored to us, and the sensibility to beauty, which has now assumed its proper level, opens itself, as the reward of its modest withdrawal within its due limits, to the purest enjoyment of the beautiful which can consist with the nature of its being.

"The line which divides plastic energy from æsthetic sensibility may no doubt be extremely easily missed and overstepped, so that it is not at all to be wondered at should we find in the works of art, through mistaken plastic impulse, a thousand false pretentious representations of the highest beauty for one real one. For as the genuine plastic energy on the first origination of its work already enjoys its first and highest pleasure as its sure reward, and is distinguished from the false plastic impulse only by the fact that its primordial incitement to the

work comes from itself and not from any anticipation of the enjoyment of its work, and, moreover, as in this moment of *passion* the power of thought can itself form no correct judgment, it is almost impossible to avoid self-deception in this matter till after a number of failures.

"Nor are these failures always a proof of want of plastic energy, because, even when this power is genuine, it often takes a quite false direction, desiring to represent to the imagination what should address the eye, or to represent to the eye what properly appeals to the ear.

"Just because nature does not always develop the indwelling plastic energy to complete maturity, or sometimes allows it to adopt a wrong course in which it can never be developed, the genuinely beautiful remains a rarity. And seeing that nature lets the bad and common issue unchecked from the pretended plastic impulse, the genuinely beautiful and noble is thus distinguished by its rare merit from the bad and common.

"In the æsthetic sense, therefore, there always remains a gap which is only filled up by the product of the plastic energy. Plastic energy and sensibility are related to each other as man to woman. For the plastic energy on the first origination of its work, in the moment of the highest enjoyment, is at the same time sensibility to beauty, and produces, like nature, an image of its being from itself.

"The æsthetic sense, as also the plastic energy, is based on the finer texture of the organisation, in so far as the organisation in all its points of contact is a complete or, at any rate, nearly complete copy of the relations of the great whole of nature.

"Æsthetic energy and plastic energy comprise more than the power of thought, and the active energy in which both are rooted grasps *simultaneously* all that is grasped by the power of thought, because of all the conceptions we can ever have the active energy bears in itself the primary elements, constantly evolving them out of itself.

"In so far now as this active energy grasps in itself *productively* all that does not fall under the province of the power of thought, it is called plastic energy; and in so far as, *leaning towards production*, it comprises in itself

what lies beyond the limits of the power of thought, it is called æsthetic energy.

"Plastic energy cannot be without sensibility and active energy. Purely active energy, on the other hand, can exist alone without proper æsthetic and plastic energy, of which it is only the foundation.

"In so far now as this purely active energy is based on the finer texture of the organisation, the organism need only in general in all its points of contact be a copy of the relations of the great whole without its attaining to that degree of completeness which is presupposed in the æsthetic and plastic energy.

"Of the relations of the great whole surrounding us, there are always so many that coincide with all the points of contact of our organism that we dimly feel in ourselves the great whole without yet *being* it. The relations of that whole, wound into our being, strive to extend themselves again on all sides; the organism wishes to continue itself *ad infinitum* on all sides. It wants not only to mirror in itself the surrounding whole, but so far as it can *to be* this surrounding whole.

"For this reason each higher organisation, according to its nature, grasps the organisation subordinate to it and transfers it into its own existence; the plant, unorganised matter by simple origin and growth; the animal, the plants by birth, growth and enjoyment. Man not only transforms animals and plants by birth, growth and enjoyment into his inner being, but at the same time, by the *reflecting* surface of his being, a surface the most finely polished of all surfaces, takes up everything which is subordinate to his organisation into the compass of his existence, and if his plastic organism is complete in itself, again represents it in beautified form outside himself. Failing this, he must by *destruction* draw everything about him within the compass of his real existence and devastatingly seize all about him as far as he can, seeing that pure innocent contemplation cannot quench his thirst for extended real existence."

APRIL.

Correspondence.

Rome, 10 *April*, 1788.

I am still in Rome, with the body, not with the soul. So soon as I had taken the resolution to go I had no interest in remaining, and should have preferred being away a fortnight ago. In truth, I stay only for the sake of Kayser and of Bury. The former has still some studies to conclude, which he can prosecute only here in Rome, and still some musical pieces to collect; the latter has a clean drawing to make of a picture o my invention, in which he needs my counsel.

For all that, I have fixed on the 21st or 22nd April for my departure.

Rome, 11 *April*, 1788.

The days glide past, and I am not able to do anything more. I have hardly a mind to see more. My honest Meyer is still at my side, and I still to the end enjoy his instructive conversation. Were it not that I have Kayser with me, I should have brought Meyer home with me. If we had had him but a year with us, we should have advanced far enough. In particular, he would soon have tided us over all our scruples in regard to the drawing of heads.

I have been this morning, with my good Meyer, to the French Academy, where are collected the casts of the best statues of antiquity. How could I express the farewell feeling, so to say, which here mastered me! In the presence of such figures a man becomes more than he normally is; he feels that the worthiest subject to engage the faculties of man is the human form, which he here beholds in all its manifold splendour. Yet, at such a view, who does not straightway feel how all-inadequate to the occasion he is? Even if prepared for the spectacle, he cannot help dwindling into nothingness before it. Of small account was it that I had endeavoured to render in some measure clear to myself Proportion, Anatomy, Regularity

of movement; here, I was only too much struck by the conviction that *Form* ultimately includes everything; adaptation of the members to their purpose, relation, character and beauty.

Rome, 14 *April*, 1788.

The confusion cannot well be greater! While I did not leave off modelling at that foot, it occurred to me that it was now immediately incumbent on me to attack *Tasso*, to which my thoughts also turned—a welcome companion for the impending journey. Meanwhile, packing is going on; and now in such a crisis I see, for the first time, what a medley of things one collects and amasses about him.

NARRATIVE.—APRIL.

My correspondence in the last weeks of my stay in Rome offers little of importance; my situation was too much entangled between art and friendship, between possession and struggle to acquire more, between a Present to which I was accustomed, and a Future I had again anew to accustom myself to. In these circumstances my letters could contain little. The joy of revisiting my old tried friends was but moderately expressed, the pain of parting was scarcely concealed. In the present supplementary narrative, I therefore comprise a great deal, forbearing, however, to touch on any things but those which in part have come down to me from that period in other papers and documents, and in part have been resuscitated in my memory.

Tischbein still ever lingered in Naples, although he had repeatedly announced his return in spring. In other respects, he was good company to live with, only a certain whim he indulged grew troublesome in the long run. He would leave all his plans for the immediate future to a certain degree unsettled, thereby, without really meaning any harm, spoiling other people's pleasure, and putting them to serious inconvenience. In the

present case, I, too, was to come in for a taste of his caprice. Seeing that when he returned, for the sake of getting us all comfortably lodged, I would have to change my quarters, and seeing that the upper storey of our house happened to be empty, I did not neglect renting it and taking possession of it, so that when he returned Tischbein might find everything ready in the lower storey.

The upper rooms were like the lower, except that the back windows had a most charming out-look on our house-garden and the gardens of the neighbourhood, a view which was open on all sides, the house being a corner one.

Here lay displayed before you the most variegated gardens regularly divided by walls, and planted in endless variety; and, to glorify this paradise of greenery and blossom, nature was heightened everywhere by a simple, noble style of architecture; garden-salons, balconies, terraces, as also an open *loge* on the backs of the higher houses, interspersed with all the trees and plants of the district.

In our house-garden an old secular took charge of a number of well-kept citron trees of moderate height in ornamental earthenware vases, which in summer enjoyed the open air, but in winter were preserved in the garden-salon. After they had completely attained to maturity the fruit was carefully plucked off, wrapped up in soft paper, packed together and sent off. On account of their particular excellence they were a favourite in the market. Such an orangery is in burgess families regarded as a small capital from which you every year draw certain interest.

The same windows, from which, under the brightest of heavens, you contemplated in undisturbed composure so much grace of form and colour, afforded also an excellent light for the view of paintings. Kniep, according to agreement, had just sent us various water-colour drawings, elaborated from sketches he had carefully taken on our journey through Sicily, drawings which now, in such a favourable light, redounded to the joy and admiration of all sympathetic friends. In clearness and happiness

of composition, in this style, perhaps no one ever succeeded better than he, who had a peculiar bias in this direction. The view of these drawings of his exercised a really enchanting influence; you fancied you sensibly saw again, sensibly felt again the humidity of the sea, the blue shadows of the rocks, the yellow-reddish tones of the mountains, the soft evanescence of far distant space in the resplendent heaven. But it was not these sheets alone which the situation displayed to such advantage. Every painting placed on the same easel, in the same site, seemed to become more striking and more effective. I remember several times entering the room when a picture so placed overpowered me with a feeling of witchery.

The secret of a favourable or unfavourable, of a direct or indirect, atmospheric illumination was then not yet discovered. It was, however, entirely felt and regarded with astonishment as only accidental and inexplicable.

This new lodging of mine now invited us to dispose in congenial order and favourable light, a number of gypsum casts which had by degrees been gathered about us; and now, for the first time, did we properly enjoy a highly valuable possession. In Rome, where one is constantly surrounded by the plastic art-works of the ancients, he feels as in the presence of Nature, encompassed round by the Infinite, the Unsearchable. The impression of the Sublime, the Beautiful, however beneficial it may be, disturbs us; we yearn to invest our feelings, our thoughts, in words. For this, however, knowledge, insight, comprehension, are necessary. We begin to detach, to distinguish, to arrange, and this, too, we find, if not impossible, yet in the highest degree difficult. We therefore at last fall back on contemplation, which is all admiration and enjoyment.

Altogether, however, the chief effect of all works of art is the translation of the beholder into the state of the time in which, and of the individuals by whom, they were produced. Surrounded by antique statues, one feels himself in the midst of a stirring natural life. You become sensible of the great variety of the human form, and have your mind wholly carried back to the perception and appreciation of man in his purest, unsophisticated state. You

live yourself into that life till you at length become yourself a man, a living integral man, divested of everything not immediately human. The very dress, conformable with nature, and to some extent setting off the figure, operates beneficially on the generic human sense. When in Rome you become habituated to the daily enjoyment of the representatives of that hale old world, you grow eager for constant uninterrupted walk and conversation with them. You desire to have those forms always beside you, and good gypsum casts, as the most characteristic facsimiles, offer the best means. You open your eyes in the morning and feel the most excellent influences affecting you. All your thought, all your feeling is accompanied by such forms; it becomes utterly impossible to sink back into barbarism.

The first rank in our estimation was held by Juno Ludovisi, who was all the more prized and reverenced by us that the original was only seldom, and by good chance, to be seen, and we could not but deem it a signal happiness to have it always before our eyes; for none of our contemporaries, on his seeing it for the first time, dared assert that he was equal to the sight.

Some smaller Junos, too, were placed beside it for the sake of comparison, then, also, in particular, busts of Jupiter, and, to pass over other things, a good old cast of the Rondanini Medusa, a wonderful work, which, expressing the contest between life and death, between pain and rapture, exercises, like some great problem, an unspeakable charm on us.

I will yet mention a Hercules Anax, as powerful and great as it is intelligent and mild; then a most charming Mercury. Both the originals of these are in England.

Half-raised works, casts of many beautiful earthenware works, Egyptian casts also, taken from the summit of the great obelisk, and other fragments, some of them in marble; all these were disposed in well-arranged order.

I speak of these treasures, which stood but a few weeks arranged in my new dwelling, as one about to make his testament would contemplate the possessions surrounding him—that is with composure, yet not unmoved. Formalities, trouble, costs, and a certain awkwardness

in such matters—these considerations deterred me from at once consigning the most excellent of them to Germany. Juno Ludovisi was assigned to the noble Angelica, some other things to my neighbour artists. A great deal still belonged to Tischbein's possessions; other things were to remain unremoved and to be at the disposal of Bury, who was to take possession of the new quarters after me.

While I write this down my thoughts take their flight into the earliest times, and I recall the circumstances in which I first made the acquaintance of such high subjects. I remember how my interest in them was roused, and how, though my thoughts in regard to them were wholly inadequate, my enthusiasm boiled over, and I was smitten with a boundless longing for Italy.

In my earliest youth my attention was not called to anything plastic in my paternal town. In Leipzig the faun, making his appearance as in a dance and beating the cymbals, was the first thing in this province to make a deep impression on me, so that I can still recall to mind the individuality and surroundings of the cast. After a long pause, however, I was all at once precipitated into the great sea, when in the Mannheim salon, brilliantly illuminated from the top, I suddenly found myself encompassed by that collection.

Later on came gypsum founders to Frankfort. They had crossed the Alps with many original casts, from which they next took new impressions, selling the originals at a moderate price. In this way I acquired a pretty good Laocoon's head, Niobe's Daughters, a small head, which was afterwards pronounced to be a Sappho, and other things. These noble figures were to me a kind of secret antidote against the weakness, falsity and affectation which sometimes threatened to get the better of me. In truth, however, my abiding feeling was the inward pain of an unsatisfied longing, a longing and yearning for the unknown, often suppressed, but ever reviving anew. Great, therefore, was the pain I felt in parting from Rome. It was parting from a possession which, after the most earnest desire, I had at length attained.

The conformity to law of vegetable organisation, which I

had discovered in Sicily, interlaced all my other studies, as is wont to be the case with predilections which master our inner being and show themselves in harmony with the rest of our capacities. I visited the botanic garden, which, however meagre of charms, in its antiquated state, it might be thought, yet displaying, as it did, so much that was new and unexpected, had a profitable influence on me. I took the opportunity of collecting many of the rarer plants and continuing my observations on them, carefully watching also the growths proceeding from the seeds and kernels I had planted.

In these last products many of my friends, on my departure, were pleased to take interest. I had planted a pine-seedling, which was now shot up to some length, the prefiguration of a future tree, in Angelica's house-garden, where for many years it throve and flourished to a goodly height. Of it, and of my memory there, sympathetic travellers, had a great deal to tell to our mutual gratification. Unfortunately, after the demise of that invaluable friend, the new possessor of the tenement found it incongruous to see quite exotic pines growing in his flower-beds. Accordingly, at a subsequent date, well-affectioned travellers, on making inquiries, found the spot empty, and here, at least, all trace of one graceful existence effaced.

More fortunate was the fate of some date-plants I had cultivated from kernels. I studiously watched their remarkable development, at the expense of some specimens plucked up from time to time. The date-plants still remaining, however, in full vigour, I handed over to a Roman friend, who planted them in a garden in the Sistine Street, where, down to the present date, they still flourish, having shot up to the height of a man, as I have the honour to be assured by a noble traveller. May these never discommode the possessors, but go on budding, growing and thriving.

On the list of the subjects in Rome which had yet to be overtaken by me before my departure were some things very different in character—the Cloaca Maxima and the Catacombs of St. Sebastian. The former even heightened

the colossal conception for which Piranesi had prepared us. The visit to the latter object was not, however, so enjoyable. The first steps I took into those damp spaces at once engendered in me such a feeling of discomfort, that I had forthwith to reascend to the light of day, and there in an unknown and remote part of the town await the return of the rest of the company, who, more composed than I, could comfortably examine the condition of the place. In the great work, *Roma Sotterranea, di Antonio Bosio, Romano*, I instructed myself minutely, for a long time afterwards, in all I should have seen, or perhaps, even, missed seeing in the place, and in this way deemed myself sufficiently compensated.

Another pilgrimage I undertook was attended with more profit and success. This was to the San Luca Academy, to pay our reverence to the skull of Raphael, which is there preserved as a holy relic, having been transferred thither from the grave of the extraordinary man, which was opened on the occasion of some building.

In all truth a wonderful sight! A skull so compact and of so beautiful convexity, with never a trace of those heights, bumps, and knobs, which, afterwards observed in other skulls, play so important a part in Gall's doctrine. I could not tear myself away from the sight, and, on leaving, observed how important it would be for lovers of nature and art were it possible to have a cast taken of it. Hofrath Reiffenstein, my influential friend, gave me hopes of the realisation of this wish, hopes which after some time he fulfilled, by sending me such a cast to Germany, the sight of which even yet often summons me to the most manifold contemplations.

The most attractive picture we have from the artist's hand, 'St. Luke,' to whom the mother of God is appearing, in order that he may represent her truly and naturally in her full divine dignity and grace, offered the most delightful image to the eye. Raphael, himself still young, appears at some distance, looking towards the Evangelist at his work. More graceful expression and confession of the calling to which a man feels himself drawn with his whole nature cannot possibly be.

Peter of Cortona was formerly the possessor of this

work, and bequeathed it to the Academy. It is no doubt in some places injured and restored, but still always a picture of great value.

In these days I was subjected to quite a peculiar temptation, threatening to obstruct my journey, and chain me anew in Rome. There arrived from Naples, Signor Antonio Rega, artist and dealer in art, who, in a confidential conversation with friend Meyer, informed him that he had come by a ship which was lying out at Ripa Grande, and invited him to come on board with him. For there he had an important antique statue to show him —that dancer or muse, which had stood in Naples in a niche of the Court of the Caraffa Colombrano Palace, along with some others, for an immemorial number of years and was esteemed a work altogether good. He wanted to sell it, but secretly, and for this reason he inquired whether Meyer himself, or one of his intimate friends, was not disposed to commit himself to such a purchase. He offered the noble work of art at an extremely moderate price, three hundred zechini, a figure which he might assuredly have considerably raised, were it not that, in consideration of the sellers and the buyer, it was necessary to proceed in the business with discretion.

The affair was at once communicated to me, and we both of us hastened to the place of embarkation, which was some distance from our dwelling. Rega immediately lifted a board off the chest which stood on the deck—and there lay disclosed to our view a most charming little head, as yet never severed from the trunk, looking forth from amid free locks of hair. As by degrees it became fully displayed we greeted a lovely mobile figure in the most becoming dress; for the rest little damaged, and one hand in completely good preservation.

We at once remembered right well seeing it in the place it originally belonged to, little dreaming that it would ever come so near to us. It therefore occurred to us to say—and to whom would not the same sentiment have occurred?—"Assuredly had one dug for a whole year at a considerable outlay, and at last struck on such a treasure, one would have deemed oneself fortunate in the highest degree." We could hardly tear ourselves away from the

contemplation of it, for such a pure, well-preserved antique, in a state so easily susceptible of restoration, had never before met our eyes. Yet at last we went away with the promise and purpose of returning a very speedy answer.

We both of us felt ourselves involved in a veritable struggle. It appeared to us unadvisable in many respects to make the purchase. At last we resolved to communicate the case to the good Frau Angelica, as possessed of good means for the investment, and by her connection sufficiently qualified for the work of restoration and other eventualities. Meyer undertook the communication, as he had formerly done in the case of the picture of Daniele da Volterra, and we hoped for the best result. The circumspect wife, however, and, still more, the economical husband, declined the offer, having, as they said, expended considerable sums on paintings, but having never yet made up their minds to go in for statuary.

After this refusal we were anew stimulated to deliberation. Such a favour of fortune seemed quite unique. Meyer viewed the treasure once more, and convinced himself that the image, by its whole appearance, was to be recognised as of Greek workmanship, and that, too, a considerable time prior to the age of Augustus, perhaps as early as the period of Hiero II.

I had, indeed, sufficient credit to enable me to buy this important work of art; Rega even seemed disposed to take the money for it by instalments, and there was a moment when we fancied ourselves already in possession of the image, and that we saw it placed in the clear illumination of our large salon.

As, however, many a misgiving is apt to thrust its way between a passionate declaration of love and a formal marriage contract, so, in the present case, we would not definitively bind ourselves without the advice and encouragement of our noble art-friends, Signor Zucchi and his good-natured wife. For nothing less than a union in the ideal-Pygmalion sense did this affair involve, nor do I deny that the thought of possessing this being had taken deep hold on me. Nay, as a proof how greatly I flattered myself in this affair, I may make the confession that I actually

looked on the event as a sign from higher *Daimons*, who were minded to retain me in Rome, and to remove all the grounds on which I based my determination to depart.

Happily we were at a time of life when reason, in such a case, comes to the help of understanding. Our bias to art, our lust of possession, and, what tended in the same direction, dialectics and superstition—all these had to give way to the prudence and kindness which addressed us from the friendly lips of our noble friend Angelica. Through her representations all the difficulties and misgivings connected with such an undertaking were made clear. Men of sober judgment, hitherto devoted to the study of art and antiquity, struck into the affair, and aroused the jealousy of those who were traditionally entitled to such a bargain. The difficulties of restoration were manifold, and it was doubtful how far we would be honestly and reasonably served on this point. Suppose, next, all were satisfactorily arranged for transport, new obstructions might, at the last, arise in connection with the question of permission for the removal from the country of such a work of art, and what with the passage, with the landing, and carriage home, all sorts of difficulties were to be feared. All these considerations were, it was admitted, not sufficient to deter a regular dealer, for difficulties, as well as risk, were equalised in a large total of undertakings; but a single transaction was in every way hazardous.

By such representations desire and purpose were gradually appeased and weakened, though never wholly extinguished, especially when the statue at last rose to great honour; for at present it stands in the Museo Pio-Clementino, in a little cabinet added to, and connected with, the museum; the cabinet on whose floor are inlaid the admirably beautiful mosaics of masks and garlands. The other statues in this cabinet are: (1) Venus sitting on her heel, on whose base stands engraved the name of Bupalus; (2) a very beautiful little Ganymede; (3) the beautiful statue of a youth to whom—I know not with what right—the name of Adonis is attached; (4) a Faun of rosso antico; (5) the Discobolus standing at rest.

Visconti, in the third volume of his work, devoted to this

museum, has described the monument in question, explained it according to his way of thinking, and has a picture of it printed on his thirtieth table. Every lover of art may therefore with us regret that we did not succeed in getting it transported to Germany, and having it placed in some national collection.

It will be thought only natural that in my farewell visits I did not omit the graceful Milan lady. I had now for some time been hearing a great deal about her which gave me pleasure; how she was getting into relations of ever greater confidence with Angelica, and comporting herself in the most becoming manner in the higher society to which she was thus admitted. It was also allowed me to indulge the conjecture and the wish that a young gentleman in good circumstances, and on the best footing with the Zucchis, was not insensible to her charms, and was disposed to carry out more serious intentions.

I found her in bright morning dress, just as I had first seen her in Castle Gandolfo. She received me with frank grace, and, with natural charm of expression, she thanked me very amiably for my sympathy. "I shall never forget," she said, "how, when recovering out of my distresses, among the dear and revered names inquiring after me, I heard yours also mentioned. I asked several times whether it was really so. You continued your inquiries after my welfare for some weeks, till at last my brother visited you to thank you in name of us both. I know not whether he expressed himself as I bade him; I should gladly have gone with him had propriety allowed." She questioned me about the way I was going to take on my return home, and, when I set before her my route, she replied, "You are happy in being so rich as not to need to deny yourself this pleasure; we others have to accommodate ourselves to the situation God and His saints have assigned us. I have long seen from my window ships coming and going, discharging cargo and taking in lading; it is entertaining to watch all that, and I sometimes think whence they have all come, and whither they are all bound." The windows looked out immediately on the stairs of Ripetta; the bustle was very lively.

She spoke with tenderness of her brother, saying how glad she was to keep his house in good order, and to render it possible for him with his moderate salary to invest some savings in an advantageous business. In short, she confided to me her whole situation. I rejoiced in her running talk, for, in sooth, I cut quite an odd figure, feeling constrained as I did rapidly to review to myself all the main events of our tender relation from the first moment down to the present one. At this juncture the brother entered, and our meeting closed in friendly composed prose.

When I came to the door I found my carriage without the coachman, whom an officious boy ran to fetch. She was looking out of the window of the entresol, which she and her brother occupied in a handsome building. It was not very high, you might have imagined you could reach up your hand so far.

"They will not let me leave you, you see!" I exclaimed; "they know, it seems, that I do not like parting from you."

What she said to this, what I answered, the whole course of a most cordial conversation, which, free of all trammels, revealed the hearts of two only half-conscious lovers; all this I will not desecrate by repetition and narrative. It was a farewell confession, wonderful and laconic, which accident started, and which inward impulse urged, a confession of the most innocent and tender mutual inclination, which, therefore, has never been effaced from my sense and soul.

My departure from Rome was, however, destined to be celebrated in high and solemn style. Three nights before, the full moon shone in the clearest heaven, and the enchantment shed over the vast town, though often felt before, was never felt so keenly as now. The great masses of light, clear as in mild daylight, the contrast of deep shades, occasionally relieved by reflexions dimly portraying details; all this transported us as if into another, a simpler and a greater world.

After some days of distraction, interwoven with painful feelings, I made the circuit of the city with a few friends, and once quite alone. After wandering through the long

Corso, for the last time as I felt, I mounted the Capitol, which rose like a fairy palace in the desert. The statue of Marcus Aurelius called to remembrance the commander in *Don Juan*, and made the wanderer aware that he was undertaking something unusual. Nevertheless I went down the back steps. Sombre itself, and throwing sombre shades, stood the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. In the solitude of the Via Sacra the objects, otherwise so well known, appeared foreign and ghost-like. As, however, I approached the sublime remains of the Coliseum, and looked through the grating into its closed interior, a shudder came over me which, I do not deny, quickened my return.

Everything massive makes a peculiar impression, as being both sublime and comprehensible, and in going round such objects I drew as it were an unsurveyable *summa summarum* of my whole residence.

On my departure I felt pain of a peculiar kind. The thought of leaving the capital of the world, after being its citizen for some time, and without the hope of returning, gave me a feeling not to be expressed in words. No one knows what it is but he who has felt it. In this moment I evermore repeated to myself the elegy Ovid composed* when the memory of a similar fate pursued him to the end of the inhabited world. Those distiches rolled ever up and down amidst my feelings:

"When on my soul there hovers that evening's sorrowful picture,
Hours which for me were the last spent in the City of Rome,
As I recall the night when so much that was dear I relinquished
Still, even now, from mine eye downward the teardrop rolls:
Then, too, voices of men and dogs already were silent,
Luna her nightly team swiftly was guiding on high;
Upwards I gazed upon her, then looked on Capitoline temples,
Neighbour'd so nearly to which vainly our Lares had dwelt."

Not long, however, could I repeat that foreign expression of my own sentiments, till I was constrained to appropriate it peculiarly to my personality and my situation. Those sorrows I adapted to my own, and during my journey this inward exercise engaged me many a day and night. Yet I shunned writing down so much as a line, for fear of

* See Ovid, Tristia III.

dissipating the tender dew of inward grief. I would hardly look at anything lest this sweet torment might thereby be scared away. Yet it soon occurred to me what a splendid aspect the world assumes when we contemplate it with touched feelings. I therefore manned me to a freer poetic activity. The thought of *Tasso* linked itself to my situation, and with especial bias I worked up the passages which come home to me most at the present time. The greater part of my stay in Florence I spent in the sumptuous pleasure-gardens there. There it was I wrote the passages which even now immediately recall to me that time and those feelings.

To these circumstances is, assuredly, to be ascribed the completeness with which the piece is in part executed, and which rendered its appearance on the theatre next to an impossibility. As I could compare myself with Ovid in respect of situation, so also I could compare myself with *Tasso* in respect of fate. The painful character of a passionate soul, which is irresistibly drawn away to an irrevocable banishment, pervades the whole piece. This temper of mind did not leave me throughout the whole journey, in spite of all distractions and diversions; and, strangely enough, as though harmonious surroundings must always favour me, the whole piece was concluded after my return, during an accidental stay at Belvedere, where so many recollections of memorable moments hovered around me.

ON ITALY.

FRAGMENTS OF A TRAVELLER'S JOURNAL.

Popular Song.

VENICE.

It is well known that in Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages of Ariosto and Tasso, and are in the habit of singing them to a melody of their own. This accomplishment seems, however, to be on the decline at present; at any rate, it was not without some difficulty I found two persons to render me a passage of *Tasso* in this way.

For a performance of this kind two are needed who sing the strophes by turn. We know the melody pretty well through Rousseau, with whose songs it is printed. A melodious movement, in the proper sense, it is not, but a sort of mean between *canto fermo* and *canto figurato*, inclining to the former by recitative declamation, to the latter, by passages and runs through which one syllable is held and embellished.

In a night of clear moonshine I got into a gondola, making the one singer go forwards, the other aft, and we rowed in the direction of San Giorgio. One of them began the song, and, after finishing his strophe, the other took it up, and in this way they went on successively relieving each other. Altogether, they seemed to be always singing the same notes, but, according to the varying meaning of the strophe, they would emphasize now one and now another note, changing also the execution of the whole strophe in accordance with the change of the subject-matter.

On the whole, their delivery was harsh and screeching.

They seemed, like all uncultivated men, to place the excellence of their singing in its loudness, trying to overpower each other by strength of lungs, and instead of deriving any satisfaction from this scene I found myself, in my little box of a gondola, very unpleasantly situated.

My companion, to whom I expressed myself on the affair, desirous to uphold the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this kind of singing was very pleasant when heard at a distance. We therefore made for the land, where we got out, leaving one singer in the gondola, and having the other removed from him to a distance of several hundred paces. They now commenced singing to one another, and I went back and forward between them, always leaving the one whose turn it was to sing. Sometimes, however, I stood still, listening now to the one and now to the other.

The scene was now in its proper setting. The sounds, strongly declaimed or even shrieked, so to say, struck the ear from afar, provoking attention. The passages which soon followed, and which, in accordance with their sense, had to be sung more softly, sounded like plaintive tones echoing to a cry of sentiment or pain. The other, who attentively listens, at once takes up the strain where the first leaves off, answering more softly or more ardently just as the strophe suggests. The still canals, the high buildings, the splendour of the moon, the deep shadows, the ghost-like appearance of the few black gondolas gliding up and down added to the peculiar character of the scene, and amid all these circumstances it was not difficult to discover the significance of this wonderful singing.

It is completely adapted to a leisurely, solitary waterman, who, stretched out in his boat, lies on these quiet canals awaiting his master or customers, humming something to himself to pass the time, and falling back on the poems he knows by heart as a body to his song Sometimes he will pipe forth his air as loudly as possible, and his melody will float far over the still mirror. All around him is hushed; in the midst of a great populous town he is in a solitude. No rattle of carriages, no bustle of foot-passengers, reaches him; only a silent

gondola hovers past him, the plash of whose oars he hardly hears.

In the distance another waterman, perhaps an entire stranger, catches his strain. The melody and the poem weave ties of communication between the two men, who were otherwise unknown to each other. The second man becomes the echo of the first, and he, too, now exerts himself to grow audible to the man who awakened response in him. Convention directs them to proceed in turn verse by verse. The singing may last through whole nights. They entertain without wearying each other. The listener, moving between both, takes interest in the performance, while the two singers are intent on each other.

This singing sounds with an unspeakable charm in the far distance, for only in the distance is it in harmony with its purpose. It sounds like a lament purified of sadness, and you can hardly listen to it without tears. My companion, a man of no very fine organisation, said quite spontaneously: "È singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio." (It is strange how affecting such singing is, and it is much more so when the singing is better.)

I was told that the women of the Lido—the long row of islands dividing the Adriatic Sea from the Lagoons—especially those of the extreme places of Malamocco and Palestrina, also sang Tasso to these and similar melodies. They are in the habit, when their husbands have gone to sea a-fishing, to sing, in the evening, from the shore, and to continue singing loudly till they catch an echo from afar.

How much lovelier and more characteristic is the singing in such a case, as the call of a solitary person into space far and wide, with the desire of summoning to response another of like voice! It is the expression of a strong, deep longing, which yet is at all moments not far from the bliss of gratification.

ROME.

RITORNELLI.

With singing of a like kind, which, however, is in no respects pleasing or charming, the populace of Rome are wont to divert themselves and offend all ears except their own.

This too, is a kind of *canto fermo*, recitation or declamation, whichever you like to call it. It is distinguished by no melodious movement; the intervals of the tones are not to be expressed by our way of writing notes, and these strange intervals, delivered with the greatest force of voice, form the peculiar character of this mode of singing. The tone and manner of the singers, or criers rather, are so entirely uniform that you fancy you are always hearing the same madman all over the streets of Rome. Usually they are heard only in the twilight or night-time; the crying sets in so soon as the people feel themselves free and released from business. A boy when, after a hot day, he opens the windows, a carrier driving with his cart through the gate of the town, a workman stepping out of a house, each of these will immediately break out into uncontrollable screaming. This way of singing is called "Ritornelli," and any sort of words which happen to occur to them are employed as a text to this *un*melody, any kind of phrase or period, in metre or prose, readily adapting itself by way of accompaniment. Seldom are the expressions intelligible, and I only remember a few occasions when I understood a singer. His song appeared to me to contain rough, though not wholly unwitty, invectives against the female neighbours.

VAUDEVILLES.

In the year 1786 you still everywhere heard *Marlborough*, which, half Italian, half French, was sung to its well-known melody in all streets. In the beginning of 1787 it was thrust aside by a Vaudeville which, in a short time, gained such universal acceptance, that the smallest children sang it in the streets, as well as grown-up persons. It was variously composed, and rendered in concerts in several

voices. Each verse contained encomiums and promises which were always cancelled by the refrain.

"Non dico!" is the popular expression for throwing doubt on any exaggerated statement. Here is the first verse:

Ogni uomo, ogni donzella,
Mia dolce Mirami!
Mi dice che sei bella.
E penso anch' io così:
Non dico; bella, bella!
Ma—li la ba te li.

The last Ma—which is caught up by the unmeaning refrain syllables, gives the finish to the expression of irony. The melody which was most generally heard is tuneful and agreeable, but not expressive.

A BALLAD.

Little is heard in Rome of ghost-stories, and probably for the reason that no Catholic Christian, who has confessed and received the sacraments, can be damned, but has only to stay some time in purgatory for the completion of his penance and purification. All hearts are piously bent on the alleviation and deliverance of good suffering souls. Sometimes, indeed, in a dream or fever, the whole of purgatory will appear to an anguished believer, and in that case the Mother of God is sure to be immediately at hand with friendly aspect, as is evidenced by so many votive tablets. The ideas of ghosts, witches and devils seem indeed to be more appropriate to northern lands.

The more was my wonder when I heard a blind Neapolitan boy, who was led about the streets of Rome for some weeks, sing a ballad whose character and contents were as northern as possible.

The scene is a place of execution at night. A witch watches over the corpse of a malefactor who has been executed and probably broken on the wheel. A ruffianly fellow slinks up with the intention of stealing some members of the body. He has no idea of the witch close by, yet on discovering her he composes himself, and accosts

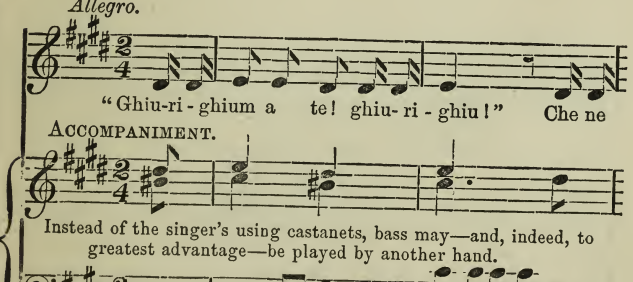
her with a magic salutation. She answers him, and their conversation, with the ever-recurring formula, makes up the poem. Here is the first verse. The melody, with the lines in which the remaining strophes differ from the first, are set down immediately after.

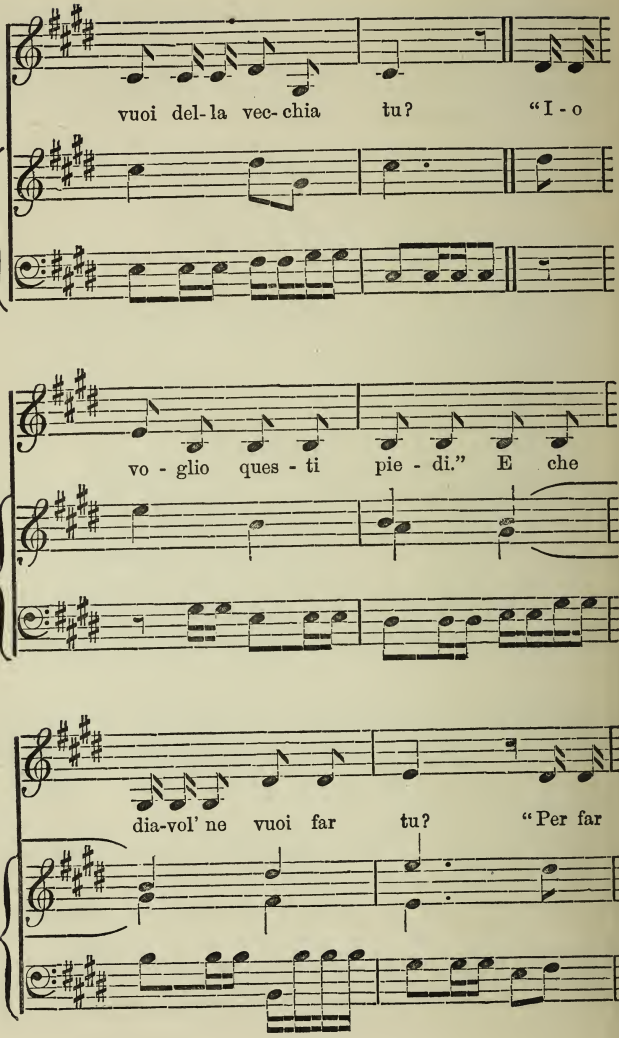
Ghiurighium a te! ghiurighiu!
Che ne vuoi della vecchia tu?
Io voglio questi piedi.
E che diavol' ne vuoi far tu?
Per far piedi ai candelieri.
Cadavere! malattia!
Aggi pazienza, vecchia mia.

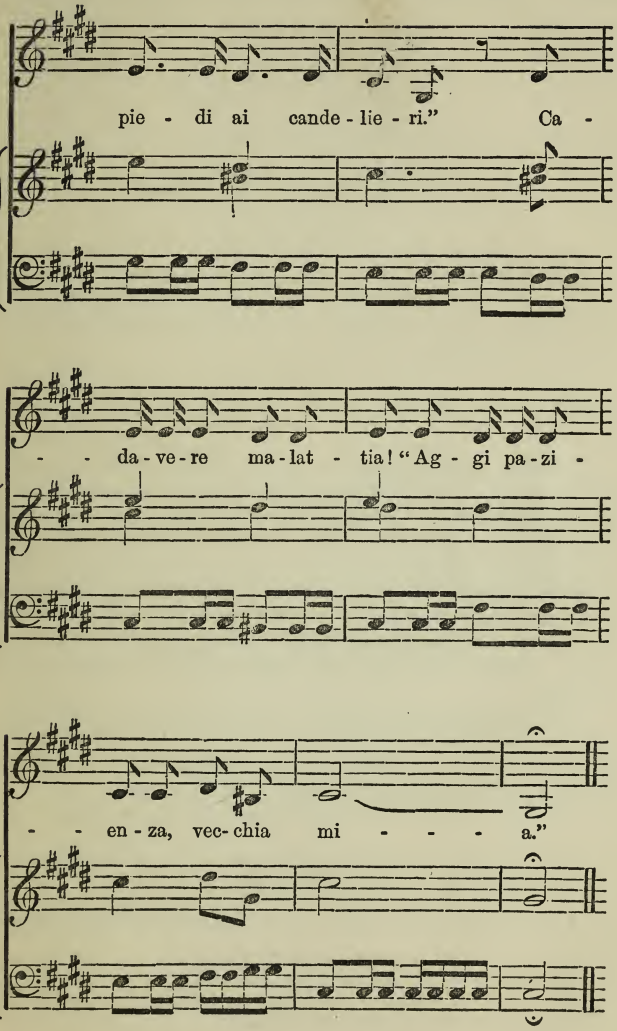
The following is an approximate translation for the better understanding of the piece. "Ghiurighiu!" is probably a magic salutation:

The Thief.—Ghiurighium to thee! Ghiurighiu!
The Witch.—What wilt thou from the old one, thou?
The Thief.—I should like the feet.
The Witch.—What the devil to do with them?
The Thief.—To make feet for candlesticks.
The Witch.—Pest and plague on thee!
The Thief.—Old one! dear old one! Patience!

The other verses are distinguished from the first only by a change in the third and fifth line, where the thief always requests another member, pretending some new use for it.




vuoi del-la vec-chia tu? "I-o
vo-glio ques-ti pie-di." E che
dia-vol' ne vuoi far tu? "Per far


pie - di ai cande - lie - ri." Ca -
- - da - ve - re ma - lat - tia! "Ag - gi pa - zi -
- - en - za, vec - chia mi - - - - a."

2. Io voglio queste gambe
Per far piedi alle banche.
3. Io voglio le ginocchia
Per far rotole alla conocchia.
4. Io voglio questo petto
Per far tavole per il letto.
5. Io voglio questa pancia
Un tamburro per il Re di Francia.
6. Io voglio questa schiena
Una sedia per la Regina.

I do not remember, in any Italian collection of songs, seeing any poem like this. The horror of such subjects is universal. In the melody, too, a foreign accent is thought to be perceptible.

A HYMN IN DIALOGUE.

Prettier, more agreeable, more uniform with the spirit of the nation and the principles of the Catholic faith, is the rendering of Christ's interview with the Samaritan woman into a dramatic song. Inwardly it has the entire form of an interlude for two voices, and is sung in the streets by two poor persons to an easily understood melody. Man and wife remove to a distance from each other and deliver their dialogue in turns. They receive at the end some small alms, and sell their printed songs to the hearers.

We give the song itself in the original, as it would lose all its grace in a translation, and for those readers who are not quite conversant with Italian, we intercalate a little bit of commentary between the dialogue.

The scene is by a well near the town of Samaria.

First Part.

Jesus comes and explains His situation and the place:

Sono giunto stanco e lasso
Dal mio lungo camminar.
Ecco il pozzo, e questo è il sasso
Per potermi riposar.

He declares His intention:

Qui mi fermo, quivi aspetto,
Una Donna ha da venir.
O bel fonte, O fonte eletto,
Alma infida a convertir!

Pecorella già smarrita
Dall'ovil cercando va.
Ma ben presto convertita
Al Pastor ritornerà.

The beautiful woman appears in the distance:

Ecco appunto la meschina,
Che sen vien sola da se.
Vieni, vieni, O poverina
Vien, t'aspetto, vien da me.

The Samaritan woman remains standing at a distance, and looks towards the well. It is disagreeable to her to find some one there:

Questo appunto ci mancava;
Chi è colui, che siede là?
Io di già me l'aspettava
Di trovar qualcuno quà.

The presence of a Jew in particular is not calculated to please her:

E un Giudeo, se ben ravviso,
Lo conosco in fin di qui;
Alle chiome, al mento, al viso
Egli è desso, egli è, sì sì.

She thinks of the mutual hatred of the two peoples:

Questa gente non è amica
Della patria mia, lo so;
Vi è una ruggine alta, e antica,
Che levare non si può.

She, however, rallies herself, and goes about her business, determined, should he treat her in an unfriendly way, to answer him pertly:

Baderò alli fatti miei,
Io al pozzo voglio andar.
Se dirà, Donna, chi sei?
Gli dirò, son chi mi par.

Jesus surprises her with a pious and pleasing salutation:

Buona Donna, il ciel vi guardi!

The Samaritan woman is astonished and at once captivated. She replies with friendliness:

O buon Uomo, a voi ancor!

Jesus approaches her in conversation:

Siete giunta troppo tardi.

The Samaritan woman shows ever greater confidence:

Non potevo più a buon or.

Jesus asks a drink:

O figliuola, che gran sete!
Un po' d'acqua in carità!
Deh, ristoro a mè porgete,
Un po' d'acqua per pietà!

It seems to the Samaritan woman a paradox that a Jew should ask a drink of her:

Voi a me Samaritana
Domanda vi dia da ber?
A un Giudeo è cosa strana
Chi l'avesse da veder.

Queste due nazion fra loro
Non si posson compatir;
Se vedesse un di coloro
Cossa avrebbe mai a dir.

Jesus makes a transition from the paradoxical to the wonderful:

Se sapeste, se sapeste,
Chi a voi chiede da ber,
Certo a lui richiedereste
Acqua viva per aver.

The Samaritan woman thinks he wants to ridicule her

Voi burlate, e dov'è il secchio,
Dove l'acqua, O buon Signor?
Di Giaccobbe il nostro vecchio
Siete voi forse maggior?

Che sia pur benedetto?
Questo pozzo a noi lasciò,
I suoi figli: il suo diletto
Gregge in questo abbeverò.

Jesus keeps by his analogy, and promises by his water to quench every one's thirst for ever:

O figliuola, chi l'acqua mia,
Acqua viva bevera,
Già sia pur chiunque sia,
Mai in eterno sete avrà.

The Samaritan woman thinks that very convenient, and asks for some of it:

O Signor, non si potrebbe
Di quest'acqua un po'gustar?
La fatica leverebbe
Di venirla qui a cavar.

Jesus tempts her:

A chiamar vostro Marito
Gite, l'acqua vi darò:
Nè temete sia partito,
Perche vi aspetterò.

The Samaritan woman disclaims knowing any man:

Io Marito! Guardi il cielo,
Sono libera di me.

Jesus puts her to shame by exposing her misrepresentation:

Che direte s'io vi svelo
Che n'avete più di tre?

Cinque già ne avete avuti,
Se vostr'è quel ch'avete or.

The Samaritan woman is startled:

O che sento! (*aside*) Il ciel m'ajuti!

She confesses:

Dite vero, O mio Signor!

And admits that he must be a great Prophet to be so exactly instructed in her love affairs:

Certo che siete Profeta,
Ben sapete indovinar.

She wants to slip away:

Io per dirla cheta, cheta,
Me ne voglio un poco andar.

Jesus detains her, and speaks of the arrival of the Messias:

No, no, no, non gite via,
Che è venuto il tempo già
D' adorare il Gran Messia
In spirito e verità.

The Samaritan woman tells her mind on the subject in a very naive way:

Che il Messia abbia a venire
Io non nego, o questo no;
Ma se poi avessi a dire
Se è venuto, non lo so.

Jesus presents Himself as the Messias:

O figliuola, egli è venuto
Il Messia, credete a me,
Se puoi essere creduto,
Chi vi parla quel Egli è.

The Samaritan woman at once believes, worships, and offers herself for the apostleship:

Io vi credo, O buon Signore,
E vi adoro, or voglio gir
In Sammaria; un tal stupore
Voglio a tutti riferir.

Jesus gives her her mission:

Gite pur! Sia vostra gloria
Si vi crede la città.
Per sì nobile vittoria
Tutto il ciel trionferà.

The Samaritan woman is enraptured at the divine grace:

O divina si grand'opra
Convertir sì infido cuor.

Jesus testifies of the power and love of God:

Il poter tutto si adopra
Del gran Dio tutto l'amor.

Second Part.

The Samaritan woman, having gone away convinced, now returns quite converted:

Ecco qui quella meschina
Che ritorna onde partì;
O amabile divina
Maestà, eccomi qui!

L'alma mia in questo pozzo
La vostra acqua sì gustò:
Che ogni fonte dopo sozzo
Qual pantan gli risembrò,

Mille grazie, O grand' Iddio,
A voi rende, e sommo onor,
Che mutò questo cor mio
Dal profano al santo amor!

Jesus adopts her as daughter, and declares Himself to be God:

O mia figlia! tale adesso
Più che mai vi vo, chiamar,
La mia grazia quanto spesso
Si bell'opra ella sa far.

Sono Dio! di già'l sapete
E mio braccio tutto può,
Io per voi, se fede avrete,
Quanto più per voi farò.

The Samaritan woman repeats her confession of faith:

Siete Dio onnipotente
E veduto l'ho pur or:
Di Sammaria la gran gente
Convertita è a voi, Signor.

Jesus has known that from all eternity and chosen her for the apostleship:

Ab eterno già sapea
E pero vi mandai là;
Fin d'allora vi sceglieа
A bandir la verità.

The Samaritan woman is ashamed:

O Signor, io mi arrossisco
Di vedermi in tanto onor,
Più ei penso, e men capisco,
Come a me tanto favor.

Jesus explains to her His divine method of accomplishing great things by small means:

Questo e già costume mio
Qual io sono a dimostrar,
Per oprar cosa da Dio
Mezzi deboli adottar.

He gives examples from history:

D'Oloferne il disumano
Dite su, chi trionfò?
Donna fral di propria mano
Nel suo letto lo svenò.

Il Gigante fier Golìa
Come mai, come morì?
D'un sassetto della via,
Che scagliato lo colpì.

The world, too, is in the same way created out of nothing:

Tutto il mondo già creato
Opra fu della mia man,
Ed il tutto fu cavato
Dal suo niente in tutto van.

And His divine intention is the glorification of His name:

Perchè vo' la gloria mia,
Come è debito per me.

And the benefit is intended for believers:

L'util poi voglio che sia
Sol di quel che opra con fè.

The Samaritan woman is satisfied with the Evangel:

Che più potrete darmi?
Mi scoprite il gran Vangel,
E di quel volete farmi
Una Apostola fedel.

Her heart burns with love and tenderness. She gives herself wholly to Him:

Quanto mai vi devo, quanto,
Cortesissimo Gesù!
A voi m'offro e dono intanto,
Nè sarò d' altri mai più.

Jesus accepts her heart:

Vi gradisco, sì, vi accetto,
Sì, già accetto il vostro amor,
E gradito e sol diletto
Esser vuo' dal vostro cor.

The Samaritan woman embraces Him as bridegroom:

Sì, sarete sposo mio.

Jesus clasps her as His bride:

Sposa voi sarete a me.

The Samaritan woman:

Io in voi.

Jesus:

Ed in voi io.

The two:

Sebraremo eterna fè.

And so ends the drama with a formal and eternal union.

From this song the theory of the history of conversion and missionary enterprise might easily be developed. It contains the whole plan of salvation, and the progress from earthly to heavenly love. Every Catholic Christian is at liberty to hear and sing it, to entertain and edify himself and herself with it. Every girl is free to think by it of her earthly, every nun of her heavenly, bridegroom, while every dainty fair sinner may flatter herself with the hope of a future apostleship. And it might here be remarked that the Roman Church has above all others best succeeded in making her religion popular, accommodating it, as she has known how to do, not so much to the thoughts as to the sentiments of the multitude.

THE TARANTELLA.

The dance called *Tarantella* is universal among the girls of the lower and middle class. Three persons at least are needed for it. One beats the tambourine, shaking occasionally the bells attached to it without beating on it; the other two, with castanets in hand, go through the steps of the dance.

In point of fact, as in all unrefined dancing, there are no pretty, individual, integral steps in the dance. The girls, on the contrary, only beat time with their feet, tripping towards each other for a while in one place, then turning about, changing places, and so on. Soon one of the dancers exchanges her castanets for the tambourine, and stands still, while the third begins dancing. In this way they entertain each other for hours, without paying any heed to the on-lookers. This dance is only an amusement for girls; no boy touches a tambourine. The female creatures, however, seem to trip away in this dance the most agreeable hours of their youth, and it has been remarked that in the case of mental ailments, and of a tarantola bite, which is probably cured by perspiration, the movements of this dance have a very salutary effect on the softer sex. On the other hand, you may observe how, without any other cause, this dance may ultimately induce a disease. On both effects Herr von Riedesel, in his travels, has made beautiful and exact observations.

I annex the remark that this dance does not derive its name from the insect of the same appellation. *Tarantola* denotes a spider found especially in Taranto, and *Tarantella* a dance danced especially in Taranto. These two have therefore a similar name from their common birthplace, without having any community of meaning. In the same way Taranto oysters are especially prized, as are also other products of that beautiful land.

I make this observation because false association of name often begets the idea of a false relationship, and it is one's duty to obviate as much as possible all error and misunderstanding, and to counteract all that is wonderful in order to give due place to all that is remarkable.

THE ITALIAN MEASURE OF TIME.

The Italian method of counting the hours is by most strangers considered from a false point of view. It confuses every new-comer, and seeing that by far the larger number of travellers are disposed to keep the old measure of things and to revolve in the old groove, it may readily be supposed how much they feel aggrieved when all at once an important pivot of their daily routine is completely shifted.

German regents, in their Italian states, have already introduced our method of counting the hours. This so-called French indicator, which, for the consolation of strangers, is now to be seen at Trinità de' Monti, will, in a short time, point out to travellers both in and out of St. Peter's their usual division of the hours. Our way of counting time will therefore gradually extend itself, although the common people will not so readily adapt themselves to it; and certainly with the old time-nomenclature the country would also lose a characteristic custom, a hereditary form of classification, and a highly convenient habit.

How often do we hear travellers praise the happy land, the beautiful climate, the pure blue sky, the mild air of Italy! And for the most part it is all true and unexaggerated. A sure corollary of all this, however, is that every one, as far and as long as he possibly can, will stay in the open air, and even at business will try to enjoy the free heaven. How many tradespeople work in front of their doors on the open street! How many shops are quite open towards the street! How much business is done in the markets, squares, and courts! The fact may therefore easily be understood that, for the Italians, the moment when the sun sets and the night falls must have a more universal effect than it has with us, where sometimes the whole day long there is no day. The day is really at an end; all business of a certain kind must be put a stop to, and, as befits a sensuous people, this crisis of the day has always the same meaning for them the whole year round. It is then night (*notte*)—for the twenty-fourth hour is never pronounced, just as in French

you say mid-day (*midi*) and not *twelve o'clock*. The bells are rung, each person mutters a short prayer, the servant lights the lamps, brings them into the room, and wishes you *felicissima notte* (a very happy night).

From this point of time, which is always coincident with sunset, till next sunset, the day is divided into twenty-four hours. And now, as each person from long habit knows both when the day begins and in what hour mid-day and midnight fall, all kinds of time-calculations are easily made, an exercise in which the Italian seems to find pleasure and a sort of diversion. It is evident how convenient is this division of time for all affairs which have the most exclusive reference to day and night, and how in this way a great and sensuous mass of people have their time appropriately measured.

Accordingly you find all workshops, studios, offices, and banks, open till night all the year round; any person can discharge his business up till then. If not engaged in business he may continue his walks till sunset, then visit the circles of his acquaintance, determine the necessary points for the night's entertainment, converse with friends. For an hour and a half or two hours in the course of the night every one hastens to the theatre. Year out, year in, you thus appear to yourself to live in the same time, discharging everything which has reference to day and night ever in the same order, without taking any heed as to whether, according to our calculation of time, it is early or late.

The great confluence of people driving and walking which is to be seen in all the large towns of Italy, especially on Sundays and festival days, towards evening, in the main street and in the principal square; the crowds in the Roman Corso, and the huge mass of unruly people during the Carnival of Rome; all these are guided by this mode of counting the hours as by a leading string. Nay, by the very fact that day and night are so sharply divided from each other, certain limits are imposed on luxury, which is so apt to confound day and night and merge them into each other.

I admit that the Italian could conduct his affairs with tolerable convenience by our method of counting the

hours; still, the point which divides day and night would, under his happy sky, ever be the most important crisis of the twenty-four hours. This point will always continue sacred to him, seeing the church will not desist ringing the bells for evening prayer at the old moment. Both in Florence and Milan I was able to observe that though the public clocks were all set to our division of time several people had their watches and their household life arranged by the old reckoning. From all this, to which I could add much else, it will be sufficiently recognised that this Italian mode of measuring time, which may seem despicable to the astronomer, to whom noon is the most important crisis of the day, and inconvenient to the northern stranger, is very well adapted for a people which, under a happy heaven, live conformably with nature, and desire to fix in the most comprehensible manner the main epochs of its time.

WOMEN'S PARTS PLAYED BY MEN IN THE ROMAN THEATRE.

There is no place in the world where the past addresses the observer so immediately, and with so many voices, as Rome. Among several other customs it thus happens that one is here retained which, in all other places, has by degrees almost entirely vanished.

The ancients, at all events in the best period of art and of morals, allowed no woman on their boards. Their dramatic pieces were either so contrived that women's parts could be more or less dispensed with, or the women's parts were taken by an actor who had specially trained himself for them. This condition of things still prevails in modern Rome and the rest of the Papal Territory, with the exception of Bologna, which, among other privileges, enjoys the liberty of admiring ladies in its theatres.

So much has been said to the discredit of that Roman custom that it may be allowable, by way of counterbalance, to say something also to its praise, or at least—not to be too paradoxical—to call attention to it as an antiquarian relic.

The operas cannot properly be treated of here, seeing that the beautiful and insinuating voice of the eunuchs,

to whom, moreover, the female dress seems better fitted than the male, readily reconciles one with everything which might in any way appear unbecoming in their disguised figures. All criticism in this respect must, therefore, be confined to tragedies and comedies, our inquiry being how far in this case pleasure may be derived from them.

I presuppose, what must be presupposed in the case of every play, that the pieces are adapted to the characters and qualifications of the players—a condition without which no theatre and hardly the greatest actor of the widest range could be maintained.

The modern Romans have a particular predilection in the case of masquerades for exchanging the dress of the sexes. During Carnival, many young fellows rove about in the dress of women of the lowest class, and seem to take a particular pleasure in this disguise. Coachmen and valets are frequently dressed like very respectable women, and, if young and handsome, are often tastefully and charmingly attired. On the other hand, you meet ladies of middle rank as Punchinellos; those of the higher class moving about in splendid officer's uniform. Every man, prolonging the folly of youth into mature years, seems to rejoice in this frolic in which we have all taken pleasure in our childhood. It is quite remarkable how both sexes delight themselves in this transmutation, and how they seek to usurp, as much as possible, the privilege of Teresias.

In the same way the young men who dedicate themselves to female parts have a particular passion for attaining perfection in their art. They pay the closest attention to the airs, the movements, and the behaviour of the ladies, and endeavour to imitate these, and to impart to their voice, even when they cannot alter its deeper tone, a female suppleness and sweetness. In short, they try by all means to divest themselves, as much as possible, of their own sex. They are as eagerly on the look-out for the new fashions as the women; they get themselves made up by skilful dressmakers, and the first (male) actress of a theatre is generally successful enough in accomplishing her purpose.

As to the subordinate parts, they are mostly filled not to the greatest advantage, nor is it to be denied that

Columbine sometimes cannot quite conceal her blue beard. This statement, however, applies to the subordinate parts in most theatres; and, indeed, in the principal towns of other countries, where far more attention is paid to the drama, you have often to hear bitter complaints as to the deficiencies of the third and fourth players, and the consequent total frustration of the illusion.

I visited the Roman comedies not without prejudice, but I soon found myself unconsciously reconciled. I found a pleasure to which I had hitherto been a stranger, and observed that many others shared it with me. I reflected on the cause of it, and came to the conclusion that, in the particular kind of representation we witnessed, the idea of imitation, the thought of art was called forth vividly, and that, on the other hand, with all the skilful playing, only a kind of self-conscious illusion was produced.

We Germans remember how the parts of old men were represented to the point of deception by an able young man, and how that actor afforded us a double pleasure. In the same way, we experience a double charm from the fact that these people are not women, but play the part of women. We see a youth who has studied the idiosyncrasies of the female sex in their character and behaviour; he has learnt to know them, and reproduces them as artist; he plays not himself, but a third, and, in truth, a foreign nature. We come to understand the female sex so much the better because some one has observed and meditated on their ways, and not the process itself, but the result of the process, is presented to us.

All art being, under the light of this consideration, especially distinguished from simple imitation, it follows that, with respect to the peculiar kind of representation in question, we should experience a peculiar kind of pleasure, and overlook many an imperfection in the execution of the whole. Of course it is understood, as was above touched upon, that the pieces chosen ought to be suitable for this kind of representation.

The public could not refuse giving universal applause to the *Locandiera* of Goldoni. The young man who took the part of hostess of an inn expressed as happily as possible the different shades of such a character—the com-

posed coldness of a maiden who looks after her business, who is polite, friendly, and obliging to every one, but neither loves nor wishes to be loved, still less will give ear to the passionate suits of her distinguished guests; the secret tender coquetries by which she contrives to captivate anew her male guests; her offended pride when one of them meets her in a harsh, unfriendly way; the many dainty blandishments by which she allures him, and, finally, her triumph in having got the better of him also!

I am convinced, and have indeed personally seen, that a skilful and intelligent female actress may acquire for herself much praise in this part, but the concluding scenes, represented by a lady, will always give offence. The expression of that invincible coldness, of that sweet feeling of revenge, of that arrogant, spiteful pleasure, will, when manifested before us in immediate reality, excite our indignation. Finally, when she gives her hand to the footman, in order to have only a servant-man in the house —such a lame conclusion of the piece would give little satisfaction. In the Roman theatre, on the other hand, it was not lack-love coldness or female arrogance itself we observed; the representation only reminded us of that. People consoled themselves by the reflection that this time at least it was not true; people clapped their hands in merry spirits to the young man, rejoicing that he knew so well the dangerous qualities of the loved sex, and that by a happy imitation of their behaviour he revenged us, as it were, on the fair ones for all the ills of that kind we had suffered at their hands. I accordingly repeat that people here had the pleasure of seeing not the thing itself, but its imitation, of being entertained not by nature, but by art, of contemplating not an individuality, but a result. To this was added that the figure of the actor was very well adapted to a person of the middle class.

And so, among its other relics, Rome preserves for us an old institution, although in a more imperfect state, and even should every one not be able to enjoy it, the thoughtful man will yet thereby find opportunity of recalling in a certain measure past times, and becoming more disposed to believe the testimonies of ancient writers, who in several places assure us that men-actors in female costume often

succeeded in the highest degree in charming a tasteful nation.

OLDER PAINTINGS.

Modern restorations in Venice, contemplated 1790.

The oldest monuments of modern art here in Venice are the mosaics and the Greek pictures. Of the oldest mosaics I have yet seen nothing to attract my attention.

The old-Greek paintings are scattered in different churches. The best are in the Church of the Greeks. According to their age they must all have been painted with water-colour, being only afterwards done over with oil or some kind of varnish. Even yet you may observe in these pictures a certain traditional conception of art and treatment of brush. Certain common ideals had also been formed; whence such were taken will perhaps be discoverable.

The face of the mother of God, when closely examined, appears to be copied from that of the Imperial family. A very old picture of the Emperor Constantine and his mother suggested this thought to me. The largeness of the eyes, and the smallness of the base of the nose, were striking; the long, small nose ending quite finely below, and the mouth being just as small and fine.

The main conception of Greek painting rests on image-worship, on the sacredness of the picture. On every occasion the person it represents is carefully written under the figure. Even the mother of God and the child Christ, which cannot be mistaken, have always their names affixed to them.

You find half-length pictures of life-size or nearly so, whole pictures always under life-size, brief summary descriptions under the pictures.

It seems to me that the Greeks, more than the Catholics, worship the image as image.

Here, then, there would remain a great gap to be filled up; for it is an immense leap to *Donato Veneziano*. Yet all artists up to *Giovanni Bellini* have steadfastly maintained the conception of the sacredness of the picture.

As people began to use larger altar pictures, they composed them by arranging several pictures of saints in gilded frames beside and fitting into each other. For this reason the carver and gilder is often named along with the painter.

Further, people made use of a very simple artifice to fill up the field. The figures of the saints were raised some steps upwards; beneath, on the steps, were placed boys in angelic form playing music; the space above, it was endeavoured to adorn with imitation of architecture.

That conception maintained itself as long as possible, for it had grown to be a matter of religion.

Among the many pictures of Giovanni Bellini and his predecessors, there is none historical, and even the stories are brought back to the old conception; there is in every case a saint who preaches and so many believers who listen.

The older historical pictures consisted of quite small figures. For example, in St. Roch's, the coffin in which are preserved the bones of the saint is painted in this way by the Vivarini. Even the subsequent immense extension of art took its rise from such small pictures, as the Tintoretto beginnings in the school of the tailors testify. Titian himself could only slowly shake off that religious tradition.

It is known that he who ordered the great altar-piece in the Frari was very angry on noticing such large figures on it.

The beautiful picture on the altar of the Pesaro family is still the representation of saints and worshippers.

Altogether Titian has held quite close by the old style, and only ennobled it by greater warmth and art.

The question now suggests itself, when the custom grew up, that those who paid for and dedicated a picture had themselves likewise painted in it.

Every man would like to establish the memory of his existence. It may therefore be regarded as an enticement, held out by the Church and by artists, that in this way pious men had a kind of sanctity imparted to them. It may also be taken in the way of a pictorial signature. Quite in the corner, for example, of a large figure of Mary, carved in semi-relief, the persons who ordered the work are to be seen kneeling as humble dwarfs. Gradually they came to be principal figures in a kind of family group, and at last there appeared even whole guilds figuring historically together.

The rich schools now offered their broad walls, the churches all their smooth surfaces, and the pictures, which used to be confined in small cases above the altars, extended themselves over all architecturally empty spaces.

Titian has painted another thaumaturgic picture; Tintoretto can scarcely be said to have done so, though smaller painters have attained to this happiness.

The Lord's Supper had already long edified the refectories. *Paul Veronese* conceived the happy thought of representing other extensive religious banquets on the wide, broad walls of the refectories.

As, however, art develops, and with its development the demands made on it increase, the straitened scope of religious subjects becomes apparent. In the best pictures of the greatest masters this confinement is most sadly perceptible. What is properly effective and effected,

is not perceptible. Artists have occupied themselves only with subordinate matters, and these usurp the attention.

And now the basest beings (*Henkersknechte*, hangman's servants) begin to play the chief part. Here, however, something in the way of brutal energy is displayed. Yet the effect at first is always one of horror, and were it not for the charming women spectators, with chubby children, who exercise some counteracting influence, people would go away little edified by art and religion.

It is remarkable how Tintoretto and Paul Veronese have had recourse to beautiful women spectators, in order to render in some degree palatable the frightful subjects to which they had to devote their art. It was, for example, quite inexplicable to me to see a pair of the most lovely female figures in the same prison in which an angel appears by night to St. Roch. Is it proper to shut up in one gaol saints, girls of evil life, and other criminals? At all events, in the picture, in its better state of preservation, effected probably only by a stronger coating of colour, those figures remain the principal objects of our attention.

It was asserted by some one that they were people smitten by the pest and forsaken; they, however, do not look at all like that.

Tintoretto and Paul Veronese have sometimes in altar-pieces been obliged to approach the old style, and paint in one picture with the rest the saints prescribed to them, probably the name-godfathers of the orderer. In every case, however, this has been done with the highest sense of art.

The oldest pictures painted with water-colours are here, in part, in good preservation, not having grown darker like the oil-paintings. They also appear to stand the damp pretty well, when it is not all too severe.

As to the way of handling the colours, a painter technically skilled would be able to give explanations.

The first oil-paintings are likewise in very good preservation, though not quite so bright as the tempera pictures. The cause of this is said to be that the earlier artists were very careful in the choice and preparation of colours; that they first ground them pure with water, then diluted them, and in this way drew several tints from one body; that they proceeded in the same way with the rectification of the oils, sparing neither diligence nor trouble. It is further remarked that they primed their surfaces very carefully, and that with a chalk ground, as in the case of the tempera. This attracted to itself all the superfluous oil in the painting above it, and the colour thus remained all the more purely on the surface.

This carefulness gradually abated, and at last quite vanished, when people began to undertake larger paintings. They were obliged to have recourse to canvass which was but weakly primed with chalk, sometimes but lightly with size.

Paul Veronese and Titian worked mostly with glazes. The first colours laid on were light, which they covered with darker transparent tints. For this reason their pictures grow lighter rather than darker with age, although the Titians have also suffered from the much oil superimposed on them.

As the reason why Tintoretto's pictures have mostly grown so dark, it is stated that he painted without ground, sometimes on a red ground, mostly *alla prima*, and without glaze. As in this way he had to lay on thickly, and give to the colour through its whole depth that tone which it should retain on the surface, they do not rest on brighter tints, as in the case of Paul Veronese's pictures; and, if the oil so thickly laid on changed along with the colour, whole masses became dark all at once.

The greatest injury, however, was inflicted through the growing prominence of the red ground over the weaker colour imposed on it, so that sometimes only the colours of greatest lightness, which had been strongly laid on, remained visible.

Much, too, probably depended on the quality of the colour-stuffs and oils.

As for the rest, with what speed Tintoretto painted may be inferred from the multitude and magnitude of his works, and with what wantonness he went to his tasks may be judged from the single fact that in large paintings which he drew and painted, each at its particular place, he left out the heads, executed them one by one at home, cut them out and then stuck them to the picture, as is still to be seen on retouching and restoring them. This appears to have been especially the case with portraits, which he would paint at his convenience at home, from nature.

A similar procedure was detected in a painting by Paul Veronese. Three portraits of noblemen were inserted in a religious picture. In restoring them it was found that their faces were quite lightly stuck on; below, too, were three other beautiful heads. It was plain that the painter had first portrayed three saints, but had afterwards been induced to perpetuate in this public work the likenesses probably of three influential ruling persons.

Many pictures have also received damage from being coated with oil on the back, under the false notion of thereby imparting new strength to the colours. When these pictures, in this state, were hung up on a wall, or attached to a ceiling, the oil penetrated through them and injured them in more than one respect.

In consequence of the great number of paintings which have in various ways been injured in Venice, it may be supposed that several painters, although with unequal skill and success, have devoted themselves to their im-

provement and restoration. The republic which, in the ducal palace alone, possesses a great treasure of paintings, in part worn with age, has established a kind of academy for the restoration of paintings, collected a number of artists, and appointed a director over them. In the Monastery of Santi Giovanni e Paolo, a large *salon*, with some adjacent spacious rooms, has been assigned them, whither the damaged pictures are brought and restored.

This institute is so far serviceable that all the experience acquired in this art is collected and preserved by a society.

The ways and means for restoring the particular pictures are very different, according to the different masters, and the state of the paintings. The members of this academy, through their many years' experience, have grown intimately acquainted with the diverse styles of the masters, and are carefully instructed on the subject of canvass, priming, first coat of colour, glazing, finishing, and harmonizing. The state of each picture is first examined, and then the possible treatment is determined on.

I accidentally made the acquaintance of this academy. Once, when I was contemplating with great attention Titian's charming picture, "The Murder of Peter Martyr," in the church above mentioned, a monk asked me whether I would not like to see the gentlemen above referred to, whose business he explained to me. I was received in a friendly way; and, when they noticed the special attention I directed to their labours, an attention to which I gave expression with German naturalness, they became kindly affected towards me, as I may venture to say. I accordingly returned frequently, always testifying my reverence for the unique Titian.

Had I written down at home, on each occasion, what I saw and heard, it would now stand me in good stead. I will here, however, from memory, describe one quite peculiar proceeding in one of the most remarkable cases.

Titian and his followers painted, among other materials, on figured damask, of linen fabric and unbleached, as it came from the weaver, without any priming. The whole thereby received a certain double light which is

peculiar to damask. The particular parts thus acquired an indescribable life, the colour never remaining the same to the spectator, but passing by a peculiar movement from bright to dark, and *vice versâ*, losing everything of a material appearance. I remember yet, quite distinctly, a *Christ* by Titian, where the feet stood quite close before your eyes, in which a pretty rough square pattern of damask was to be detected through the flesh-colour. On removing, however, to some distance, a living epiderm, with all kinds of mobile indentations, appeared to play before the eye.

Suppose, now, a hole is eaten into such a picture by the damp, a metal stamp is cut after the pattern of the ground cloth. A fine piece of canvass is next overlaid with chalk, and the pattern is stamped on it. Such a patch is fastened on the new canvass on which the picture is to be spread, so that, when the old picture is stuck on, the patch fits into the hole. It is then painted over, and from the ground on which it rests acquires harmony with the whole.

Thus I found the men busy with an immense picture by Paul Veronese, in which were more than twenty such holes. I now saw all the stamped patches prepared. Held together and apart from each other by threads, as on a cobweb, they were pressed on the new, expanded canvass. Great care was taken to have these patches placed in their exact positions, so that when the great picture was spread over the canvass they should fit accurately into all the gaps. It required, indeed, the situation of a cloister, a monk-like state of life, assured means of existence, and the patience of an aristocracy, to undertake and execute such labours. As for the rest, it must of course be understood that with all such restorations the picture in the end only receives the appearance of integrity, and that only so much success is achieved that in a large hall the holes, tho' still perceptible to the connoisseur, are not so to the many.

THE END.

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